THE WESTERN NUMBER.

RTRAIT OF JAMES LANE ALLEN

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

JOHN GRAY,

AMES LANE ALLEN, Author of "Flute and Violin," Et

COMPLETE.

JUNE, 1892

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JOHN GRAY.

A KENTUCKY TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY

JAMES LANE ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF

"FLUTE AND VIOLIN," "THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY," ETC.

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LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1892.

JOHN GRAY.

I.

WILLIAM PENN STUMBLES.

IT was an easy path to stumble in,—being one of those wagon-tracks that wound mysteriously away under the dark-green forests of Kentucky and through the pale-green thickets of tall reed-like cane, ringed with delicate purple-blossoming pea-vine. An easy path to stumble in,—with huge stumps to be ridden around, and the loops and ends of roots to be avoided. And the horse was so old, so fat, so lazy, that he liked better to stumble and take the consequences than to be at the trouble to lift up his feet. Nor was the rider of a character and equipment to interfere, being a small creature armed only with a switch of wild cherry, a little hand to jerk at the bridle-reins, and a sweet voice in which to make remonstrance. So that as for the light shower of blows which sometimes fell upon his rounded flanks, William Penn merely gave that comforting switch of his bob tail by which he always expressed acquiescence in the small annoyances of his affluent mortality. Meanwhile, of two things he felt quite sure: that it was very kind of him to move along at all when he had it in his power to remain perfectly still; and that as soon as he grew a little hungry—which he hoped might be soon—he would stop and nibble a few mouthfuls of the delicious greenery of the wayside, of which it seemed to him that he was always full but could never get enough.

He had never tasted the Kentucky delicacy of cane garnished with pea-vine before this spring. For many years he had been the sole gig-horse of a weak-eyed old dentist and his wife living in Philadelphia. In 1793, the doctor, greatly shrivelled and with professional fortunes that decayed faster than the molars of his acquaintances, conceived the enterprise of emigrating to Lexington, Kentucky; for the world was full of rumors touching the West, and the new land was said not only to be good for sore eyes, but to be inhabited by people who fought so

much that there was constant need of new front teeth. At first he and his wife, who was delicate, had thought of setting out through the wilderness with William Penn and the gig; but, yielding to better counsels, they started in a wagon-train, though not without many embraces of their bereft servitor and minute directions that he should never be allowed to see the bottom of his manger; and hardly were they settled in Lexington before they sent back for him to come out and join them.

It is discovered that he must have left Philadelphia on his journey across the Alleghany Mountains some time early in April; but it is certain that he did not turn up in Lexington until several months later; by which time his master and mistress, having succumbed to the hardships of the journey, homesickness, and a change of life, were dead and buried, and indeed well-nigh forgotten. So that immediately upon his arrival in town, looking a good deal ashamed of himself and not a little surprised, he was dragged with violence to the common and knocked down at public sale to a Major Falconer,—price, one small mink-skin. Had William Penn known his market value, he must have been greatly mortified; for he thought extremely well of himself, after a manner of fat old creatures.

This was long ago, then,—as far back as the year 1795,—and near the middle of a sweet afternoon in May.

Far overhead vast mountain-ridges of many-peaked gleaming clouds,—those dear Alps of the blue air; outstretched far below the warm bosom of the earth, throbbing with the hope of vast maternity; two spirits abroad, everywhere shyly encountering each other and passing into one,—the pure heavenly spirit of scentless spring, born of melting snows, and the pure earthly spirit of odorous summer, born of the hearts of flowers; the road one of those wagon-tracks that were then being opened through the parklands of the Indians to the clearings of the earliest settlers, and that wound along beneath trees of which those now seen in Kentucky are the last unworthy offspring,—oaks and walnuts, maples and elms, centuries old, gnarled, massive, drooping, majestic, through whose leafy arches the powerful sun hurled down only some solitary slanting spear of gold, and over whose gray-mossed roots some cold brook crept in silence; with here and there billowy open spaces of wild rye, buffalo grass, and clover, on which the light fell in solid sheets of soft radiance; with other spots of perpetual woodland twilight so dim that for ages no green shoot had sprung from the deep black vegetable mould; blown softly to and fro across this pathway, cool pungent odors of ivy, pennyroyal, and mint, mingled with the warmer fragrance of wild grape; flitting to and fro across it, as low as the violet-beds, as high as the topmost branches of the sycamores, unnumbered kinds of birds, some of which, like the paroquet, are now long since vanished:—a primeval woodland avenue, down which the mother of mankind might fitly have walked for the adornment of her beauty as through a glade of Eden.

But, instead of the fabled mother, down it now there came in a drowsy amble an old white bob-tail horse, his polished coat shining like silver when he crossed an expanse of sunlight, fading into spectral

pallor when he passed under the twilight of the rayless trees; his bushy foretop floating like a snowy plume in the light wind; his unshod feet, half covered by the long thick fetlocks, stepping noiselessly over the loamy earth; the rims of his nostrils expanding like flexible ebony; and in his filmy eyes that look of peace which is never seen in any but those of petted animals.

On his head he wore an old bridle with heavy knots of wild blue violets tied at his ears; on his broad back was spread an immense blanket of buffalo-skin; on this rested a worn black side-saddle with a blue girth,—newly bought, for William Penn was hard on girths,—and sitting in the saddle was a young girl, whom many a young Virginian of the town to his sorrow knew to be Amy Falconer, and whom many a lonely old pioneer dreamed of as he fell asleep between his rifle and his hunting-knife in some snow-wrapt cabin of the wilderness. Amy Falconer! The one beautiful woman that had thus far been seen in Kentucky, and the first of the famous, innumerable train of those illustrious ones who for a hundred years since have wrecked or saved the destinies of the men.

The skirt of her pink calico dress, newly starched and ironed, had looked so pretty to her—so very pretty—that she had not been able to bear the thought of wearing over it this lovely afternoon her faded, mud-stained riding-habit; and it was so short and narrow that it showed, resting against the saddle, her little feet loosely fitted into new bronze morocco shoes. On her hands she had drawn white half-hand mittens of home-knit; and on her head she wore an enormous white scoop bonnet, lined with pink and tied under her chin in a huge white muslin bow. Her face, hidden away under the pink and white half-shadow of this circulating tunnel, showed such tints of pearl and rose that it seemed carved from the inner surface of a sea-shell. Her eyes were a cold gray, almond-shaped, rather wide apart, with an expression changeful and playful, but withal rather shrewd and hard; her light-brown hair, as fine as unspun silk, was parted over her brow and drawn severely back behind her opalescent toys of ears; and the lips of her little mouth curved and rested against each other as fresh and velvet-like as two half-opened rose-leaves.

Thus on she rode down that avenue of the primeval woods; and nature seemed arranged to salute her passing as for that of some lovely imperial presence: the soft waving of a hundred green boughs above her and on each side; the hundred floating odors that are the great mother's breath of love; the flash and rush of bright wings; the swift play of nimble forms up and down the boles of trees; and all the sweet confusion of innumerable melodies.

Then happened one of those trifles that contain the history of our lives, as a drop of dew on the edge of a leaf draws into itself the majesty and solemnity of the heavens.

From the right pommel of the side-saddle there dangled a heavy roll of homespun linen, which she was taking to town to her aunt's grocer in exchange for queensware pitchers; and behind this roll of linen, fastened to a brass ring under the seat of the saddle, was swung a bundle tied up in a large blue-and-white checked cotton handkerchief.

Whenever she fidgeted in the saddle, or whenever the horse stumbled, the string by which this bundle was tied slipped a little through the knot and the bundle hung a little lower down. Just where the wagon-trail passed out into the broader public road leading to Lexington from Frankfort and the travelling began to be really good, the horse brought one of his lazy forefeet against the loop of a pliant root, was thrown forward in a blurred heap of white, and the bundle slipped from the saddle noiselessly to the soft earth.

She did not see it. She merely gathered the reins more tightly in one hand, pushed back her bonnet which now hung down over her eyes like the bill of a Mediterranean pelican, and applied the switch to the horse's flank with such determined vehemence that a gadfly which was about to alight on that favored spot actually went to the other side.

And so out of the lengthening shadows of the woods they passed on toward the little town; and far behind them in the public road lay the lost bundle.

II.

A DRESS ON THE WALL.

In the open square on Cheapside in Lexington there is a bronze statue of John Breckinridge. Not far from this spot a hundred years ago the pioneers had built the first log school-house of the town.

Poor old school-house, long since become scattered ashes! Poor little backwoods academicians, driven in about sunrise, driven out toward dusk! Poor little tired backs with nothing to lean against! Poor little bare feet that could never reach the floor! Poor little droop-headed figures, so sleepy, so afraid to fall asleep! Long, long since, little children of the past, those backs have become straight enough, measured on a cool bed; sooner or later your bare feet, wherever wandering, have come to rest on the soft earth; and all your drooping heads have found the same dreamless pillow to sleep on, and there still are sleeping. And the imperious school-master, too, who seemed exempt from physical frailty,—the young school-master who guarded as a stern sentinel that lonely outpost of the imperilled alphabet,—even he long ago laid himself down on the same mortal level with you as a common brother. But is there not a tale of him and the first beautiful woman of the town that will have a meaning as long as the heart beats?

John Gray, the school-master! At four o'clock that afternoon he was standing on the hickory block which formed the door-step, having just closed the door behind him for the day. Down at his side between the thumb and forefinger of one hand hung his great black hat, which was decorated with a tricolored cockade, to show that he was a member of the Democratic Society of Lexington, modelled after the Democratic Society of Philadelphia and the Jacobin Clubs of France. In the open palm of the other lay his big silver English lever watch with glass case and broad black silk fob.

A young fellow of powerful build, lean, muscular; wearing simply but with gentlemanly care a suit of black, which was relieved around his wrists and neck by linen, snow-white and of the finest quality. In

contrast with his severe dress, a complexion singularly fresh, pure, even brilliant in tone, but colorless,—the complexion of health and innocence; in contrast with this from above, a mass of coarse dark-red hair, cut short and everywhere closely curling. Much physical beauty in the head itself,—the shape being noble, the pose creating an impression of dignity; almost none in the face, except in the gray eyes, which were especially eloquent and true. Yet a face not without moral significance or intellectual power; rugged as a rock, but as a rock is made less rugged by a little vine creeping over it, so his was softened by a fine net-work of nerves that wrought out upon it a look of kindness; betraying the first nature of passion, but disciplined to the second nature of patience; youthful, but wearing those unmistakable marks of maturity which mean a fierce early struggle with that vast, undying monster we call the world. On the whole, with the calm, resolute, self-respecting air of one who, having thus far won in the battle of life, has only a fiercer longing for larger conflict, and whose entire character rests on the noiseless conviction that he is a man and a gentleman.

But deeper insight would have been needed to discover how sincere and earnest a soul he was, how high a value he set on what life had in store for him and on what his life was worth to himself and to others, and how, loving rather to help himself than to be helped, he loved less to be trifled with, and least of all to be seriously hindered.

At this moment he was thinking, as his eyes rested on the watch, that if this were one of his ordinary days he would pursue his ordinary duties: he would go straight up street to the office of Marshall and for the next hour read as many pages of law as possible; then to supper at the Sign of the Spinning-Wheel near the two locust-trees; then walk out into the country for two hours; then back to his room and more law until midnight by the light of his tallow dip.

But this was not an ordinary day,—being one that he had long waited for and was destined never to forget. At dusk the evening before, the post-rider, so tired that he had scarce strength to blow his horn, had ridden into town bringing the mail from Philadelphia; and in this mail there was news for him. At the thought of this he thrust his watch into his pocket, pulled his hat resolutely over his brow, and started rapidly to Main Street, turning thence toward Cross Street,—now known as Broadway. On the outskirts of the town in that direction lay the edge of the forest, stretching away for hundreds of miles toward the Cumberland Mountains.

But he did not get on as fast as he wished. Main Street was swarming with people. He knew everybody, everybody knew him. A patron of the school stopped him to explain why little Jennie had not come to school that day,—poor little Jennie, in whose organism the mysteries of colic and subtraction seemed to be vitally connected, and by working together caused her many absences. A timid young lady paused to ask that he would lend her his copy of "Romeo and Juliet." A group of married ladies closed in around him with a flurry of questions as to why he always took his walk of late toward the woods on the southwestern edge of the town. An old shoemaker, flushed and angry, jumped from his stool at his front window, and begged him to

come in and look at a column of figures that wouldn't "add up right," although he had been adding them ever since dinner. At the new book-store he must stop and examine various classics of English literature lately taken off the pack-horses. And when at last he had reached the long open green common of the town, they were holding foot-races there, and three lithe young fellows, stripped and girt for racing, beheld him from the upper end of the course and ran up with the speed of the wind, bantering him for a contest; for he was one of the best runners in the countryside.

But he disengaged himself as quickly as possible, and was soon climbing with long rapid strides the hill where the Federal fort stood during the civil war. Then he slackened his pace. Before him stretched the primeval forest. He entered it, keeping his face turned squarely toward the lowering sun until, having gone about a mile and a half, he came upon evidences of a clearing: felled trees, fields of young maize, orchards, a garden, and in the midst of these a frame dwelling with various comfortable outhouses.

He went on straight toward the house; but as he passed the garden he saw standing in one corner with a rake in her hand a delicately-formed little woman in homespun, and near her a negro lad dropping garden-seed: so that he approached and leaned over the picket fence.

"How do you do, Mrs. Falconer?"

She turned with a startled cry, dropping the rake and pushing her sunbonnet from her eyes.

"How unkind of you to frighten me!" she said, laughing, and then she came to the fence and gave him her hand,—beautiful, but hardened by work. "I am glad to see you, but I am still more glad that it is not a Shawnee, come to demand my hair."

"I have come to demand something more beautiful than your hair," he replied, laughing also, and with a flush overspreading his face.

"I shall never get used to it," she continued, not heeding his words and not yet recovered from her fright. "We have been living in Kentucky two years, but I shall never get used to this frontier life. It is not the hardship: it is the terror. I have fortitude; I've no courage. These native Kentucky women no more fear anything than so many she-bears defending their cubs. Sometimes I beg Major Falconer to let me go back to Raleigh, so that for one month I may regain the lost art of sound sleep. Do you really believe that the country is safe? They say there is not an Indian this side of the Ohio River, but I hear and see them all the time. If anything frightens the ducks, I get weak with palpitation; and there are times when my own churn out in the yard looks like a squaw. I believe that I have something like Indian cataract forming on both eyes." And she laughed softly.

She had one of the rarest of feminine virtues: she made sport of her own weaknesses instead of those of other people.

Plainly they were good friends; and as he stood leaning over the fence with his hat in his hand and a smile lighting up his face, she went industriously back to the seed-planting.

"How can you retain your self-respect, to stand there idling and

see me toiling here in the sweat of my brow, like Eve after she was cursed?"

"Perhaps it is my duty not to interfere with the operation of a divine command."

"There is no divine command that I should plant corn: it is a necessity of the Kentucky backwoods. If I were in North Carolina, and if the major were not an impoverished patriot of the Revolution, I might be lying on a yellow satin sofa, reading Voltaire. Don't you think that Voltaire and yellow satin sofas go together? And, ah, that prayer, '*Give* us our daily bread,'—not make us work for it! I never omit the prayer; but the bread is never given; either I buy it or I work for it, as though I were under the old curse. Perhaps I am; perhaps I belong to the days of Sarah: this is a very primitive world I'm now in. Besides, this is not *my* work: it's Amy's work. Aren't you willing to work for Amy, John Gray?"

"I'm willing to work for her. But ought I to do her work, so long as she can do it herself? But if the queen sits quietly in the parlor eating bread and honey——"

"The queen's not in the parlor eating bread and honey. She has gone to town to stay with Kitty Poythress until after the party. Her uncle was to take her in to-morrow; but no! she and Kitty *must* see each other to-night; and her uncle must be *sure* to bring the party finery in the gig to-morrow afternoon. I'm sorry you've had your walk for nothing; but you'll stay to supper?"

"Thank you, but I must go back."

"If you'll stay, I'll go in and make you a johnny-cake on a new pine shingle and with my own hands."

"Thank you, I really must go back. But if there's a johnny-cake already made, I could easily take it along with me."

"Do stay! Major Falconer will be so disappointed. He said at dinner there were so many things he wanted to talk to you about. He feels certain that he has at last discovered why Ophelia went mad. He hit upon this theory while he was burning brush in the new field. And, then, we have had no news for weeks. The major has been too busy to go to town, and too tired at night to read; and I!—I am as dry as one of the gourds of Confucius."

"Oh, there's news enough. Tell him that a bookbinder has opened a shop on Cross Street,—a capital hand at the business, by the name of Leischman,—and that he will take in exchange, at the regular market prices, linen rags, maple sugar, and goose-quills. I advise you to keep an eye on your geese, if the major once takes a notion to have his old Shakespeare and other volumes, that had their bindings knocked off in crossing the Alleghanies, elegantly rebound. You can tell him, also, that after a squirrel-hunt in Bourbon county the farmers counted scalps and they numbered five thousand five hundred and eighty-nine; so that he is not the only one who has trouble with his corn. And then you can tell him that on the common the other day Nelson Tapp and Willis Tandy had a fearful fight over a land-suit. Now it was Tandy and Tapp; now it was Tapp and Tandy; but they went off at last and drowned themselves, if not their land, in a bowl of sagamity."

"And there is no news for me, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! Much. I am happy to inform you that at McIlvain's you can now buy the finest Dutch and English qualities of letter-paper, gilt, embossed, or marbled."

"That is not very important."

"Well, then, a saddlery has been opened by two fellows from London, England, and you can now buy Amy a new side-saddle. She needs one."

"Neither is that important. Besides, the major buys the saddles for the family."

"Well, then, as I came out, I passed on Main Street some ladies who accused me of being on my way here, and who impressed upon me that I must tell you of the last displays of women-wear: painted and velvet ribbons, I think they said, and crêpe scarfs, and chintzes and nankeens and moreens and sarcenets, and—oh, yes!—some muslinette jackets tamboured with gold and silver. You see, I am like my children: I can remember what I can't understand."

"That is less important still. I adorn myself in homespun."

"Well, then, the Indians fired on the Ohio packet-boat near Three Islands and killed——"

"Oh, mercy! I want foreign news!"

"In Holland two thousand cats have been put into the corn-stores, to check the ravages of rats and mice."

"*French* news! do be serious!"

"In New York some Frenchmen, seeing their flag insulted by Englishmen who took it down from the liberty-cap, went up-stairs to the room of an English officer named Codd, seized his regimental coat, and tore it to pieces."

"I'm glad of it! It was a very proper action!"

"But, madam, the man Codd was perfectly innocent!"

"No matter! His coat was guilty. They didn't tear *him* to pieces: they tore his coat. Are there any new books at the stores?"

"Many. I have spent part of the last three days in looking over them. You can have new copies of your old favorites, Joseph Andrews, Roderick Random, or Humphrey Clinker. You can have Goldsmith and Young, and Chesterfield and Addison. There is Don Quixote and Hudibras, Gulliver and Hume, Paley and Butler, Hervey and Watts, Lavater and Trenck, Seneca and Gregory, Nepos and even Aspasia Vindicated,—to say nothing of Abelard and Héloïse and Thomas à Kempis. All the Voltaires have been sold, however, and the Tom Paines went off at a rattling gait. By the way, while on the subject of books, tell the major that we have raised five hundred dollars toward buying books for the Transylvania Library, and that as soon as my school is out I am to go East as a purchasing committee. What particularly interests me is, that I am to go to Mount Vernon and ask a subscription from President Washington. Think of it! Think of my presenting myself there with my tricolored cockade,—a Kentucky Jacobin!"

She had seen from the outset that his mood was unusual. On his face, in his words, in the playful caprices of his talk,—like little whirli-

gigs of wind among dry leaves,—there was a joyous excitement the true secret mainspring of which had not yet been revealed. At this point his expression for the first time grew serious.

"The President may be so occupied with the plots of you American Jacobins that he will have neither time nor inclination to consider any such petition," she said, divining his thoughts.

"At least I am glad of my mission. I have never set eyes on a great man, and my heart beats quick at the thought of it. I feel as a young Gaul might who was going to Rome to ask Cæsar for gold with which to overthrow him. Seriously, it would be a fearful thing for the country if a treaty should be ratified with England. There is not a democratic society from Boston to Charleston that will not feel enraged with the President. You may be sure that every patriot in Kentucky will be outraged, and that the Governor will denounce it to the House."

"There *is* news from France, then,—serious news?"

"Much, much! The National Convention has agreed to carry into full effect the treaty of commerce between the two Republics, and the French and American flags have been united and suspended in the hall. The Dutch have declared the sovereignty of the French, and French and Dutch patriots have taken St. Martin's. The English have declared war against the Dutch and granted letters of marque and reprisals. There has been a complete change in the Spanish ministry. There has been a treaty made between France and the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The French fleet is in the West Indies and has taken possession of Guadeloupe. All French emigrants in Switzerland have been ordered to remove ten leagues from the borders of France. A hundred and fifty thousand Austrians are hurrying down toward the Rhine, to be reinforced by fifty thousand more."

He had run over these items with the rapidity of one who has his eye on the map of the world, noting the slightest change in the situation of affairs; and she, having left her work and come to the fence, had listened eagerly like one no less well informed.

"But the treaty! The treaty! The open navigation of the Mississippi!"

"The last news is that the treaty will certainly be concluded and the open navigation of the Mississippi assured to us forever. The major will load his flatboats, drift down to New Orleans, sell those Spanish fops his tobacco for its weight in gems, buy a mustang to ride home on, and, if not robbed and murdered by the land-pirates on the way, come back to you like an enormous bumble-bee from a clover-field, his thighs heavily packed with gold."

"I am so glad, so glad, so glad!"

He drew from his pockets a roll.

"Here are papers for two months back. I'll leave them. Just now there is no time to discuss such trifles as revolutions and navies and dynasties and republics. I have come to speak of something more important. My dear friend, I have come to speak to you about—myself!"

As he uttered the last sentence, his manner, hitherto so full of

humor and vivacity, suddenly changed to one of grave gentleness, and his voice, sinking to a half-tone, became charged with penetrative music. It was the voice in which one refined and sincere soul confides to another refined and sincere soul the secret of some new happiness that has come to it.

But, noticing the negro lad, who had paused in his work several paces off and stood regarding them, he said to her, significantly,—

"May I have a drink?"

She turned to the negro:

"Go to the spring-house and bring some water; and remember that all the milk down there is poisoned."

The lad moved away, laughing to himself and shaking his head.

"He breaks every pitcher I have," she added. "To-day I had to send my last roll of linen to town by Amy to buy more queensware. The moss will grow on the bucket before he gets back."

When the boy was out of hearing, she turned again to him:

"What is it? Tell me quickly."

"I have had news from Philadelphia. The case is at last decided in favor of the heirs, and I come at once into possession of my share. It may be eight or ten thousand dollars."

She took his hands in hers with a warm close pressure, and tears—tears of joy—sprang to her eyes.

The whole of his bare, bleak, hard life was known to her: its half-starved beginning; its early merciless buffeting; the upheaval of vast circumstance in the revolutionary history of the times by which he had again and again been thrown back upon his own undefended virtue; and, stealthily following him from place to place, always closing around him, always seeking to strangle him, or to poison him in some vital spot, that most silent, subtile serpent of life,—Poverty. Knowing this, and knowing also the man he had become, she would in secret sometimes liken him to one of those rare unions of delicacy and hardihood which in the world of wild flowers nature refuses to bring forth except from the cranny of a cold rock. Its home is the battle-field of black roaring tempests; the red lightnings play among its roots; all night long seamless snow-drifts are woven around its heart; no bee ever rises to it from the valley below where the green spring is kneeling; no morning bird ever soars past it with observant song; but still, in due time, with unswerving obedience to a law of beauty unfolding from within, it sets forth its perfect leaves and strains its pure face steadfastly toward a hidden sun.

These paltry thousands! She realized that they would lift from him the burden of debts that he had assumed, and give him, without further waiting, the liberty of his powers and the opportunities of the world.

"God bless you!" she said, with trembling lips. "It makes me happier than it does you."

Silence fell upon them. Both were thinking of the changes that would now take place in his life.

"Do you know," he said at length, looking into her face with the quietest smile, "that if this law-suit had gone against me it would have

been the first great defeat of my life? Sorely as I have struggled, I have yet to encounter that common myth of inefficient characters, an insurmountable barrier. I am not so sure that I believe there are forces in society that are stronger than the will. The imperfection of our lives,—what is it but the imperfection of our planning and our doing? Shattered ideals,—what hand shatters them but one's own? I declare to you at this moment, standing here in the clear light of my own past, that I firmly believe I shall be what I will, that I shall have what I want, and that I shall now go on rearing the structure of my life, to the last detail, just as I have long conceived it."

She did not answer, but stood looking at him with a new pity in her eyes. After all, was he so young, so untaught of the world?

"There will be this difference, of course," he added. "Hitherto I have had to build slowly; henceforth there will be no delay, now that I am free to lay hold upon the material. But, my dear friend, I cannot bear to think of my life as a structure to be conscientiously reared without settling first how it is to be lighted from within. And, therefore, I have come to speak to you about—the lamp."

As he said this, a solemn beauty flashed out upon his face. As though the outer curtain of his nature had been drawn up and behind this an inner curtain and behind that yet another, she now gazed into the farthest depths and veiled semi-confidences of his inmost being.

Her head dropped quickly on her bosom; and she drew slightly back, as though to escape pain or danger.

"You must know how long I have loved Amy," he continued, in a tone of forced calmness. "I have not spoken sooner, because the circumstances of my life made it necessary for me to wait; and now I wish to ask her to become my wife, and I am here to beg your consent."

For some time she did not answer. The slip of an elm grew beside the picket fence, and she stood passing her fingers over the topmost leaves, with her head lowered, so that he could not see her face. At length she said, in a voice uneasy and cautious,—

"I have feared for a long time that this moment would come; but I have never been able to get ready for it, and I am not ready now."

Neither spoke for some time; only, his expression changed, and he looked down upon her with a compassionate, amused gravity, as though he meant in a rather superior way to be very patient with her opposition. On her part, she was thinking,—Is it possible that the first use he will make of his new liberty is to forge the chain of a new slavery? Is this some weak spot now to be revealed in his character? Is this the sudden drain in the bottom of the lake, that will bring its high clear level down to mud and stagnant shallows and a swarm of stinging insects?

"I have known for a year that you were interested in Amy. You could not have been so much with us without our seeing that. But let me ask you one question: Have you ever thought that I wished you to love her?"

"I have always beheld in you an unmasked enemy," he replied, smiling.

"Then I can go on and be consistent. But I feel—I feel—as though never in my life have I done a thing that is as near being familiar and unwomanly as I am now about to do. Nevertheless, for your sake,—for hers,—for ours,—it is my plain hard duty to ask you whether you are sure—even if you should have her consent—that my niece is the woman you ought to marry." And she lifted to him her gentle but penetrating eyes, old in the experience of life.

"I am sure," he answered, in the ready tone of one who has foreseen a question.

"You have been so much with her, you know, or ought to know, her disposition, her tastes, her ways and views of life: is she the companion you need now and will always need?"

"I have been much with her," he replied, taking up the words with a mock solemnity. "But I have never worked at solving her as over an equation having various roots. I have never drawn a map of her, noting the precipices where it would be dangerous for a man to walk, and tracing the ditches into which a careless man might deserve to stumble. I have not turned the coat of my love inside out to examine the lining. I have not churned my love to see how much butter it would yield——"

"John!"

"I love her!"

"If I should feel that I must withhold my consent——"

He became serious enough, and, after the silence of a few moments, said, with respectful gentleness,—

"I should be sorry; but——" and then he forbore.

"If Major Falconer should withhold his?"

He shook his head, turning his face sadly:

"It would make no difference! *Nothing* would make any difference!"

"I suppose all this would be called the proof that you love her; but love is not enough to begin with; much less is it enough to live by."

"You wrong her! You do not do her justice!" he said, hastily, his instinct of loyalty urging him to defend her. "But perhaps no woman can ever understand why a man loves any other woman!"

"I am not thinking of *why* you love my niece. I am thinking of why you will cease to love her if you should marry her. It would not alter the fact to know the reasons; it might alter it to foresee the results."

"My dear friend," he cried, his face suddenly aglow with impatient enthusiasm,—"my dear friend," and he bent his head over to touch her hand respectfully with his lips, "I have but one anxiety: will you cease to be my friend if in this matter I act in opposition to your wishes?"

"Should I cease to be your friend because you had made a mistake? It is not to *me* you are unkind. But let me have my last word. And think of it as you walk home."

He looked steadily and gravely into her eyes, and she, having a weight of unshed tears in hers, spoke with slow distinctness:

"Some women in marrying demand all and give all: with good men they are the happy; with base men they are the broken-hearted. Some demand everything and give little: with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are the divorced. Some demand little and give all: with congenial souls they are already in heaven; with uncongenial they are soon in their graves. Some give little and demand little: they are the heartless, and with them there is neither the joy of life nor the peace of death."

He did not return to town by the straight course through the woods, but followed the winding road at a slow, meditative gait, giving himself up wholly to the influence of the hour. The low-glinting sunbeams, the gathering hush, the holy expectancy of stars, a flock of white clouds lying at rest along the sky, the greenness of the warm earth soon to be hung with dews, the redbreast on a low bough singing its evensong,—these melted into his mood as notes from different instruments blend in the ear and uplift the soul into that many-toned peace which is full of pain.

But he was soon aroused in an unexpected way. When he reached the point where the wagon-track passed out into the broader road, he noticed lying several yards in front of him a large bundle tied in a blue-and-white checked cotton handkerchief.

Plainly it was a lost bundle, and his duty to find out, if possible, whose it was. So he picked it up, and, walking to one side, sat down, and, untying the four ends of the handkerchief, lifted out one wide white lace tucker, two fine cambric handkerchiefs, two pairs of India cotton hose, one pair of silk hose, two thin muslin handkerchiefs, one pair of long kid gloves,—straw-color,—one pair of white kid shoes, one pale-blue silk coat, one thin white striped muslin dress.

Under the dress lay certain other articles; but at this point he allowed himself the benefit of his doubts.

Whose were they? Not Amy's: Mrs. Falconer had said the major was to bring *her* party finery to town in the gig the next day. They might have been lost by some one riding from Frankfort to town, or from town into the country. He knew several young women to any one of whom they might well belong.

It was dark when he got back to town, and he went straight to his room and locked the bundle in a closet; then to supper at the Sign of the Spinning-Wheel,—a cheerful tavern near by; then home, where he read law with intense concentration of mind till near midnight. Then he snuffed out the candle, undressed, and stretched himself along the edge of his bed.

It was a plain bare room on the ground-floor of a two-story log house. At the head of his bed there was a window opening toward the east, and the moonlight now filled the room and fell upon him where he lay.

Every bachelor is really the husband of an old maid. For every single man carries around within him the spirit of a woman to whom he is more or less happily wedded. When a man actually marries, this inner helpmate wisely disappears in the presence of her external contemporary.

The woman in Gray now began to question him remorsefully about this bundle. Was it right to leave it in his three-cornered cupboard, with his Cossack boots and other male haberdashery? The man in him said it made no difference; but the woman insisted otherwise. So that at last, for the sake of inward peace, he got patiently up with the submissive virtue of the sex, went to the cupboard, and, untying the bundle, carefully lifted out the dress.

Along the wall opposite to his bed there was a row of pegs, on which hung his own clothes. As he now walked across the room with the dress, a light wind, coming through the open window, blew the soft fabric close against him, so that it folded itself around his body and limbs and clung to them. It caused him a subtle sensation of pleasure, as though it were the embrace of a woman's spirit.

Then he went back and lay on the edge of the bed again. But now the sight of the dress hanging on the wall held his eyes with a kind of dreamy fascination. The moonlight fell on it, the wind crept around and swayed it, until at times it looked like the wing of an angel restless for flight. Certainly it was the nearest approach to the presence of a woman in his room that he had ever known, and he welcomed it as the silent spotless annunciation of his own approaching destiny.

After a while he got up more resolutely under the spell of a growing fancy. He lifted out the pale-blue silk coat and hung it beside the dress. Under it there stood a low table covered with books. He took out the white shoes and set them on this table,—set them, as it happened, on his Bible,—and went back and lay down again, looking at them and dreaming,—looking at them and dreaming.

All the while his thoughts passed like a shining flight of white doves to *her* and hovered about her. The party came off on Thursday evening, and he was to go with her; but he now said that he could not wait until then. The long restraint he had put upon himself must end to-morrow. To-morrow he would see her and ask her to be his wife.

And then, his whole nature yielding to this resolve, as chastely as the moonbeams stole into his room from the unsullied skies his thoughts stole farther to the time when she would be his,—when he would lie thus and waking in the night see her dress on the wall and feel her head on his shoulder,—until his very heart ached with the intense illusion of its own happiness.

Too young, too robust, to feel at such a moment the impulse of articulate prayer, he nevertheless spent himself in one impassioned voiceless outcry that she might not die young nor he die young; that the hardship, the pain, the conflicts of the world which had so closely begirt him hitherto, might for many years be absent from them, and that side by side they might grow peacefully old together.

And, thus, lying outstretched, with his head resting on his folded hands, with the moonlight streaming through the window and lighting up his dark-red curls and falling on his face and neck and chest,—as white as marble,—with the cool south wind blowing down his warm limbs, with his eyes opening and closing in religious purity on the dress and his mind opening and closing on the visions of his future, he fell asleep.

III.

A LESSON FROM THE BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

When John Gray awoke out of those dreams that had hung about his fancy all night, as soft white moths flutter around the half-opened hearts of flowers, and remembered that on this day he was to make a declaration of his love, for the first time his own life seemed to take on full significance. Before he got up, he stretched himself and yawned with a drowsy smile, as though the riddle of the universe floated solved from his bedpost like a yesterday's broken cobweb.

While taking his morning bath, he was struck by the beauty of his form, the tints of his flesh. He wished there had been a friend in the next room, so that he could have run in and cried, "Really, look at my neck and chest and arms. My face does me much injustice. I am not ugly!" As he stepped out into the early morning and lifted his face to the sky, he murmured reverently under his breath, "Ah, Lord! if all Thy days could be as beautiful as this!" During breakfast at the Sign of the Spinning-Wheel, he exclaimed more than once to his landlady about something on the table, "How delicious this is!" and finally bade her sit down by him and tell him whether her son were not in love.

And when he took his seat in the school-room and looked out upon the children, they had never seemed to him so small, so pitiful. It struck him that Nature is cruel because she does not fit us for love and marriage as soon as we are born,—cruel that she makes us wait two-thirds of our lives before she lets us really begin to live. His eye lit upon a wee chubby-cheeked urchin on the end of a high hard bench, and he fell to counting how many long years must pass before that unsuspicious grub would grow his palpitating wings of flame. He felt like making them a little speech and telling them how happy he was, and how happy they would all be when they got old enough.

And as for the lessons that day, what difference could it make whether ideas were sprouting sideways or upside-down in those useless brains? He asked the hard questions and answered them himself, such a mood was on him to relax; and, indeed, so sunny and exhilarating was the weather of his discipline that little Jennie, seeing how the rays fell and the wind lay, gave up the multiplication-table altogether and fell to drawing tomahawks.

A strange mixture of human life there was in Gray's school. There were the native little Kentuckians, born in the wilderness,—the first wild, hardy generation of new people; and there were little folk from Virginia, from Tennessee, from North Carolina, and from Pennsylvania and other sources, huddled together, some rude, some gentle, and starting out now to be formed into the men and women of the Kentucky that was to be.

They had their strange, sad, heroic games and pastimes, those primitive children under his guidance. Two little girls would be driving the cows home about dusk; three little boys would play Indian and capture them and carry them off; the husbands of the little girls would

form a party to the rescue; the prisoners would drop pieces of their dresses along the way; and then at a certain point of the woods—it being the dead of night now, and the little girls being bound to a tree, and the Indians having fallen asleep beside their smouldering camp-fires—the rescuers would rush in, and there would be whoops and shrieks, and the taking of scalps, and a happy return. Or some settlement would be shut up in a fort besieged. Days would pass. The only water was a spring outside the walls, and around this the enemy skulked in the corn and grass. But the warriors must not perish of thirst. So, with a prayer, a tear, a final embrace, the little women marched out through the gates to the spring, in the very teeth of death, and brought back water in their tin dinner-buckets.

Or, when the boys would become men with contests of running, and pitching quoits, and wrestling, the girls would play wives and have a quilting in a house of green alder-bushes, or be capped and wrinkled grandmothers sitting beside imaginary spinning-wheels and smoking imaginary pipes.

Sometimes it was not Indian warfare, but civil strife. For one morning as many as three Daniel Boones appeared on the playground at the same moment; and at once there was a fierce battle to ascertain which was the genuine Daniel. This being decided, the spurious Daniels submitted to be the one Simon Kenton, the other General George Rogers Clark.

This was to be a great day for what he called his class in history. Thirteen years before, and forty miles away, had occurred the most dreadful of all the battles,—the disaster of the Blue Licks; and in town were many mothers who yet wept for sons, widows who yet dreamed of young husbands, fallen that beautiful August day beneath the oaks and the cedars, or floating down the red-dyed river.

It was this that he had promised to tell them of at noon; and a little after twelve o'clock he was standing with them on the bank of the Town Fork, in order to give vividness to his description. This stream flows unseen beneath the streets of the city now and with scarce current enough to wash out its grimy channels; but then it flashed broad and clear through the long valley which formed the town common, —a valley of scattered houses with orchards and corn-fields and patches of cane.

A fine poetic picture he formed as he stood there amid their eager upturned faces, bareheaded under the cool brilliant sky of May, and reciting to them, as a prose minstrel of the wilderness, the deeds of their fathers.

This Town Fork of the Elkhorn, he said, must represent the Licking River. On that side were the Indians; on this, the pioneers, a crowd of foot and horse. There stretched the ridge of rocks, made bare by the stamping of the buffalo; here was the clay they licked for salt. In that direction headed the two ravines in which Boone had feared an ambuscade. And, thus variously having made ready for battle, and looking down for a moment into the eyes of a freckly impetuous little soul who was the Hotspur of the playground, he repeated the cry of McGary, which had been the signal for attack:

"Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

Here he had paused and with uplifted finger was warning them that from this tragedy of their fathers they could learn a lesson which ought to last them all their lives,—never to be over-hasty or over-confident, never to go forward without knowing the ground you are to tread, or throw yourself into a conflict without learning the nature of the enemy,—he was doing this, and at the same time thinking that before he slept that night he would be happy in the declaration of his love, when a child came skipping joyously across the common, and, pushing her way up to him through the circle of his listeners, handed him a note. He opened it, and in an instant the great battle, hills, river, horse, rider, shrieks, groans, all vanished as silently as a puff of white smoke from a distant cannon.

For a while he stood motionless, with his eye fixed upon the paper, so absorbed as not to note the silence that had fallen upon the throng around him. At length, merely saying, in a kind voice, "I will tell you the rest some other day: I must go now," he walked rapidly across the common in the direction from which the little messenger had come.

A few minutes later he stood at the door of Father Poythress, the Methodist minister, asking for Amy. But she and Kitty had ridden away and would not return till night. So, leaving careful word that he would come to see her then, he went to his school-room and sat waiting for the afternoon duties to begin.

In the note she had broken her engagement with him for the party, giving no reasons. At first he had feared she might be ill; but, having been now set right, he felt no further concern on that point. He was not a party-loving man himself. If she did not go, he would not; and it was in exact accord with his own preference that they would pass the evening together alone. As for her breaking the engagement in a manner so mysterious, he argued that she had her own reason. He could honor it, or honor any other demand that she might ever have to make on his confidence.

Nevertheless, there remained a sense of uneasiness, so that he grew displeased with himself that he should reveal any disposition to be petty with her and exacting. During the afternoon he was drawn out of himself by his duties; and when at last there came release from these, one thought took immediate possession of his whole nature: in a few hours he was to ask her to be his wife.

The exuberance of high spirits which agitated him at rising had passed with the passing of the day; and as he now closed the school-house door behind him, and, stepping out upon the open square, strode away under the long shadows of the few forest trees that still stood in the heart of the town, his mood was grave, and in his heart he knew not what throb of exalted sadness caused him to shrink from the boisterous life of the street and turn his face to nature.

Not far from the town there was a deep woods still untouched by civilization; and toward this he bent his footsteps. Penetrating to its heart, he came upon an open green knoll sloping toward the west,—a favorite spot; and here he spent the last hours of the day and of the

early twilight, preparing himself for the coming interview and trying to realize the solemn meaning of these last hours to him.

They were a farewell and a beginning. A farewell to his boyhood and his youth,—in a sense a farewell to himself. Never again was he to be merely one soul in his passage through the world, coming none knew whence, going none knew whither, but beside him henceforth was to journey another soul, the two having one path, one aim, one inseparable existence. With this soul all that had thus far been his own was now to be divided; from that soul he was to receive back all that he gave,—the same, and yet how different: bond for bond, heart for heart, duty for duty, life for life.

His betrothal! For years he had worshipped toward this height. He looked upon it as the supreme shrine of his soul, set on a white mountain-peak; and he felt that he must pass upward to it over a pathway of thoughts as pure as a fresh fall of snow.

With a kind of stern exultant joy he thought that at last the time had come when he could drop from his character its barriers and disguises and reveal himself to her as he was. How much more she could love him then, having come to understand him in his real nature! Their association had always been more trivial than he could have wished. They had seemed to play at each other only before the drop-curtains of their natures and from confronting stages. But, just as he had never done himself justice, so he was sure that behind her pretty childish talk and pouting coquetries there were corresponding depths of noble character to be discovered. Thus, he had always loved her best, not for what he saw in her, but for what he believed remained unseen; and he had valued her most, not for what she was, but for what in time he fancied she would become. And now he did not doubt that, meeting him on the high level of a new sacred union, she would come forth the real woman in sympathetic companionship.

A complete tenderness overcame him with this vision of her; a look of all-but religious reverence for her filled his eyes. The last rays of the sun struck the summit of the green knoll on which he was lying. The sunset was one of unsurpassed softness and repose, with depth after depth opening inward, as though to the heart of the infinite love. The boughs of the trees over his head were hung with blossoms. There were blue and white flowers at his feet.

"I have ended the first season of my life!" he cried: "winter lies behind me. I am about to pass into the second: it is my spring. What are flowers but nature's declaration of love! My heart, too, has burst into bloom; and, now that it is open, like them it can never, never close again."

Thus lifted up for his meeting with her, he could not bear the thought, as he walked back to town, that he should have to speak first with any other human being. Ordinary conversation would jar on him, a rude coarse word on the street defile him. Fortunately, he reached his room unmolested; and, there having carefully but without vanity dressed himself in his best, he took his way to the house of Father Poythress.

There were some minutes of waiting. More than once he heard in

another room the sounds of smothered laughter and of two voices,—one in appeal, one in refusal; then there was laughter again; and then at last Amy slowly entered the room, holding Kitty Poythress by the hand.

All day she had been looking for her lost bundle, riding to different homesteads in the country, inquiring at others in town. She had come home at dark with the last hope that it might have been returned during her absence.

Now she was tired, worried over the loss of her things, disappointed that she could not go to the party of which she had dreamed for weeks. Her beautiful little head was wearing its heaviest crown of thorns, composed of deep-piercing sorrows and griefs. She did not wish to see any one, least of all John Gray, with whom she had broken her engagement, and who no doubt had come to know the reason. But if she told him her reason it would only make matters worse; for he would say, "Can't you wear another dress? What makes the difference?" and look at her in the grave, kind, patient, rather pitying way in which he would look at one of his school-children who had misspelled a word of one syllable. In the bottom of her heart she felt that he in the bottom of his was always bearing with her and making allowances for her, as for a child who would learn better by and by. She secretly resented this, since it wounded her vanity to be made to feel that she was not perfect; and certainly to-night she was in no mood to have her troubles smiled over and herself magnanimously pardoned for being justifiably wretched.

Therefore, as she advanced slowly into the room, holding Kitty by the hand, her manner was listless, petulant, and resentful.

She gave him one of her beautiful little hands, pouted, smiled, dropped on a sofa by Kitty's side, strengthened her hold on Kitty's hand, and asked Kitty whether she did not feel tired.

"We are both *so* tired," she then said to Gray, with the air of being willing at least to include him in the conversation. "And William Penn is so broken down, and *so* hungry, and I am *so* afraid he will starve to-night at the tavern stable. I wish, as you go home, you would stop by there and tell them to give him as much as he can eat. He is so unhappy when he is hungry!"

Gray muttered rather meekly that he would go with pleasure.

"You know we've been riding nearly all day, there were so many places to go to. How many miles have we travelled, Kitty? Of course Kitty couldn't count exactly," she continued, ignoring Kitty's smothered laugh, "because there are no mile-posts in Kentucky. Would you rather ride with mile-posts or without mile-posts?" This she asked in the manner in which a charming kitten might inquire of a grown-up cat whether it loved sunshine.

He sat looking steadily at her this time without replying, and the silence became awkward.

"I suppose you want to know why I broke my engagement with you," she cut in, with a hard voice; "but I don't think you ought to ask. I think you ought to accept my reason without wanting to know it."

"I do accept it. I had never meant to ask," he answered, speaking quickly but quietly, like a person who recalls some trifle that had been forgotten.

"Oh, don't be too indifferent," she cried, with sarcastic humor. "It would not be complimentary. You ought to be very much disappointed. You ought to want to know my reason, but you ought not to ask what it is."

Then again he sat looking at her in silence.

"And you really don't care to know why I broke my engagement? You really don't?"

"Not unless you should wish to tell me."

"It is a very serious reason: isn't it, Kitty?"

"That I had never doubted."

"It might seem very amusing to *you*."

"It could scarcely be both."

"Yes, it is; it is both. I'll tell you why I am not going with you: I have lost my reason for going." And she and Kitty exchanged a look of intelligent amusement. He felt only that he was being incredibly trifled with, and sought to change the subject. A few minutes later Kitty tried to leave the room; but Amy tightened her clasp and gave Kitty the threatening glance of one who holds another to a promise. It was impossible not to divine between them the kind of understanding that any man finds it hard to forgive; but he continued to talk to both for some minutes longer. Then again, and more openly, Kitty endeavored to make her escape; again, and more openly, she was withheld.

At once he rose to go, unruffled, polite, even with an awkward attempt at a sally of humor in his leave-taking. But once out of doors he fell quickly to work upon making out a case in her favor. A low, vague, ominous, terrible ground-swell of anger in his mind must instantly be quieted.

She had not known why he came that evening: how could she know? To her it was simply an ordinary call at an unfortunate hour; for she was tired,—he could see that,—and worried,—he could see that also. And he himself was responsible for the failure of the evening. For had he ever been so solemn, so unpliant, so implacably in earnest? What wonder if she had dreaded to be left alone with him? Thus he reasoned until he had wrought out in his own conscience her complete justification. And, having wrought it out, he sternly dismissed the subject.

But who at any time sounds the lowest depths of our mysterious human nature, so calm on the surface, so tempest-tossed at the bottom? What power is it in the mind that rejects the processes of its own best powers? After he restored her to stainless supremacy over his imagination, that low, vague, ominous ground-swell of angry disappointment within him would not be quieted. Never before had he approached her with such lofty demands; never before had his failure been so overwhelming. He was not a sentimentalist. His mood of the night preceding, when he had lain for hours in luxurious fondling of his own hidden ideals,—his mood of that afternoon in the heart of

the woods, when he had believed the hour of his betrothal near and had become a child transported with joy,—these were solitary experiences in the development of a nature essentially practical and self-controlled; and as he now sat in his room, thoughtful, critical of his conduct, and sensible of his failure, he said that never again could such a betrayal of himself occur. In a moment of unreckoning confidence he had called his heart a flower, which, having burst into bloom, could never close again; but it may be doubted whether that night this flower did not close up as though its petals were so many lids of iron. A nature proud and self-respecting will never show more of itself to others than others show that they can appreciate. If at any time, misled by vague sights and sounds outside, a shy hand appears at a window of the inmost citadel of being and scatters pearls to those below, when it is discovered that those below are swine the hand will be quickly drawn in and the window closed.

But it was with opposing circumstances that Gray loved most to battle. That was the whole meaning of his past. When, therefore, he fell asleep—and he fell asleep very soon—it was with a fiercer resolution to spend the next evening with Amy and make her an offer of his hand. If the breaking of her engagement with him and her later unwillingness to be left alone with him meant anything, then he would know to the last merciless degree what that meaning was.

And thus ended in bitter disappointment the day which was to have been that of his betrothal. By a confusion of the ideas which had agitated him during the foregoing hours, through his dreams ran a conflict: she stood on one side of a river, with ambuscades in the forest behind her; on the other he stood with his school-children; she beckoned to him; and he was trying to cross to her, ever repeating the words of McGary at the dreadful battle of the Blue Licks:

"Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

IV.

EDITORIAL SECRETS.

THE next night fell cool and sweet from the flashing skies. It was the evening of the party at the home of General James Wilkinson, who had just returned from a trip to New Orleans. The occasion was extraordinary, and invitations had been sent to most of the prominent and distinguished families of the town.

Eight o'clock came. Near Gray's school-house on the open square stood another log house,—the editorial rooms of the *Kentucky Pioneer*. The front room was now closed and dark; but light issued through a calico curtain drawn before a window of the back-room and from beneath the crack of the door.

In one corner of this editorial room, which was also the printing-room, stood a worn hand-press with two dog-skin inking-balls. Between the logs of the wall near another corner a horizontal iron bar had been driven, and from the end of this bar hung a saucer-shaped iron lamp filled with bear-oil. Out of this oil stuck the end of a cotton

rag for a wick; which, being set on fire, filled the room with a strong smell and a feeble, murky, flickering light. Under the lamp stood a plain oak slab on two pairs of cross-legs; and on the slab were papers and letters, a black ink-horn, some leaves of native tobacco, and a large gray-horn drinking-cup,—empty. Under the table lay an empty bottle.

In a rough chair before this drinking-cup sat Stafford, editor of the *Kentucky Pioneer*, smoking a long tomahawk-pipe. His head was tilted backward, his eyes followed the flight of smoke upward, and a smile suffused his face,—the smile of a man pleased with what he is and with something he is about to do. Once his smile grew broader, and his diaphragm shook silently with an earthquake of subterranean amusement.

That he expected to be at the party might have been inferred from his dress, which was miscellaneously magnificent: a worn blue broadcloth coat with yellow gilt buttons; a swan's-down vest with broad stripes of red and white; a pair of dove-colored corded-velvet pantaloons with three large yellow buttons on the hips; and a neckcloth of fine white cambric.

The smell of the burning oil, of spirits, of tobacco, did not disguise the fact that he was heavily perfumed. His figure was thickset, strong, cumbrous, his hair black and very beautiful, his eyes black, bold, vivacious, untrustworthy, and now a little inflamed. There was a deep vertical mark down the middle of his forehead, and his lips were thick and red. His hands also were thick and soft, and the nails not irreproachable.

He had just risen to snuff the wick in the lamp overhead, when there came a knock on the door; and, to Stafford's surprise and displeasure,—for he thought he had locked it,—there entered without waiting to be invited a low, broad-chested, barefooted, blond young fellow, his brown-tow breeches, rolled up to his knees, showing a pair of fine white calves; a clean shirt, thrown open at the neck and rolled up to the elbows, displaying a noble pair of arms; a ruddy shine on his quiet face; a drenched look about his short, thick, whitish hair, and a comforting smell of soap emanating from his entire person.

Seeing him, Stafford looked less displeased; but, keeping his seat and merely taking the pipe from his lips, he said, with an air of facetious sarcasm, "I would have invited you to come in, Peter, but I see you have not stood on ceremony."

"Well," said Peter, stoutly, taking a short cob-pipe from his mouth, "I didn't suppose you would object to my coming in and handing you this." And, walking forward, he clapped down on the oak slab a round handful of shillings and pence. "Count it, and see if it's all there."

"What's this for?"

Stafford looked at the money with sparkling eyes, but spoke in a tone of wounded astonishment.

"What do you suppose it's for?"

"Well, you *have* had an advertisement running in the paper for some time," admitted Stafford, with reluctance.

"That's what it's for, then! And, what's more, I've got the money to pay for a better one, whenever you'll write it."

The words seemed to have their effect.

"Sit down, sit down, sit down!" Stafford jumped from his chair, hurried across the room,—a little unsteadily,—emptied a pile of things on the floor, and dragged back a heavy oak stool. "Sit down. And, Peter?" he added, inquiringly, tapping his empty drinking-cup.

"Go ahead," replied Peter, with an air of indifference. "Don't let me interfere."

Stafford drew a key from his pocket and shook it under Peter's nose. Then he went to the door and locked it; then across the room to a dark cupboard; and, after some minutes of fumbling and two or three trips back and forth, he placed on the table a bottle of fourth-proof French brandy, a bottle of Jamaica rum, a bottle of Holland gin, a bottle of cherry bounce, a bottle of Martinique cordial, a bottle of Madeira wine, one of port, and one of sherry, a bottle of cider, and another drinking-cup. Then he sat down and faced Peter in silence.

"That's more than I want," said Peter, with a nod at the display.

"All for advertisements!" said Stafford, waving his hand triumphantly over the collection; and then, scraping Peter's money off the table, he let it jingle carelessly piece by piece into his pocket, accurately counting it nevertheless between his fingers and thumb. "All for advertisements! Two or three of these dealers have been running bills up on me; and to-day I stepped in and told them I'd submit to be paid in merchandise. And here's the merchandise! What brand of merchandise will you take?"

"We had better take what you have *been* taking," replied Peter, with a look of warning at Stafford's flushed face.

"Just as you please, Peter. It's all good enough for me."

He left the bottle of French brandy, carrying the other bottles back to the cupboard, except one. "This too, Peter," he pleaded, persuasively, setting the Jamaica rum beside the brandy.

"They don't go together," objected Peter.

"They go together if you *make* them go together. Now, then, say when enough." And he began to fill the cups.

"Hold on!" cried Peter, laying a provident hand on Stafford's arm. "Hold on! My advertisement first!"

"Just as you please."

"About twice as long as the other one," instructed Peter, scratching his head.

"Very well; about twice as long as the other one." Stafford set the bottle down, took up a goose-quill, and drew a sheet of paper before him.

"My business is increasing," prompted Peter still further.

Stafford made a note on the margin of the sheet.

"All right; your business is increasing. Now wait a minute."

"How will this do to start with?" he asked, after writing rapidly awhile:

"'Mr. Peter Springle continues to carry on the blacksmith business on Main Street in Lexington, near the public square, and opposite the

Sign of the Indian Queen. It is supposed that Mr. Springle cannot be rivalled in horseshoeing. He keeps on hand a constant supply of axes, chains, and hoes, which he will sell at prices usually asked——'"

"Stop," interrupted Peter, whose nostrils had sniffed a strange agreeable odor of personal praise in the opening lines. "You might say something more about *me*, before you bring in the axes."

"Just as you please: we'll say something more about you." And after a minute of indecision Stafford read as follows:

"'Mr. Peter Springle executes his work with satisfaction and despatch; his work is second to none in Kentucky; no one surpasses him; he is a noted horseshoer; he does nothing *but* shoe horses.'"

"That sounds more like it," admitted Peter, candidly.

"Let's combine business with pleasure, however," said Stafford, laying down the quill and reaching for the bottle. "Now, then," resumed he, with fresh interest, after they had touched cups and drained them. "Is that enough about you?"

"Oh, if that's all you can *say!*" muttered Peter, with surly disappointment.

"Not at all! The subject is hard to exhaust.

"'Mr. Springle devotes himself entirely to the shoeing of fine horses; *fine* horses are often injured by neglect in shoeing; Mr. Springle does not injure *fine* horses, but shoes them all around with new shoes at one dollar for each horse.' How is that?"

"Pretty good," nodded Peter.

"Is that enough about *you?*"

"Oh, if that's all you can *say!*"

"By no means!"

There was a hidden flash in Stafford's eyes, and he drew his thick red lips in against his teeth. After some minutes he read again:

"'Mr. Springle is the most illustrious blacksmith that ever left New Jersey——'"

"Or that ever *lived in* New Jersey," interrupted Peter, strengthening the position.

"'Or that ever *will* live in New Jersey! The father of Mr. Springle had the honor of shoeing Washington's favorite horse just before the battle of Trenton, or otherwise the general might never have led the Americans to victory. Mr. Springle, then a small but highly intelligent lad, closely watched his father during this performance, and derived great profit from the experience. Afterwards he had the good fortune to witness the battle of Trenton from a floating cake of ice exactly the shape of a horseshoe.' How is that?"

The brilliancy of this rocket, rising suddenly out of the darkness of his past, so dazzled Peter that he sat temporarily blinded. Then he rubbed his elbows slowly in the palms of his hands, and said, carefully and gravely,—

"Now bring in about the axes."

Stafford rose and pinched the cotton wick. Reseating himself, he seized the bottle and poured out more liquor, tossing off his own cup at a draught. His spirits were rising. He laughed to himself almost constantly.

"Peter," he suddenly said, squaring himself and hitching his chair confidentially, "I'm going to let you into a secret."

"I don't want to *know* any secrets," replied Peter. "I don't want to know anything I can't tell."

"You don't know any secrets? You don't know that last week Horatio Turpin sold a ten-dollar horse in front of your shop for a hundred because he had——"

"Oh, I know some horse secrets," admitted Peter, carelessly.

"Exactly! It's a horse secret I'm going to tell you."

He made an awkward stumble as he crossed the room; and he fumbled awkwardly in a dark corner at a frame-work of pigeon-holes nailed against the wall. But finally he came back with two pieces of writing-paper, which he spread out on the slab. Then he reached for the brandy with a cold formal bow to Peter, who accepted the attention with equal coolness.

"Now for the secret! Here, Peter, is an advertisement that has been left here to be inserted in the next paper: 'Lost, on Tuesday evening, on the road between Frankfort and Lexington, a bundle of clothes tied up in a blue-and-white checked cotton handkerchief, and containing one white muslin dress, a pale-blue silk coat, two thin white muslin handkerchiefs, one pair long kid gloves,—straw-color,—one pair white kid shoes, two cambric handkerchiefs, and some other things, not distinctly remembered. Whoever will deliver said clothes to the printer, or give information so that they can be got, will be liberally rewarded on application to him.'

"And here, Peter, is another advertisement to be inserted at the same time: 'Found, on Tuesday evening, on the road between Lexington and Frankfort, a bundle of clothes tied in a handkerchief. In the bundle were noticed some gloves and handkerchiefs and shoes, a green silk apron, and some other things which the finder wishes to say that he did not separately examine. The owner can recover property by calling on the printer.'

"Now for the secret!" He pushed the papers away from him and wheeled on his listener. He was losing what little control over himself he had hitherto kept. His eyes flashed with an expression of humorous revenge. He threw his head back and laughed loud and slapped Peter familiarly on the knee. Then suddenly he laid his hand on the Jamaica rum.

"Rum," muttered Peter, with admirable brevity, and held out his horn cup.

"Now, Peter," said Stafford a minute later, "set your cup on the table and listen.

"Yesterday morning who should slip around here but that high and mighty little mistress, Amy Falconer. But I hardly believed my eyes! No dimplings and poutings, no setting her head on one side, no mischief, no airs, no vanity, no smiles, no anything but red swollen eyes, a puckered mouth, fear, vexation, disappointment, despair! A more lost and ruined soul may I never behold! And then, in such a voice, she begins to tell such a tale: how, oh, Mr. Stafford, she had *such* a secret to tell me, and wouldn't I do something to help her!

How, coming to town the day before, she had, contrary to the express orders and without the knowledge of her aunt, made her old black mammy tie her party clothes up in a blue-and-white checked handkerchief and then tie this to a ring in the side-saddle. Weep, Peter, weep! How on the way this bundle did come untied and fall unnoticed to the road; how, when she reached town and missed it, she had sent some one back along the road, but in vain, somebody else having come along in the mean time and picked it up! Weep, Peter, weep! How she had come to see me to inquire whether any one had left the clothes with me to be advertised; or whether I wouldn't put an advertisement in the next issue of the paper; and whether, if they were left at my office before Thursday evening, I wouldn't send them to her at once. For oh! oh! oh! she couldn't go to the party! and they were *so* beautiful! and they had cost *so* much! and she'd have to break her engagement! and her aunt and her uncle! and oh, my! oh, my! Peter, have you no tears for woman's sorrow?"

"Ahem!" said Peter, dryly, but with a good deal of moisture in his eyes.

"Well, she hadn't more than gone before who should come in here but a boy bringing this same bundle of clothes with a note from John Gray, saying that he had found them in the public road yesterday, and asking me to send them at once to the owner, if I should hear who she was; if not, to advertise them."

"*That's* no secret," said Peter, with contempt.

"*Now* for the secret! I might have sent that bundle right around to my Mistress Amy, and that would have been the end of it. But, Peter, let me tell you one thing: when an editor has anything against a man, he always forgives him, but—he gets even with him first. Love your enemies, Peter, but punish them first. Then it comes easier. Then it is not only divine: then it is human. Ha, ha, ha!

"Now, Peter, I've got no favors to ask of Mistress Amy Falconer, and I've none to grant. I don't forget the past as easily as she does." The result of Stafford's precipitate suit was known to the town. "And as for this Pennsylvania school-teacher,—this red-headed Scotch-Irishman——"

"Hold on!" cried Peter, quickly. "Not a word against *him!* I won't like it."

"We won't like it, won't we? Oh, no! We won't like it! We are getting to be such meek and pious New Jersey Lutherans in these days of the Kentucky millennium. We are getting to be such two-cheeked saints in the days of the Cherokees. We are getting to be such accomplished blacksmiths and such humble mumblepegs! How many of the Psalms of David are you the author of? Oh, no! Not a word against *him!* Well, I can tell you, my aged paragon of infantile virtue, that not two days ago I heard this same Pennsylvania woodpecker, this long-legged, black-legged snipe, this soft sly cuckoo, this twilight whippoorwill of a pedagogue,—I heard him tell four men that Jerry Neave was the best blacksmith in town! Oh, no! Not a word against *him*. We won't like it."

Poor Peter! The best of his faculties had already sunk beneath

the level of the deluge which was now rising rapidly and threatened to become universal. Still, he merely gave several threatening sidewise shakes of the head, and his neck seemed to swell a little.

"And if *you* have to stand this from him, think of what *I*—a Virginia gentleman! I tell you, Peter, when a man of my family connections——! But I don't want to go too far. I only want to have a little fun out of him."

"Yes; let's have a little fun out of him," assented Peter, beguiled.

"That's just what I was going on to tell you. When he sent the bundle of clothes here yesterday morning, I laid it away in that closet. There it will stay, said I to myself, and Mistress Amy and her schoolmaster and the party may go to the devil!"

From this point Stafford so fell under the influence of his cups that his further confidences were hard to follow through their wanderings. Being of an affectionate nature, he several times tenderly took Peter's hand, which Peter several times withdrew.

The idea of keeping the bundle hidden at his office until after the party was one of those crude pranks that occur naturally to a certain order of mind, and that were peculiarly characteristic of that place and time.

Teasing of a sentimental sort is always a common resource in village humor; and in the little frontier town of Lexington at that period young men were many, young women few, and rivalries bitter and keen; so that the least event in the career of a beautiful girl became for weeks the nightly talk at the riotous inns and taverns.

And then Stafford was one of those men—if men they may be called—who love to figure as the hero of a small annoyance. Manly tragedy was beyond him. The fibre of his nature was too weak and flimsy to stand the strain of any great passion, good or bad. But had he been forced to become a member of a circus-company and been left free to choose his part, he would have chosen to be ring-master, for the satisfaction of standing at the small centre of things and cracking a long whip at every feature of the passing show,—cracking it playfully, but now and then a little cruelly, as if by accident. And if he could not have been ring-master, he would have liked to be the clown, for the sake of having the greatest number of people on his side and of raising the laugh at everybody else.

To have seen John Gray annoyed for a day,—that would have been a week's joy. To have caused Gray any final disappointment in his love-affair,—that would have furnished him satisfaction for the rest of his life.

Therefore, the bundle having been lost on Tuesday, and been sent to his office by Gray on Wednesday, his plan was to keep it until Friday, the day after the party. But on Thursday, with much inward enjoyment of his scheme, there suddenly came to him the idea of making it still better, and he turned his steps to a quarter of the town where Joseph Holden was shingling a new house.

"Halloo, Joseph!" he said, as though stopping casually. "Don't work too hard to-day, or you won't be able to dance all night."

"I can do both," Joseph had called down to him, meantime sending a nail home at a blow.

"And sing all day in the bargain. You are a strange fellow, Joseph! Another man is going with the woman you love, but you are as happy as though it were yourself."

Joseph kept steadily on at his work.

"There's one girl that neither of you will dance with to-night."

"Who's that?" asked Joseph, in a tone which showed his indifference.

"Amy Falconer. She has broken her engagement with Gray, and is not going to the party."

The hammer dropped from Joseph's hand to the ground, and he sat staring down at nothing. Then he jumped off the roof of the house as lightly as though it had been five feet instead of fifteen, picked up his hammer, and came close up to Stafford.

"What do you mean? Have they quarrelled?" In his look and tone there was the revelation of a love that had no hope except through the failure of a rival.

"Who knows? She has broken her engagement with him. She is not going to the party with him. And she will be by herself all the evening at the house of Kitty Poythress, who is going with Horatio Turpin."

"It is none of my affair," remarked Holden, after a moment of thought, and, climbing to the roof, he went on with his work without taking any further notice of Stafford, who moved away.

"Our young carpenter is as wise as a dove and as cunning as a squab." And he laughed to himself. "He is as hard to drive into a little scheme as a tenpenny nail through a thin shingle. There are only two things that I'd stake my life on: that the sun will set to-night, and that when it does he'll go to spend the evening with Amy Falconer."

It turned out as he had expected. A little after seven o'clock that evening, Stafford, who was watching, saw Joseph enter the yard of Father Poythress. At once he hurried to his office, and gave the bundle to his negro boy with a note stating that he hoped it would be received in time for her to go to the party. He himself followed the boy under cover of darkness some yards behind.

The Poythress homestead had a front veranda in the old Maryland style, and there was shrubbery in the yard. As the boy stepped upon the veranda, where the voices of Joseph and Amy could be distinguished talking, Stafford waited behind these bushes. He heard the girl's cry of surprise and delight as she read his note by the light from inside the house, and as she beheld her lost treasure; he heard her say, joyously, "You can go with me to the party, Joseph, and when we get there we can explain everything to John, and he can come home with me;" he heard Joseph repeat her very words, and then he stole out of the yard, —satisfied; for John Gray had told him that he was not going, and John Gray would know nothing of all this till the next day, when the whole town would be laughing at him.

During the forenoon Gray had indeed said to Joseph that he expected to drop in late at the party out of respect to his host and hostess,

—thinking to himself that this would be after his interview with Amy; and as he stepped into the school-room in the afternoon he had said the same thing to Stafford, who stopped to ask him. But Stafford had replied that his post-rider left with the mail at four o'clock the next morning, and that if Gray had letters to send they must be ready. Gray had letters of the utmost importance to write,—to his lawyer, for one, regarding the late decision in the will case, and to the secretary of the Democratic Club in Philadelphia touching the revival of activity in the Clubs throughout the country on account of the expected treaty with England: so that he had said to Stafford that, this being the case, he would not have time to go to the party at all, but would have his mail ready by twelve o'clock,—thinking again to himself that he would write his letters after his interview with Amy.

Thus in more than one way Stafford's cup of pleasure overflowed that evening. He did not foresee the possible consequences of his pleasantry. He was not a man to realize that nothing may be more serious than a coarse unreckoning jest.

It was now about eleven o'clock. The forgotten wick of the lamp was charred and smoking, the bottle of rum was far from being full, and in the flickering light of the room the heads and bodies of Stafford and Peter, drawn close to the oak table and close to each other, bobbed and swayed vaguely, like two enormous sandpipers about to take flight for a safer shore.

For an hour Stafford had been trying to get himself started to the party; but he was never to reach there. He had just taken his last cup, and sat glaring at Peter in a stubborn incompetence of ideas, until his vacant eye noticed the smoke with which the room was filling. Then he suddenly called out, in a key of high comedy,—

"Peter, you've got a halo. Hail, St. Peter!"

"I *haven't* got a halo!" swore Peter, who didn't know what a halo was, but didn't fancy having one, and, besides, was no admirer of St. Peter.

"I decline to quarrel with you, Peter, about anything so light as a halo," observed Stafford, with some disgust.

All at once he leaned over and let his head rest on Peter's shoulder.

"Peter," he murmured, caressing one of the young blacksmith's bare arms, "you have never known the great Passion. You have never felt what the great Sappho sings of. You don't even know the divine Sappho."

"Don't know her!" cried Peter, cruelly stung by the accusation. "Haven't I got to shoe her at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning?—John Barnett's yellow sorrel, with a nick in her left ear, a swelling in her groin, a blaze in her forehead, and a white foot? Don't *know* her!"

Stafford slowly raised his head from Peter's shoulder and gazed solemnly at him with open mouth and wondering eyes, in a last vain attempt to grasp the clue to this fresh misunderstanding.

"Who'd you say Sappho was, Peter?" he asked, meekly. "Who'd you say Sappho was?"

"What'd I come here for, anyhow?" abruptly inquired Peter,

who had been partly recalled to soberness by the thought of shoeing horses.

"Who'd you say Sappho was?" repeated Stafford. "All my life I been thinking Sappho was a—Sappho was a—— But I now ask you candidly—I ask you to tell me who—I ask you on your word of honor as a gentleman—I ask you to tell me who Sappho was!" And, being greatly saddened by his uncertainty, two large tears rolled down his cheeks.

"And *I* ask *you*," replied Peter, no less deeply moved, "to tell *me* candidly—I ask *you* to tell *me* on *your* gentleman as a word of honor —what I come here for."

"You're not going, Peter! Don't leave me!"

Stafford threw his arms around Peter's neck and fell on his bosom.

"Peter, who'd you say Sappho was? Who are you? Are you Sappho, Peter? Kiss me, Sappho! Kiss me, Peter——"

"Kiss the devil!" cried Peter, and in a struggle to save what was left of his modesty he rolled backward to the floor, with Stafford in his arms.

There they lay all night,—men drank recklessly and with little reproach in those wild days,—and the ball which Stafford had set rolling sped straight on to a goal of which in his long drunken sleep he did not dream.

V.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

Ah, if every faculty of the mind could be trained for the possible battles of life, as a modern nation makes every man a soldier! At all times, a part of these forces will be engaged in active service; often there will be need also of the army in reserve; and God knows that in the life of every man worth the name there are yet other conflicts, when the last defences of land and house and hearth have to be called out, and even then the full strength counts but a brave handful in comparison with the enemy.

At the outset of that same day, John Gray had called out certain first reserves of his nature. Fighting had to be done in two parts of the field,—in the school-room and in his private thoughts. He would gladly have shirked the school; but the one compensation he looked for in doing the disagreeable things of life was to do them in such a way that, being done, they could not fester like broken-off thorns in his conscience.

All the forenoon, therefore, by an effort of faithful heroism which only those who have experienced it can ever understand, he crushed himself into that stifling prison-house of the mind where the perplexities and toils of childhood become enormous and everything else in the world grows small. Morning never to be forgotten! Up under the joists there was the terrible struggle of a fly in a web,—at first more and more violent, then ceasing in a strain so fine that the ear could scarce take it; a bee came in one window, went out another; a rat, sniffling greedily in its hole, crept toward a crumb under a bench, crept nearer,

ran back, crept nearer, seized it, and was gone; a toiling slate-pencil grated on its way as arduously as a wagon up a hill; the sunshine passed out the front door: these were its mightiest happenings.

At noon the oldest of the children wanted to hear about the battle, and he went patiently to the Town Fork and finished the story, telling them that the time would come—perhaps a hundred years thence—when the Kentuckians would assemble on the battle-field and set up a monument to their forefathers; that a thousand years afterwards it would still be known,—that tragedy of the Blue Licks.

Then through the long afternoon without the slightest faltering, until at last he closed the door behind him with a sense of joyous liberty that seemed like madness.

Night fell, but he would not venture early to see Amy, rather waiting until Kitty and Horatio should have gone to the party. When at last he laid his hand on the latch of the gate, voices reached him from the veranda: they were the voices of Amy and Joseph. Had his nature been suspicious,—that sure mark of mental infirmity,—he might have accused her of breaking the engagement with this meeting in view; but, instead, he instantly justified them both. Had not Joseph a right to spend the evening with Amy if he chose, and was it any fault of hers that he did so?

But disappointment cut him keenly as he dropped the latch and walked away, with impatience gnawing at his heart and vague uneasiness settling like a formless depressing cloud about his mind.

For more than an hour he strolled slowly about the dark town,—past his school-house, thinking that his teaching days would now soon be over,—past Peter's blacksmith-shop, thinking what a fresh picture the young fellow always made,—past Stafford's editorial room, with the light under the door and the pale illuminated curtain drawn across the window. He held himself in absolute composure. Two or three times he lingered before show-windows of merchandise, that had started from Philadelphia, gone thence to Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio in flat-boats to Limestone,—now Maysville,—and thence through the forest on pack-horses. He had some taste in snuff-boxes, being the inheritor of several from his Scotch and Irish ancestors; and there were a few that he bent over to examine at the new silversmith's, finding them little to his liking. As he passed a tavern, a group of Revolutionary officers were having a time of it over their pipes and memories; and he paused to hear one finish a yarn of pretty strong fibre about the battle of King's Mountain. More than once couples went hurrying by to the party; and there came a moment when down a dark street he fancied that he heard Amy's laughter ring faintly out on the still air.

The Poythress homestead was wrapped in silence and darkness as he stepped upon the veranda an hour and a half or two hours later, but the door was open, there was a light inside, and by means of this he discovered lying asleep on the threshold a half-grown lad, who was apprentice to the new English silversmith of the town and a lodger at the minister's,—the bond of acquaintanceship being the memory of John Wesley, who had sprinkled the lad's father in England.

Gray laid a hand on his shoulder, and tried to break his slumber,

which seemed to be enchanted. He opened his eyes at last, looked up at Gray, said, "Nobody at home," and went to sleep again. More thoroughly aroused, he sat up: Mr. and Mrs. Poythress had been called away to some sick person; had asked him to sit up till they came back; he wished they'd come; he didn't see how he was ever to learn how to make watches if he couldn't get any sleep; and he lay down again.

Gray shook him more forcibly.

"Miss Falconer is here: will you tell her I wish to see her?"

The lad didn't open his eyes, but said, dreamily,—

"She's not here: she's gone to the party."

In an instant Gray had lifted him and set him on his feet. Then he put his hands on his shoulders and shook him resolutely:

"You are asleep! Wake up! You are dreaming! Wake up! I asked you to tell Miss Falconer I wish to see her. Miss Falconer! Do you hear?"

The lad seized Gray by the arms and shook him with all his might.

"Wake up!" he cried. "Be you a sleep-walker? Be you a spectre? I tell you she's gone to the party. Do you hear? She's gone to the party! Now go away, will you? How am I ever to be a silversmith, if I can't get any sleep?" And, stretching himself once more on the settee, he closed his eyes.

Over his prostrate body Gray stood as rigid and motionless as a sentinel beside the dead. Then he turned straight to the home of the Wilkinsons. His gait was not hurried: whatever his face may have expressed was hidden by the darkness. He did not allow himself to think. The tense quietude of his mind was like that of a summer tree not one of whose thousands of leaves quivers along the edge, but toward which a tempest of great winds is rolling in the distance.

The house was set close to the street. The windows were open; long bars of light fell out upon the sidewalks: as he stepped forward into one of these, the fiddlers struck up "Sir Roger De Coverley;" the company parted in long lines to the right and left, leaving a vacant space down the middle of the room; and into this vacant space he saw Joseph lead Amy and the two begin to dance.

She wore a white muslin dress,—a little skilful work had restored its freshness,— a blue-silk coat of the loveliest hue, a wide white lace tucker caught across her bosom with a bunch of cinnamon roses, and straw-colored kid gloves, reaching far up her snow-white arms. Her hair was coiled high on the crown of her head and airily overtopped by a great curiously-carved tortoise-shell comb; and from under her dress peeped the white mice of her feet. The tints of her skin were like those of pearl and rose; her red lips parted in smiles; her eyes sparkled. She was radiant in beauty,—radiant with unexpected happiness and excitement; and she moved through the curves and turns of Sir Roger with a hundred little airs and graces that marked the deep intoxication of her delight.

He did not see her dress; he did not recognize the garments that he had hung on the wall of his room; he would not have known it had she worn massed on her head the gems of the East. Perhaps he did not even see *her* after the first instant of recognition: what he did see

and continued to see was the hard, merciless fact that she was there and dancing with Joseph, his friend.

If a man should discover a rattlesnake coiled in his path some yards ahead, and then should deliberately get down upon his stomach and grovel toward it with slow contortions,—nearer, always nearer, until the hiss was heard,—nearer, until the flat head was drawn backward and the fangs buried in his very brow,—he could not have been more horribly, more miserably stung. The wound that Gray believed dealt him was the one in the world that could have hurt him most. For a minute he had the sense of being poisoned, as though an actual venom were coursing through his blood. There was one swift backward movement of his mind over the chain of forerunning events.

"She is a little venomous serpent!" he said aloud, with a tone of deep, solemn anger. "And I have been crawling in the dust." Then he walked quietly into the house.

In another room he found his host and hostess. As he turned from them, the young lady who had borrowed his "Romeo and Juliet" came forward on the arm of her father, to thank him for his kindness, and to say that she liked the balcony scene best of all, but would rather have been left alone in the garden with Mercutio than with any one else. Then she asked, looking at him with sympathetic surprise, whether he had himself just made a visit to Romeo's apothecary's. He crossed to where a group of elderly gentlemen were talking with much gayety. The central one, a man of great bearing,—indeed, one of the most remarkable characters that were brought together during this period within the town,—took and held his hand with affectionate warmth.

"We had remarked you as you came in," he said, in a rich voice, bending upon Gray a look half quizzical, half warning, "and the sight had inspired me to propound a conundrum. It would be well for the company to take snuff before my conundrum is asked, so that if it is a bad one it may be sneezed at." And he offered his snuff-box. "Why is the law like a leech? Because if applied continuously to the temples it abstracts from the patient too much blood. Marshall tells me that of late Gray has been teaching till sunset and then reading law till sunrise; and to-night he comes here with his eyes blazing and his skin as pallid and dry as a monk's. Take off the leeches for a good month, John! If the Senate ratifies in June the treachery of Jay and Lord Granville, there will be more work than ever for the Democratic Societies in this country, and nowhere more than in Kentucky. We shall need you then more than the law needs you now, or than you need it. Save yourself for the cause of your tricolor."

"We shall soon put him beyond the reach of the law," said a member of the Transylvania Library Committee. "As soon as his school is out, we are going to send him to ask subscriptions from the President, the Vice-President, and others, and then on to Philadelphia to buy the books."

A shadow fell upon the face of the other speaker, and in a lowered tone he said, with cold emphasis,—

"I am sorry that the citizens of this town should stoop to ask *anything* from such a man as George Washington."

A hand touched Gray's elbow from behind. He turned and saw Kitty and Horatio. Kitty's black eyes were sparkling with delight, and her cheeks were like red poppies.

"Have you seen them?" she cried. "Have you seen Amy and Joseph? They are in the other room. They expected to find you here when they came. Haven't they told you everything? Aren't you glad? But we will lose our places!" And, with a motion to Horatio, she hurried toward the room where the music was heard to begin.

"We are entered for this purse-race," said Mr. Turpin, pausing a moment to drop his witticism confidentially into Gray's ear. "Weight for age agreeable to the rules of New Market,—three mile heats,—best two in three. Each subscriber to pay one guinea, and every person that enters a horse" (here tapping himself proudly on the breast) "to pay two guineas, including his subscription." And with this Mr. Turpin, casting at Gray a look of technical appreciation, hurried after Kitty. Gallant Horatio! He was known as one of the rising young turfmen of the town, having the October previous won a race on his b.c. Taps, by Craps, dam Draps,—the rival horse being the s.f. Mulberry, by Blackberry, dam Hackberry.

Once afterwards Gray's glance fell on Amy and Joseph across the room. They were looking at him and plainly laughing at his expense, and the sight burnt his eyes. They beckoned gayly, but he gave no sign; and in a moment they were lost behind the shifting figures of the company. While he was dancing, however, Joseph came up and whispered,—

"As soon as you get away, Amy wants to see you. She says come at once."

Half an hour later he came a second time and drew Gray aside from a group of gentlemen, speaking more seriously:

"Amy wants to explain how all this happened. Come at once."

"Explain!" said Gray, with indifference. "What is there to explain?"

Joseph answered reproachfully:

"This is foolish, John! When you know what has passed between Amy and me, you will not censure her. And *I* could not have done otherwise." Despite his wish to be serious, he could not help laughing.

But to John Gray these simple words went for the very thing that they did not mean. His mind had been rudely forced to a false point of view; and from a false point of view the truth itself always looks false. It was intolerable that Joseph should be defending to him the very woman whom a few hours before he had hoped to marry.

"There is no explanation needed from her," he replied, with the same indifference. "I think I understand her. What I do not understand I am willing to take for granted. But *you*, Joseph, *you* owe me an explanation, though this is not the place to give it." His face twitched with a nervous spasm, and he knotted the fingers of his large hands together like twisted bands of iron.

Joseph fixed his quiet, honest eyes on Gray's, and then, without speaking, turned away.

Still later Gray met her while dancing,—the faint rose of her cheeks a shade deeper, the dazzling whiteness of her skin if possible more pearl-like with warmth, her gayety and happiness at their height. He had to touch her hand; but he would have passed her without recognition, only with an air of injured vanity she said,—

"You haven't asked me to dance to-night. You haven't even let me tell you why I came with Joseph. I didn't want you to know at first why I broke my engagement with you, but everybody will know it soon. Joseph would tell you, if I didn't." And, with the thought of her lost bundle, she danced on, smiling at him with the manner of one who is at peace with the whole world.

Still, he did not show that he even heard what she said; and although they did not directly meet again, he was made aware that a change had at last come over her. She was angry now. He could hear her laughter oftener,—laughter that was meant for his ear,—and she was dancing oftener with Joseph. All at once revulsion overtook him.

"I am playing a part by staying here!" he said, with inward shame, and left the house.

After some two hours of blind wandering around the town, drawn back by ungovernable impulse, he passed by it again. There she was, unwearied and satisfied in that little world of lights and music, laughter and endless rhythmic motion. She really *was* happy, not feigning; she really had no more been affected by what had happened between them than a wall is affected by the shadow of a filmy insect darting between it and a candle.

The first air of dawn stirred the leaves of the trees overhead and touched his hot forehead. He walked slowly to his room, dropped into a chair by his open window, and sat looking absently toward the east. A man on horseback rode whistling by. It was Stafford's post-rider, but John had forgotten to write his letters. By unseen degrees the east turned from pale gray to molten pearl, from pearl to glowing crimson, and then became blue under the high sun; the first low twitter of a bird became a full song, and one song became a general chorus, which reached its fullest outpouring of harmony, then lessened and ceased; the earliest sound of human life in the town became the general morning stir; from the playground not far away was heard the voice of one child, of two, of many, loudly commingling.

The familiar noise connected itself with duty. He looked at his watch. It was the hour to open the school; and he got up and walked to it, unaware that all this time he had not moved from his chair by the window or taken off his hat.

VI.

ONE OF THE WEIRD SISTERS.

BLEAR-EYED little Jennie drew fearful tomahawks all the next morning; and about eleven o'clock the wee chubby-cheeked urchin, having at long intervals dropped a pencil, a slippery-elm whistle, a yellow muffin with a surprising incision on one side, and then his spelling-

book, at last fell to the floor with a soft heavy thud himself, having gone to sleep in unoccupied despair on the hard end of his high perch.

As Gray was walking across the public square at noon and approaching the Sign of the Indian Queen, adjoining the two locust-trees, from the blacksmith-shop issued the sounds of a horse kicking violently against the back door of the shop, and of a pleasant voice raised in still more violent remonstrance; and when he came opposite, he saw Peter standing at a prudent distance from a forlorn, vicious, and passion-hearted beast, with a nick in her left ear, a swelling in the groin, a blaze in her forehead, and a white hind-foot.

Peter, who, however occupied, always kept a social eye on the street, caught sight of him, and immediately threw up one sturdy bare arm as a sign for him to stop. Gray, being in no mood for talking, would have passed on, but Peter cried out, with bluff imperativeness, "Stop! will you?" and, walking out to the street, planted himself squarely before Gray and looked him straight in the eyes. Peter's own eyes were red and rather swollen, and his temper had been stirred.

"There's one question I've got to ask you," he said. "If you answer it the wrong way, you can walk on, and Peter Springle's not the man ever to ask you to stop at his door again. But if you answer it the right way, then I've got something else to say to you, that I'm thinking you'll want to hear. Did you ever tell anybody that Jerry Neave was the best blacksmith in this town?"

"No," answered Gray, quietly and wonderingly. "I don't know who *is* the best, but, from all I hear, I've always thought *you* were the best, Peter."

"I knowed he was *lying!* I knowed he was *lying!*" exclaimed Peter, who seemed to stand in need of double emphasis; and, wiping his grimy right hand on his leather apron, he held it out warmly. "Now step inside and set down on my bench a minute. You lost a shoe last night, and you've been going lame ever since, and you're getting lamer every minute. I knowed it as soon as I caught sight of you; and in five minutes I'm going to put a new shoe on you that'll set you travelling at a gait you never struck before. I'm the only man to do it, and I'm the only man that can shoe Jack Barnett's Sappho!" And, turning round, Peter shook his head with a menace at the mare, who now stood in deceptive quietude. Then Peter, seating himself close to Gray, for whom he had much affection, laid bare the whole of Stafford's deception.

Near the front door of the shop stood a huge walnut-tree with wide-spreading branches, wearing the fresh plumes of late May,—plumes that hung down over the doors and across the windows, leaving the cool interior suffused with a soft twilight of green and brown shadows. A shaft of sunbeams, penetrating a crevice in the blackened roof above, fell on the white neck of a yellow collie that lay on the ground with his head on his paws but with his eyes fixed reproachfully on the heels of the mare, while one of his ears was turned back toward his master. Beside him a box had been kicked over, and its contents of tools and shoes scattered. A faint line of blue smoke sagged from the dying coals of the forge toward the door, creeping across the anvil bright as if tipped with silver. And in one of the darkest corners of the shop,

near a bucket of water in which floated a huge brown gourd, Peter and John sat on a rough bench, while the tale was begun and finished. It was told by Peter with much rubbing of his elbows in the palms of his hands and much smoothing of his apron over his knees; and it was heard by John Gray almost without breath or motion. At times a cloud, passing beneath the sun, threw the whole shop into heavier shadow; and then his dark figure faded into the tone of the blackened wall behind him, and only his face, with the contrast of its white linen collar below and the barely discernible lights of his auburn hair above,—his face, proud, resolute, sincere, pallid, suffering,—started out of the gloom like a portrait from an old-time canvas.

He listened as one may listen to a reprieve from sentence of death. The web of deceptive circumstances that had been spun across his vision was torn away by a single movement of the hand. He caught Peter's hand in a vice, looked into his eyes for a moment, and went out.

Peter watched him as he hurried away.

"I knowed he wouldn't go lame!" he said, with fine satisfaction. "I knowed the shoe'd fit him!"

When the school was dismissed, Gray soon left the town behind him on his rapid way to the Falconers'. Amy, as he learned, had gone home during the morning.

From the moment of the night before, when, standing on the street and looking in at her as she danced with Joseph, he had said, "She shall never trouble me again,"—from that moment his one resolution had been to put her away forever from his thoughts. During the rest of the evening at the Wilkinsons' he had been inwardly busy with the one duty of making this purpose more and more secure, as a determined workman examines and re-examines and drives yet a little further home some great bolt of iron. During all the hours after he had gone home, as he sat at his window while the night passed, and dawn came, and then full day, and the opening of the school, his mind had never been able to get away from that new starting-point. During the hours of the morning school there had always been that one ceaseless going over within himself of the same little formula. And when at last noon came, and in passing Peter's shop he had out of mere good will consented to listen to Peter's confidence, his thoughts still strove that wretched way.

But sometimes, in walking through a land, one will come upon a bridge that has been thrown across a stream, and, pausing and looking down, will observe how the water passes under with a dark, deep, silent current, and then a few feet below flows out in sunlit rippling shallows that are full of melody. It was thus that the current of John Gray's thoughts was transformed by Peter's story. He had gone out of the shop, feeling as if he had passed from under some chill gloomy archway out beneath the glad blue firmament, and his whole mind had become a thousand commingling and disappearing whirlpools of joyous emotion.

And thus, as he now hurried on to the Falconers', keeping that straight course through the forest which he had taken a few afternoons before, he restored her again to stainless supremacy over his imagination.

"And if I have wronged her, have I not suffered for it? Have I not suffered?"

A deeper tumult of joyous emotions surged in him as he drew near the house.

"At last!" he murmured. "At last I shall see her and make myself understood. No more delay now! No more misunderstanding! Amy! Amy! Amy! At last! At last!"

He passed the nearest field, passed the garden where on Tuesday he had talked with Mrs. Falconer, passed into the yard beyond, and took the garden path toward the house.

"Where shall I find her? Where shall I find her alone?"

Between himself and the house there stood a separate building of logs and plaster. It was a single room, used for the spinning and the weaving, of which she had charge. Many a time he had sat on the great oaken chest into which the homespun cloth was stored while she sat by her spinning-wheel; at many a Saturday twilight they had whispered their parting here, he with an ache in his heart for the time to come when he could ask her to be his wife.

"If she should only be in the weaving-room!"

The sun was setting. The work of the day was done. He knew that as he came up, because no sound was heard inside. But as he stepped around to the front, the door stood open, and he advanced on noiseless tiptoe to the entrance and looked in.

She was standing near the middle of the room, with her face turned from him. On one side of the room were the spinning-wheels, and farther on a loom; before her was a table on which was piled the cloth ready to be folded away; on the other the great open chest, into which she was about to store it. But in the act she had paused, and now stood motionless, caught in some trance of revery, with her hands clasped behind her head.

At the sight of her, with the remorseful thought of how he had mistreated and misjudged her and the victorious sense that the moment for which he had waited so long was come at last, he stepped forward in a passion of tenderness and threw out his arms and folded them around her. She put up hers and clasped them around his neck, drawing him yet closer, and letting her head nestle against his neck and her hair brush his cheek.

Thus for a minute they stood, and he held his breath, and his heart knocked like a stone against his side.

"Uncle Falconer," she said at length, as if still but half awakened out of her thoughts, "this is the last linen I will ever weave for you. To-morrow I shall begin to weave for my own home."

He bent his head quickly down and kissed her.

She struggled out of his arms with a cry of fear and surprise, and, having turned, confronted him with her figure drawn to its full height. her lips parted and trembling, and her lovely eyes filling with passion, cold, angry, and resentful. But the words she might have spoken went unsaid; for he made a gesture that kept her silent.

"Wait, Amy!" he cried, in a tone that she had never heard. "Listen to me first!"

Of all expressions ever worn by the poor human face there are two that never deceive,—the look of death and the look of love. From the face of death all hopes, all passions, all joys, all wrongs, have vanished, leaving only that external calm which is the pale deceptive mask of swift change and eternal dissolution. Into the face of love all passions and hopes, life, the world, the soul, destiny, the dream of immortality, the joy of heaven, meet in one confession, one prayer,—the supreme prayer of the heart that it may live and die, not in God, but in another heart erring and mortal like itself.

He was standing by the door-way. A small window in the opposite wall of the low room opened toward the west. Through this the crimson light caught from the far-off radiance of the heavens streamed in and fell upon his face, cruelly revealing a pallor, a storm of feelings, a struggle for calmness. It fell upon his hair, touching it with a beauty almost beyond nature.

She stood a few yards off, with her face toward him and in shadow. As she stepped backward, one of her hands had struck against her spinning-wheel, and now lightly rested on it; with the other she had caught the edge of the table. From the spinning-wheel a thread of flax trailed to the ground; on the table near her hand lay a pair of iron shears.

He was a scholar; and as he now stood looking at her thus confronting him in cold, half-shadowy anger,—at the spinning-wheel with its trailing flax and the table with its iron shears,—at her hands stretched forth as if about to grasp the one and to lay hold on the other,—from that necessity which in some states of extraordinary excitement forces the mind to a conscious apprehension of things the most trivial or irrelevant, there came to him in one incredibly swift flash of unhappy association the thought that he stood in the presence of the very figure of Fate. But the fancy passed with incredible swiftness and was succeeded by another,—the thought of her youth and loveliness. She wore a dress of coarse but snow-white homespun, narrow in the skirt, and fitting close to her arms and neck and to the outlines of her form. Her hair was parted simply over her low beautiful brow and caught in two large braids behind. Not a ribbon, not a trifle, not a semblance of vanity or whim; so that in that primitive, stern, stark, fearless revelation of itself her figure had the frankness of a masterpiece of nature, draped only as a concession to taste.

He began to explain how for the sake of annoying them both Stafford had stooped to petty spiteful deception.

"If I was unfeeling with you," he said, "only consider the circumstances! You had broken your engagement with me without giving a reason; I saw you at the party dancing with Joseph; I believed myself miserable, cruelly trifled with, and dishonored. I said that if you could treat me in that way there was nothing you could say that I cared to hear. I was blind to the truth: I believe I was blinded by suffering."

As he spoke, the anger died out of her face, but in its stead came something worse,—a look of hardness, and something that was worse still,—a look of indifference.

"If you suffered, it was your own fault," she replied, calm as a

judge. "I wanted to explain to you why I broke my engagement and why I went with Joseph: you refused to allow me. You refused even to speak to me."

"But, Amy, before that! Remember that I had gone to see you the night before. You had a chance to explain then. But you did not explain: you laughed. Still, I did not doubt that your reason was good. I did not ask you to state it. But when I saw you at the party with Joseph, was I not right, Amy, was I not right, in thinking that the time for explanation had passed?"

"No," she replied, severely. "As long as I did not give any reason, you ought not to have asked for one; but when I wished to give it, you should have been ready to hear it."

He drew himself up quickly, like a man who wishes to be done with a thing.

"This is a poor pitiful misunderstanding!" he cried. "It is unworthy of us. I say, forgive me! We will let it pass. I had thought each of us was wrong,—you at first, and I afterwards."

"I was not wrong either first or last!" she interposed, firmly.

"You think so, because you do not understand, because you do not dream of the truth, because you do not know how I have felt and what I have suffered! Amy, you know that I have loved you for a long time,—a long, long time. You could never have acted toward me as you have, if you had not known this. And that night—the night you would not see me alone—I went to ask you to marry me. I meant to ask you last night. I am here to ask you now."

He did not stop. He told her of the necessity that had kept him from speaking sooner, of the recent change in his life which now for the first time made it possible. He told her how he had waited and planned for this hour, and had shaped his whole future with the thought that she would share it.

While she listened, her head had dropped slightly forward. She now lifted it, and said, with deliberation,—

"And what right had you to be so sure all this time that I would marry you whenever you asked me? What right had you to take it for granted that whenever you were ready I would be?"

He could easily have said that she had given him the right to feel confident. Between them had passed many things which, had she loved him, would have been pardonably natural, but which if she had not loved him would have been in his eyes a fatal blemish on the delicacy of her womanhood. As therefore she now, in dealing him a wound, unknowingly dealt a worse one to herself, the blood rushed into his face, and, with a pitiful sense of being doubly wronged, he drew himself up again,—a little proudly, perhaps.

"I have only *hoped!* I loved you. I could not love you without hoping. I could not hope without planning. The hoping, the planning, the striving, the waiting,—everything!—it was all in the fact that I loved you!" And then he waited, looking down on her in silence.

She had grown nervous. She had stooped to pick up the thread of flax from the ground, and was passing it slowly between her fingers,

her eyes following it. When he spoke again, his voice showed that he shook like a man with a chill :

"I have said all that I can say. I have offered you all that I have to offer. It is what in myself I have always held most dear and sacred : it is my heart ! I am waiting."

Still the silence lasted, for the awe that fell upon her. At length she covertly lifted her frightened eyes to him, as though she were looking up to a higher level than the one she stood on. She saw a certain proud incredible beauty of tenderness and pain in his face, and his eyes searched her with a questioning earnestness beyond anything that she had ever dreamed of. She quickly dropped her head ; she shifted her position ; a band seemed to tighten around her throat ; until, in a voice hardly to be heard and that was itself a confession of error, the words faltered forth :

"I have promised to marry Joseph."

He did not speak or move, but continued to stand leaning against the lintel of the door-way and looking down on her ; but, as plainly as the color was fading from the sky, his face grew ashen white.

She had caught up the iron shears in her distraction and begun to cut the flaxen thread ; and, in the silence of the room, only the rusty click was now heard, as she clipped it, clipped it, clipped it.

Then such a fit of trembling seized her that she laid the shears back upon the table. Still he did not move or speak, and there seemed to fall upon her an insupportable burden, until, as if by no will of her own, she spoke again, voluntarily,—pitifully :

"*I* didn't know that you cared so much for me. It isn't *my* fault. You had never *asked* me, and he had already asked me twice."

He changed his position quickly, and the last light, coming in through the window, no longer fell upon his face and betrayed it. But she was aware that he was looking, not at her, but through and through her. All at once his voice broke through the darkness, so unlike itself that she started :

"Tell me one thing : when did you give him this promise ? I have no right to ask you ; but, for reasons you could not perhaps understand, it would be kind of you to tell me. When did you give him this promise ?"

She answered, as if by no will of her own,—

"Last night,—as we were going home."

She waited until she felt that she would sink to the ground with weakness. Then, as if he had bent his head down so close to hers that it touched her and yet did not touch her,—so close that his warm breath was on her forehead,—she felt rather than heard him say, as if to himself, not to her,—

"Good-by !"

He passed like a tall spirit out the door, and she heard his footsteps die along the pathway,—die slowly away, as of one who goes never to return.

Then she covered her face with her hands, and through her fingers streamed the first bitter tears of her young womanhood.

VII.

MORE EDITORIAL SECRETS.

It was now about the middle of Saturday afternoon. On Friday—the morning after the party—Stafford had ridden on business to Frankfort; but before setting out he had learned of the success of his scheme and of John Gray's angry discomfiture.

The incident furnished him food for pleasant rumination during his long ride to and from the capital; and, being now on his ride home, he was gayly considering how he might still further annoy the school-master, when at a sharp turn in the road—the spot being about a mile from Lexington—he came suddenly upon Gray himself, who was lying under a clump of saplings some yards ahead. Aroused by the sound of the horse's feet, he sprang up, and on seeing Stafford walked out into the middle of the road and waited. He had taken off his hat and coat and waistcoat, and his trousers were girt around him like some workman's who has trimmed himself for neat, quick, violent action.

At the sight of him, Stafford's face took on at first a puzzled look. Then his eye lit up with a flash of joyous exultation. He was not a coward; his passions, though soon exhausting themselves, were terrible while they lasted; and, on the supposition that the school-master now showed fight, he welcomed the chance of settling a good many private grudges. And what a thing to tell at the Indian Queen, at the Spinning-Wheel, at the Virginia Arms, at the Sheaf of Wheat!

When Gray placed himself in the middle of the road, Stafford's horse was moving along on one side. With a twist of the curb he now put it in a bee-line with Gray's figure, meaning to force a fight if none were offered. Gray stood still until the horse's head was within arm's length; then he quietly laid hold of the bridle-reins, and, throwing the whole weight of his body forward, brought it to an abrupt stop.

"Loose my horse!" cried Stafford, furious. "Loose my horse! What do you mean?"

"Get down," said Gray. His tone was quiet and his face pale. He had the manner of a man who is compelled to do a disagreeable thing but means to do it thoroughly and with all his might. "Get down. I don't believe you are a coward; but I mean to settle this matter now and here, and I'll not give you any chance to escape. Get down and make ready in any way you like."

"Escape! Oh, ho! *Escape!* Young school-master, where's your little hickory switch? Have you brought it with you? Is it hidden down your boot-leg? Have you brought one of the little pine paddles which your boys use to paddle yellow butterflies with on the common? *Escape!*"

"I have but one thing to say to you," replied Gray. "When I punish a boy, I tell him what I do it for. I am going to punish you for your lying and mischief-making interference in my affairs. You may be the better man. But I know one thing: before you whip me I will punish you for that. That's all. I'll give you five minutes to

get down and strip if you wish. If you are not down by that time, I'll jerk you off your horse."

Stafford had a heavy riding-whip in his hand. He threw it into the air and caught it by the light end.

"Excuse me," he said, "I do not hurry through my pleasures. I have several things to say. But, meanwhile, if in one minute's time you don't take your hand off my bridle-bit, I'll lay the butt of this whip on your head."

"Will you get down?"

"Let go, I say!"

With the spring of a wild-cat Gray leaped toward Stafford's saddle-bow to seize the whip; but Stafford with an upward movement of his arm equally quick threw it high over his head. Then he raised himself in his stirrups and brought it down with all his might. Gray saw it coming, and swerved so that it grazed his ear but fell on his neck at the shoulder,—a coarse, ugly blow, cutting into the flesh. A smothered growl of rage and pain—the sound that the human being makes when the ancient wild beast lying in the lair of the heart is aroused at last—broke from him. With another spring he seized the whip before it could fall again, flung it away, caught Stafford by the wrist, and, throwing his whole weight backward, planted a foot against the horse's shoulder and dragged Stafford off. As he fell, the saddle turned, the horse sprang aside, and Gray lost his balance and fell backward in the road, pulling Stafford heavily on him.

The horse, with bridle-reins broken, and the saddle hanging under its belly, was found grazing on the lower edge of the common by three boys who had gone thither to fish for perch in the Town Fork, and led to the public square.

Those were still such perilous times that when a man rode from settlement to settlement there were chances of his never being seen again. The news instantly drew to the spot the townspeople, excited, sad, and fearful; and half an hour later a company of his friends, well mounted and well armed, rode rapidly out of town in the direction of Frankfort.

At a turn in the road they came upon Stafford, sitting by the roadside. He started to his feet, as though he would have hidden in the bushes, and a flush dyed his face. And when they rode up, and, jumping from their horses, pressed him with questions, he seemed under great excitement and unable to give an account of what had happened. But a moment later he regained control of himself.

"Give me a little time!" he cried, beginning to shake hands all around. "Give me a little time, and congratulate me! If you'd been five minutes sooner, we'd have had him! Oh, I'm not *hurt!* I'm bruised. But why *didn't* you come five minutes sooner! We'd have had him, and I'd have had the reward in my pocket." And Stafford told his story.

For some months the government had been advertising in the papers for two deserters,—one James Booze, a Virginian, and one John Music, born in Surry County, North Carolina.

"As I was riding along," said Stafford, "and just as I got opposite that little clump of saplings over yonder, I saw a man asleep under them. That looked strange. A man doesn't go to sleep on the roadside in this part of the country without a rifle; and this fellow had no rifle. And then all at once it struck me that he might be one of these deserters; and so I rode up, and there was my man,—that same John Music! I recognized him in a minute, because, you see, I'd read the description of him in the *Pioneer* till I knew it by heart: 'About twenty-two years old; five feet five and a half inches high; of a light complexion, gray eyes, black hair; remarkably well made and uncommonly handsome; a silent, well-behaved man; wrist of right arm dislocated; wearing a fine fur hat, not much worn, with black binding and yellow sweat-leather; a brown-colored cloth coat with rolling collar and round yellow buttons; a pair of dove-colored corduroy pantaloons, edged with blue and split across the knees.' Oh, I knew him! And beside him a big bundle of clothing—military shirts, shoes, and socks—belonging to soldiers of the United States army. So said I to myself, 'You're my prisoner, Mr. John Music!' and I slipped off my horse and crept toward him. But he heard me and jumped up, and in another minute we had clinched and were at it, rolling over and over like two hedgehogs doubled into one. And then we were on our feet, and then we clinched and were down again, and then on our feet and at it with our fists and down again, on our feet and down again. For, I can tell you, Mr. John Music didn't mean to be arrested by a scarecrow. They said he was quiet and well behaved. I might admit he was well behaved; but I failed to see that he was remarkably quiet! And as for a dislocated wrist,—phew! But I was getting the best of him, when the fellow hit me a cunning blow that knocks the breath out of me for a minute; and then he turns and seizes his bundle, and takes to his heels for life itself,—me after him. But it was no use. In a hundred yards he was three hundred yards ahead, and then off he darts into the cane,—lost. For a man can't ride through that thicket; and catch him on foot!—you might as well whistle to a snipe!"

But the town soon knew that the fight had been between Stafford and Gray, as well as all the circumstances preceding, and the incident gave rise to varied comment.

Mr. Horatio Turpin, a few days later, while sitting in Peter's shop, cutting with a hickory switch at a huge spur on his jack-boot heel, and even forgetting for the moment how well he looked in a green coatee and thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, was especially warm over the affair.

"I call it a beastly shame," he argued, "for a fellow to go off and whip another fellow because some other fellow has beat him with a gyerl. If John Gray wanted to fight anybody, why didn't he fight Joe Holden? Suppose that when I entered Taps, by Craps, dam Draps, in the purse race last October, against Mulberry, by Hackberry, dam Blackberry,—suppose, I say, that Mulberry had beaten Taps,—although you really *can't* suppose such a thing, you know,—would I have gone off and whipped Jack Barnett for owning Sappho, sire and dam unknown? No, sir! Would I have gone off and whipped the owner of Mulberry? No, sir! I wouldn't have whipped anybody."

"You never spoke a truer word, Turpin," observed Peter, who was sitting astride his anvil-block, rapidly turning out horseshoe-nails, which he let drop in the dust at his feet. "You never spoke a truer word. *Whoever* whips *you*, you'll never whip nobody!"

As Peter said this, he got up and walked over to Mr. Turpin, holding out to him his hammer, on the flat side of which lay two nails.

"Now, here are two nails," said Peter, "and they're as like as like can be. But pick up one and look at its head."

"Well," said Mr. Turpin, doing so, "there's nothing funny I see about its head."

"Yes; but look at the head of the other one," said Peter.

Mr. Turpin picked up the other nail, but instantly let it drop and shook his fingers violently.

"That's the difference!" said Peter, with a twinkle; "and I know some people who are the same way. You see 'em together, and they look exactly alike. Then you try to fool with one, and you can do it; then you try to fool with the other, and you can't! The school-master didn't whip Stafford because Holden beat him with a 'gyerl,' as you call it."

But it accorded with the generous, manly temper of the rough period that the plan was at once laid to reconcile the two men; and a week had not passed before they were decoyed one night into the same inn and made to shake hands and drink a bowl of sagamity.

Nor was the reconciliation hard to either. Stafford had been severely whipped, but then he had perhaps annoyed Gray for the rest of life; and he would have taken the whipping for the sake of the joke. Gray, having punished Stafford, had nothing further against him; moreover, his mind was absorbed in graver thoughts.

And it was well that they should be at peace. For, several days later, Stafford, in mounting a vicious horse of Turpin's, got badly thrown; and Gray was one of the first of the young men of the town to take a nightly place at his bedside. A week later, when the last darkness was settling upon him, he reached for Gray's hand and laid it on his lips,—not more gently had it been a woman's. The action was one of those which will perhaps be better explained in a better world than this; but it brought quick hot tears to the eyes of John Gray, as he bent over and kissed him.

VIII.

THE LAST OF SCHOOL-DAYS.

THE last of village school-days a hundred years ago! The very words tinkle as drowsily on the ear as the sounds of distant sheep-bells heard in a dream,—full of peace, full of the thoughts of cool green pastures to wander in all the summer long.

But every morning John Gray asked himself the question, Would the last of school-days never come? He was much like a palm-tree: his nature strove to bear its fruit and leaves high in the air and to have no soiled and drooping branches. But, if one may trust scant tradition,

there is reason to believe that about this time he had the look of a vigorous plant which has been badly tampered with at the root.

Certainly when night fell upon the little town of eight or ten hundred people, and the wild, hardy life expressed itself at the taverns and the inns,—when the pipes were glowing and the bowls flowing,—there was not a pipe that did not say to some cup that the school-master was a pretty sick man, if he *was* making a brave fight not to let anybody know it; and then pipe and cup had a laugh together,—sturdy, rollicking, but not unfriendly. For every man thinks more of every man who is in love; but every man privately laughs at every man who is disappointed: he will sympathize, yes!—but in the depths of his soul he will laugh.

By the custom of the time, engagements were short and stripped of secrecy; and at once it grew public that Joseph was to marry Amy. It became divulged, also, that on the very day after her betrothal to him she had been asked in wedlock by John Gray; and it was said that this information came from Kitty Poythress, though how Kitty could have learned it was never conjectured.

The date of the wedding was fixed for the last of June; and at once Joseph had fallen to work upon a house for himself, that he might have it in readiness. He was a well-made young fellow, strong of limb and lung and purpose, and steady and gentle-hearted. In Kentucky at that period a young man did whatever work was needed; and having come to the wilderness to seek his fortunes—no less than to follow the Falconers, for his passion had been an old trouble with Joseph—he had become a carpenter in the stress of his poverty. Later on, when he became possessed of a town lot with a house of his own on it, he meant to follow the business of locating disputed land-grants; and he fancied that he would not mind dying in extreme old age as a fat justice of the peace.

Joseph had his town lot now; but if among a people who were nothing if not frank and social there was the custom that a man must not woo in secret, there was another custom that he must not be left to build his house alone. So the pipes and the cups got together again one night, and both were a little more fiery than usual; and a few days later, into the town from this direction and from that direction came wagons out of the forests, hauling the logs for the young fellow's house. And when the logs had been hauled and made ready, there was another meeting of the pipes and cups, still more fiery, still more full; and the next morning, with a great deal of loud laughter, and the writhing of tough backs, and the straining of powerful arms and legs, men old, middle-aged, and young raised the house, like overgrown boys at play, and then went about their own neglected business: so that to him was left only the finishing.

On the stillness of the school-room across the square often broke the noises of hammer and saw; and at other times Gray could hear the music of "Sir Roger De Coverley," whistled low, as if not to reach his ears.

Joseph and he had been good friends by many of those bonds that suffice to hold men together, especially as members of the Democratic

Club; but after what had passed between Amy and himself, his peculiar standard of womanly conduct in such a matter left him no honest room to congratulate a friend on marrying her. Joseph observed this silence with surprise, setting it down to the motive which is usually the one in sight; and Gray perceived how he was misjudged; but there was no possibility of his explaining, and he had to bear the charge of harboring a grudge.

Peter came one night to comfort John, who, according to his technical phrase, was now going lame on all-fours; and he did his best to create diverting conversation. God knows he did his worst likewise; for, having tested one topic after another and found Gray polite in all but interested in none, Peter, from a soft-hearted motive, fell into a weakness and then into a lightness and then into a moral giddiness and then into an open lie. But a greater Peter once lied for a worse reason, and was forgiven. Nevertheless the lie Peter now gave vent to was undeniably of that nature which comes easy in the telling, it being the history of his own rise in the business of blacksmithing,—how he was born in New Jersey, how his father had been a blacksmith before him, how that father had shod General Washington's favorite horse just before the battle of Trenton, and how he, Peter himself, then a small but intelligent lad, had watched the battle from a floating cake of ice exactly the shape of a horseshoe.

Gray certainly looked interested at last, and Peter rose to leave in the flush of success.

"You know what else I *want* to say, John, and you know I can't say it; and that's all I've got to say!" he remarked, as he went away, sorrowfully rubbing his elbows.

There dwelt in the town an Episcopal parson by the name of the Reverend James Moore; and, tidings of this affair having reached his long-attentive ear, oftener than once in passing John upon the street he had loitered to inquire absently for his health and press upon him a dreamy invitation to be social. So that, rather with a wish not to seem unappreciative than from the hope of finding in the parson any actual flesh-and-blood companionship, Gray one night knocked at the widow Spurlock's door. Curiously admitted by her, and rather jealously allowed to climb the stairs to her lodger's room, he walked in upon the student of belles-lettres, logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy with the regretful sense that he was rudely breaking in upon consecrated labors.

The parson sat before a common table strewn with books and sermons; on one side of his face the candle, on the other the Magic Flute; and it is doubtful whether the latter, although opaque, did not do more than its half in illuminating his shadowy countenance.

When Gray entered, he rose gracefully; but the greeting itself was shy, even blundering; and after resuming his seat he bent his blinking eyes with polite confusion on his visitor, in the effort to divine what on earth could possibly have brought him there; for he had forgotten his own invitations.

Seeing this, Gray thought it best to recall the fact to his memory; and therefore he remarked how greatly these invitations had been

appreciated and with what pleasure he had this evening ventured to accept one.

"Ah! Yes, yes!" murmured the parson, in tones of silvery reassurance. "It is perfectly true: I *did* invite you; and I am glad you have come. I had desired to speak with you about your trouble as one of the forms of—Evil." He drew his chair closer to the table and let his cheek rest in the palm of one long thin white hand, the fingers of which hid themselves in the overhanging mass of his pale-brown hair; with the other he softly stroked the Flute. On his face rested a look of commingled resignation and compassion.

"All of us have our sorrows," he began, "and the sorrow of each is so perfectly adapted to hurt *him!* I sometimes liken the human race to an endless caravan of camels travelling across a desert, each camel having a sore on his hump, and the load of each being exactly so placed as to rub that sore. For instance,—and you will excuse the personal reference,—my sorrows are my own; to another they would seem imaginary. Only observe how my actual troubles are piled high on this table before my very eyes! Here is a treatise on metaphysics that is like the affliction of total deafness; here is a work on moral philosophy that is a positive wound in my side; here is a compendium of evangelical doctrine that leaves me sleepless, it is such an insult to the heavenly Father. My lot is to feel these things: they rub me where I am most sensitive. They would rub another where he is most callous, and he would not be aware of the attrition. And therefore I never speak of them except, as now, to elucidate a principle. Passing, then, from my case to yours, I doubt not that in the very philosophy of things you are perfectly constituted to suffer from what has befallen you, although to another it would be nothing."

Gray darted upon the parson a glance of astonished warning; but the parson did not see it. He merely made for his cheek a securer prop in his hand, directed his gaze at the heart of the candle-flame, and went on in tones of ethereal serenitude:

"It should perhaps be admitted in the beginning that I have not what may appropriately be called a physical apprehension of your difficulty. It is, as it were, wholly extraneous to all my inevitable bodily functions; nor does it disturb either the logical or the moral equilibrium of my faculties. Nevertheless, sympathy is a long tangent, and by means of this I can touch you in the distance. By means of it I can reach to an understanding of the strange fact that you suffer from the consequences of unhappy love. But, my dear friend, if you suffer greatly from such a cause, this can only arise from the fact that you regard love as of essential importance in the life and destiny of man; and it had occurred to me that if your views could be made to abate their vehemence—if other views, less impetuous and absorbing, could be substituted—your sufferings might be lessened and made even tolerable."

"Woman," resumed the parson, after a pause, and with a smile of deepening pity,—"woman was without doubt created by the heavenly Father that man should love her; and, since you have loved one, you are at least entitled to the consolation of having done His holy will. But, on the other hand, it should never be forgotten what countless ages

have elapsed since woman was created, and how in the mean time she has so changed as no longer to represent a perfect expression of the divine handiwork; and that therefore there is great reason to believe that God will regard with infinite mercy the case of one of his male creatures who in this age of the world should find it impossible to fall in love.

"It is on account of this changed condition of woman that marriage has long been so prevalent a source of unhappiness to the other sex, instead of every marriage being one of perfect happiness, as was originally intended. For many years I have studied the subject,—being myself a bachelor,—and I have collected from all human life its most illustrious examples of misery. It would be wearisome to illustrate, but you recall the case of the Arabian Nights, do you not? Was there ever more overwhelming testimony to the decline and fall of woman? Think of an innocent man's being forced to murder a thousand of them before he could find one! Think of the fair-mindedness with which he one thousand times conducted his examination! Think of one thousand disappointments! There is no evidence that the woman he last chose was any better than her predecessors: it simply showed that he had not the heart to remove any more of them, and that he chose rather to suffer than be cruel. Then, there is the case of Bluebeard,—a tale of the highest moral import. Unhappy Bluebeard! brought down by his wrongs to the level of a common executioner! Or take the case of Henry the Eighth. Look at *his* trials and misfortunes! It is customary to extend sympathy to his wives; but had poor Henry been perfectly happy with the first one, would he ever have risked a second? If *any* man were perfectly happy with his wife, would he ever *murder* her? But, my dear friend, only think how much more fortunate you are than the martyr of the Arabian Nights, or Bluebeard, or Henry the Eighth, in having escaped the possible necessity of doing what they did! It seems to me the whole truth regarding your case is this: you imagine yourself unhappy because you believe you have lost some greater happiness; on the contrary, you should consider yourself happy in having perhaps escaped the necessity of becoming a homicide."

Had the parson been asleep and dreaming? Had he grown sarcastic? Had he made the solitary effort of his life to be humorous? He had delivered the latter half of his comforting discourse with a cast of visage so inscrutably queer as to elude all human interpretation, and yet with a voice so gentle and full of faith that it would have been hard to believe that he was not reading the ninetieth Psalm. Then, having snuffed the candle with a quick audible sigh that it was so nearly burnt out, he glanced at his Flute and leaned back in his chair with the patient but weary manner of one who should say,—

"I have done what I can: why does he stay longer? Life is so serious, the books so many, my candle so short!"

But Gray did not go at once. He sat opposite the philosopher, absorbed in pitying contemplation of the infinite loneliness of his life. It struck him that if at that moment the head of the parson had been turned into bronze or marble, it would have passed as the eternal masterpiece of some sculptor who had embodied his conception of

how Adam would have looked in middle age, had he never heard of Eve.

For some time he stayed away from the Falconers'. But he went at last one afternoon, and loitered till supper in his old way; and really the first visit was much less embarrassing than he had expected.

The major came in late from the fields, and, after a vigorous washing of his tanned face and neck and arms in a wooden basin at the spring in the yard, was ready for his coffee and ash-cake. Then, with a brief prelude on crows and squirrels in his corn, he plunged headforemost into Cordelia and Portia and Calphurnia. In his college days the major had written a disquisition on the heroines of Shakespeare. The disquisition had been praised, and he had never got over it.

Amy appeared wholly taken up with her own thoughts, and with the weaving of much cloth against the day of her wedding, now so near at hand. She met him with a swift covert look of resentful inquiry, but, seeing him at ease, became herself entirely natural. Yet so changed. She was more polite, and certainly she created an impression of domestic womanliness that filled him with surprise. But the girlish coquetries were gone absolutely. They might still exist for Joseph, and he fancied that they did; but for him—no! He had simply ceased to form part of her life. And as for any self-accusal,—as for any affection for him which might have clung to her in their new relationship out of all the associations of the old,—there was not a trace. He wanted to think as well of her as he could; and he had stayed away from the Falconers' altogether until he should be able to treat her with kindness when they met again. But he had now to discover that his kindness was not needed. For, once during the evening, the major and Mrs. Falconer having been called from the room, he went over and sat down beside her and began to talk to her; but she drew herself a little away, and merely replied to his questions in a manner that said, "You bore me." So that he walked back to town with a rather bleak sense of being a second time rejected.

Still, he went to the Falconers' regularly after this, sometimes not seeing Amy, and always received by the others on the new footing without comment. Twice Joseph was there; and at supper he sat alone on his side of the table, and Joseph and Amy sat on the other, facing him. During the meal she would lean over and add a little butter to Joseph's hot Indian cakes, and pour cream into Joseph's milk, as he had known her of old to do for him. She did it with a shade of ostentation now, but he was not aware of that.

Nothing had ever wounded his pride as did this seeming determination of hers to shut him entirely out of her life; and he had his moments of hot anger that she could thus hold herself victoriously at bay against all his better impulses. One afternoon, as he was passing the garden, he saw her feeding William Penn choice bits of greenery over the garden fence, laying her cheek beside his and rubbing her nose against his nose. Among his books he had one in which occurred this sentence: "There liveth on earth a not uncommon but most distasteful species of woman, whose delight it is to treat ye brute as a human being and ye human being as a brute." He had once drawn his pencil

through the sentence; but, by no choice of his own, he thought of it that day.

A little while remained now till he should be going; and, having heard one afternoon that Amy was in town, he went out to talk for the last time with Mrs. Falconer.

She was one of the first of those remarkable gentlewomen who followed their husbands into the wilderness, and there in time laid an impress so strong and fine upon the local civilization that its traditions are lustrous still. To him she had always been a sympathetic companion and the sole sharer of his confidences; but on this subject they had never spoken since the day when he had asked her consent to his suit. More than once, however, he had discovered her eyes resting on him with a look of quiet happiness, as though the affair had turned out in keeping with her wishes.

She was at work in her garden. He had long ago noticed that he never found her idle, or even resting.

"Only see," she said, with brave sprightliness, "how marvellously vegetation grows in this soil! It has been only five or six weeks since you stood by the fence where you are now and watched me planting seed. Now look at the plants,—how green, how thrifty, how enormous!"

"It has been a long time to me," he answered, with rather quiet musing,—"long enough for your plants to have died from age. I have lived faster than they have. I feel as though something within me had gone from spring to autumn and dropped its bitter leaves, fruitless."

"They *are* bitter now," she replied, in a voice so low that he hardly heard it, "but, if you treasure them rightly, in time they will yield you a perfume."

"Do you remember," he went on,—for her words made no impression on him,—"do you remember what I said to you the last time I stood here? I boasted that I had yet to meet with my first great defeat in life,—had yet to encounter that common myth of inefficient characters, an insurmountable barrier. I boasted that I believed in no such thing as forces in the world that are stronger than our wills, and that the imperfection of our lives resulted from the imperfection of our own planning and doing. I boasted that, if ideals got shattered, men did the shattering themselves. I boasted that I would go on rearing the structure of my life to the last detail, just as I had long conceived it. I have learned better since then."

They had sat down on a small bench inside the garden fence, and a maple-tree threw its shade over them. She took her knitting out now, and, leaning toward him, measured a few rows of stitches against his wrist.

"These are your mittens for next winter," she said, parenthetically. "When you suffer from cold hands, you'll have only to think, not of me, but of the major's sheep, and then you'll remember that you have the warming-pans with you."

He gave her a look of gratitude and sat silently watching her ever-toiling, hard, beautiful hands.

"Go on," she said, softly, urging him to drain his heart of its bitter dregs.

But he sat awhile, looking absently out across the garden, with his big black hat lying on his knees and his hands clasped loosely around it. She leaned over again and with a gentle pressure on his hand measured the widening band of yarn against his wrist.

"I'd like you to understand it all," he then continued, still not looking at her, but with a personal appeal in his tone, as though her action had reminded him of something he was about to forget. "I had not meant to speak of it; but I'd like *you* to realize fully what this means to me. It is a thing that a man finds it hard to talk about, and that one man never discusses with another."

"Tell me everything! Why shouldn't you?"

"We can't speak of *her!*"

"That is understood."

He fell into silence again, but began at last like a man who has a story:

"About four years ago we began to hear a great deal in Pennsylvania about Kentucky. I doubt whether such accounts were ever given of a new country as reached us from time to time,—accounts of its richness, beauty, and vastness. We were told that men and women were wild about it in Virginia, where the people have such a love of land, that many were hurrying to it from distant parts of the United States, and that as soon as families could settle with safety, thousands would move into it as into a garden of Eden.

"I got interested also in stories of the pioneers. The narratives seemed to come from a new cradle, a new infancy, of the human race. The wilderness struggle was primitive; it was primeval. In my Homer I found many of the elements of its hardy simple life. The figures of the chief actors passed before my imagination like the heroes of an epic: it was ages before the date of gunpowder; they should have been fighting with shield and spear. Larger than the figures of the men often towered the figures of the women; and when I thought of them, my mind was drawn away from Greece to the cradle of their own race, to the Anglo-Saxons,—to the Norsemen,—to Normandy,—to Britain,—to the conquest of the New World,—to all the wars of this race from first to last for liberty and lands and herds and homes; and always urging on the men, fighting with them, fighting for them, fighting over their dead bodies—the women. In the conquest of Kentucky, I felt that I saw the old drama of the race acted over, with the old fierce, lovable virtues. I saw a fresh, vigorous starting-point for the inexhaustible stock.

"I was alone in life, and I said to myself, I will go to Kentucky; it is a land I should like to live in and a people I should like to live among; and I will cast my lot and my destiny in with theirs. Perhaps in time I shall find there the woman I ought to marry. She will be one of the first generation of this new people,—strengthened by difficulty, softened by hardship, simple and pure from close contact with nature, serious from having been poor, gentle from the sight of suffering. I imagined that she and I ought to do well and live happily

together, life having been hard to us both and brought much kinship of experience. I meant to try to be worthy of such a woman."

He spoke the last words apologetically and broke off abruptly. But she waited for him to go on.

"The next year I made my way to Kentucky; and the next year *you* came, and we were soon friends, and I was soon at home with all of you; then I fell in love with Amy—and—that is all! The whole plan of my life has gone to pieces. That is all!"

She knew it was not all, and she merely counted her stitches under her breath.

When he spoke again, it was with a certain harshness, as though he felt contempt for what he was saying:

"It has always been an ideal of mine that the first woman I loved should be the one I ought to marry. I have always felt that if I did not I should step down to a lower plane and become—I don't know what. We are not to speak of her; but you know that I have loved Amy, have thought she loved me, have asked her to be my wife, and have found her pledged to marry my friend. No one will ever understand how really married to her I already was,—how my thoughts had run into the future, always planning for us both, always binding us more closely by coming ties, always seeing my life take its meaning, its fulness, its completion, in her. And now this ideal, too, has been trampled on."

The sun was getting low, and the shadow of the maple lengthened rapidly across the garden. She began to think that the major would soon be coming in from the fields, and that evening duties called her.

She put her knitting into her pocket, and, leaning over, picked up his hat, which had fallen off his knees.

"Are you sure," she said, speaking slowly and caressingly, like a nurse to a wounded man,—"are you sure you may not still marry the first woman you love? You have never loved Amy."

He turned upon her a look of pained astonishment, as though a new wound had been dealt him by a trusted hand.

"And you think," he replied, with keen suffering, putting on his hat as though it were best to go,—"you think *I* will ever believe I did not love her?"

"Knowing her as you know her now, would you marry her?"

"Don't ask me that!" he cried, sternly. "I have no right to answer such a question. It would not be kind."

"You *have* answered it," she said. "You have answered it just as you would have answered it to your own heart had you married her. If a trivial accident had not kept you from speaking before Joseph spoke,—for we both know what would have happened in that case,—you would have soon found out that it was not Amy you loved, but your own ideal of her; and anything like your ideal of her she will never, never be in this world."

He did not answer, but kept his face turned away.

"I would have undeceived you long ago," she went on, hurriedly, "but you would not have listened. You would have thought that I was doing wrong and that you were doing wrong to discuss her faults

and shortcomings. It was necessary that she herself should undeceive you, just as she has. But only think, if you had been undeceived too late! Ah, John! to be disappointed as you have been,—what is that to being disappointed in marriage!"

An intensity of sad passion all at once trembled in her voice, and he kept his face turned away, knowing that there were tears in her eyes. Once before he had heard that same tone, but colored with proud scorn, when she had said, "The major has an idea that he should have married Rosalind." He had always suspected some carefully-hidden tragedy in her life: the revelation of it which had escaped her in that sentence appalled him now. He kept his face turned away, with his breath drawn in and his jaws set hard together; and then he felt her hand laid lightly on both of his, which were crossed on his knees; and when she spoke again, her voice was never more sweet and calm, though sadder, as if with penitence for her own transgression:

"It is not what has happened to you thus once that I am thinking. That is nothing. It will pass, and in the end can only help you. But what I regret is the power that life will have to hurt you again and again on account of the ideals of yours that you have built up in secret. The mistake you have made is not in cherishing the ideals; it is in regarding them as the measure of absolute truth and in regarding yourself as a success or a failure according to the measure of their realization.

"So that I am glad, for your own sake, that you are going. You do not need Kentucky; you need civilization. It will perhaps be years before you return; and before you do return, I may be——! You know that in all our talks I have my last word; and will you take my last word with you this time? I will walk across the garden with you."

As they walked slowly side by side, she said, with a smile and a certain air of chiding, looking up to him as he towered above her,—

"For the best of us, ideals are of two kinds. There are first the ideals that correspond to our highest sense of perfection and express what we might be were life, the world, ourselves, all different and better. Let these be high as they may! They are not useless because unattainable. Life is not a failure because they are never attained. God Himself requires of us the unattainable: He says to us, Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect. He could not do less. He commands perfection, and then—forgives us that we are not perfect! But He does not count us failures because we have to be forgiven. Our ideals also demand of us the impossible in life; but because we come far short of them we have no right to suffer or to despair and count ourselves as failures. Ideals such as these,—what are they like? They are like light-houses. But light-houses are not made to live in; neither can we live in our ideals. I suppose they are meant to shine on us from afar, when the night of our life is dark and stormy, and perhaps to remind us of a haven of hope, as we drift or sink in shipwreck.

"But there are ideals of another sort; and it is these that you lack. As we advance further into life, out of larger experience of the world and knowledge of ourselves there are unfolded the ideals of what

will be possible to us if we make the best use of the world and of ourselves, taken as we are. But, let these be as high as they may, they will always be lower than those others that are perhaps the veiled intimations of heaven and our immortality. They will always be imperfect; but life is not a failure because they are so. It is these that are to burn for us, not like light-houses in the distance, but like candles in our hands. Alas that for so many of us they are too much like candles! —the longer they burn, the lower they burn, until even before death they go out altogether! But I know that it will not be thus with you. At first you will have disappointments and sufferings,—the world on one side, unattainable ideals of perfection on the other. But at last the comforting light of what you may actually do and be in an imperfect world will shine out more and more; and it is this that will kindly lead you,—never to perfection, but always nearer toward it."

There were many leave-takings, for as school-master he was a central personage in the town; and it seemed to him that his heart-strings were tugged at until they grew sore to the least strain. All partings trouble us: each may be the last; each touches that deep root of pain which the last one always tears out of the soul as a storm tears up a tree.

For all his wishing that the school-days would end, when the final morning did come, it was with a lump in his throat that he looked out upon his children and tried to speak to them.

"You know that this is the last day of school," he said. "To-morrow I am going away,—far away,—and may never come back. And, whether I come or not, I will never teach again: so that I am now saying good-by to you as my school-children.

"There is one thing I want you to remember; and so I shall tell you once more: a man need not be rude in order to be brave, nor a woman untrue in order to be lovely.

"But what I now wish most to say to you is this: that I have never been able to forget who you are, never to forget the kind of men and women your fathers and mothers were and that you, their children, should grow up to be. I am not speaking so much to those whose parents have not been long in Kentucky as to those whose parents were the first to fight for the land until it was safe for others to follow and share it. Let me tell you that nothing just like that was ever or anywhere done before in all this world. And if, as I sit here and look down on you, I can't help seeing that, although you are so young and your parents should be so young, this one of you has no father, and this one no mother, and this one neither father nor mother, and that almost none of you have both, still I cannot help saying, Happy, happy children! not that you have lost them, but that they were such to lose!

"All of you are still too young to know what they have done, or how the whole world will some day speak of them. Still, you can understand some things. For nowadays when you go to your homes at night, you can lie down and sleep without fear; and the oldest among you can well remember the time when no one could do that.

Or in the morning when you watch your fathers go off to their work, and your mothers about theirs, and you go about yours, you can feel sure that you will all be together again at nightfall,—not one missing.

"And then only think that by the time you are men and women, Kentucky will no longer be the great wilderness you now live in. There will be thousands and thousands of people scattered over it; and the forest will be cut down,—can you ever believe that?—cut through and through, leaving some trees here and some trees there. And all the cane will be cut down: can you believe that? And the buffalo will be gone, and wild-cats, and bear, and wolves, and instead of these there will be flocks of the whitest sheep, with little lambs frisking about on the green spring meadows; and under the big shady trees in the pastures there will be herds of red cattle, so gentle and with backs so soft and broad that you could almost stretch yourself out and go to sleep on them, and their mouths would never stop chewing the cuds. Only think of it! Only think of it! Only think of the hundreds of orchards with their apple-blossoms, and of the big ripe golden apples on the trees in the fall! It will be one of the quietest, sweetest, loveliest, gentlest lands that a people ever owned; and this is the gift to you of your fathers who fought for it and of your mothers who fought for it also. And you must never forget that you would never have had such fathers, had you not had such mothers to stand by them and to die with them.

"This is what I have wished to teach you more than anything in your books,—that you may become men and women worthy of them and of what they have left you. I am not a Kentuckian myself; but it was what I heard of them that drew me away out here; and I have wished that while I lived in their country and taught their children I might not do them any wrong.

"But I have talked to you a long time; and now good-by! My children, my friends, my brave little men and women of Kentucky, good-by, and may God bless you! I wish you long and happy lives, and I hope we may all meet again."

They started forward and swarmed toward him; only, as the foremost rose, little Jennie, with one last mighty action of defiant joy, hurled her arithmetic out of the window; and a chubby-cheeked veteran on the end of the bench produced a big red apple from between his legs and went into it with a smack of gastric rapture that made his toes curl and sent his swift glance to the rafters. They swarmed on him, and he folded his arms around the littler ones and kissed them; the older boys, brown and barefoot, stepping sturdily forward one by one and holding out a strong hand that closed on his and held it, their eyes answering his sometimes with clear calm trust and fondness, sometimes lowered and full of tears; other little hands resting on each of his shoulders, waiting for their turns. Then there were little echoes in his ears,—sweet gay voices out in the open air dying away in one direction and another,—and then—silence,—himself alone,—school-master no longer.

IX.

THE POETRY OF EARTH.

THE end of June at last, and the day of the wedding.

According to the usage of the time, the ceremony had taken place early in the forenoon, in order that the guests, gathered in from distant settlements of the wilderness, might have the day for festivity and yet reach home before the perils of the night. Late in the afternoon the bridal couple, escorted by many friends, were to ride into town to Joseph's house, and in the evening there was to be a house-warming.

Gray had not gone to the wedding. He had his excuses and his reasons. It was the day of his leaving for Philadelphia and Mount Vernon, and he spent the forenoon busily enough in settling his affairs. There was a pack to be got ready for the saddle of his horse; his books were to be judiciously divided,—part going to the nucleus of the Transylvania Library, a few volumes left to the Reverend James Moore with his compliments, and the copy of "Romeo and Juliet" to the young lady who loved Mercutio.

At intervals in his preparations there reached him from the street the gay voices of those on horseback or in gigs going out to the wedding. Once the noisiest of all groups came along; and, looking out, he saw Joseph go by with a company of young friends, dressed in his wedding-suit, and looking never so happy, proud, and handsome.

Joseph's house had been finished for the simple scant needs of pioneer life. But scarcely was the bridegroom out of earshot, before many who had variously excused themselves from the wedding began to issue from their homes and move toward it: women, young and old, carrying rolls of linen and loaves of bread; and boys with huge joints of jerked meat and dried tongues of the buffalo, bear, and deer; there was a noggin, a piggin, a churn, and a home-made chair; there was a quilt from a grandmother, and a pioneer cradle,—a mere trough scooped out of a walnut log; an old pioneer sent the antlers of a stag for a hat-rack, and a mighty buffalo rug for the young pair to lie warm under of bitter winter nights; there came a spinning-wheel, and a bundle of shingles for johnny-cakes; some of the merchants sent packages of Philadelphia groceries; and some of the aristocratic families parted with priceless heirlooms that had been laboriously brought over the Alleghanies,—a cup and saucer of Sèvres, a pair of tall brass candlesticks, and a Venus-mirror framed in ebony.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when John Gray, having jumped on the back of a strong trusty horse at the stable of the Indian Queen, and leaned over to shake again the hands of the friends who had met there to see him off, turned his horse's head in the direction of the path that led to the Wilderness road, and was soon out of sight of the town.

But when he had gone about a mile, he struck into the forest at right angles, and rode across the country until he reached that green woodland pathway which led from the home of the Falconers to the public road between Lexington and Frankfort. About fifty yards from this he tied his horse, and, walking forward, sat down on the roots of

a red oak and waited for the bridal procession to pass. He had said to himself that he would like to see her—see them all—for the last time, remaining himself unseen.

It was a day when the poetry of earth makes itself felt on the sensitive soul like ravishing music that has no sound. The air, warm and full of dying and of new-born fragrance, was of that ethereal untinged clearness which spread over all things the softness of velvet: the far-vaulted heavens, so bountiful of light, were an illimitable weightless curtain of pale-blue velvet; the rolling clouds were of white velvet; near at hand the grass, the stems of bending wild flowers, the low-drooping sprays of foliage, were so many forms of purest emerald-colored velvet; the gnarled, rough trunks of the trees were of gray and brown velvet; the wings and breasts of the birds, flitting hither and thither high above, were of gold and scarlet velvet; the butterflies were stemless, floating velvet blossoms.

As he waited, living in all beautiful things, drawing life from all beautiful things, his enjoyment was the more vivid for the sharpness of the pain he felt in the separation. "Farewell, Kentucky! farewell!" he said in his heart. "If I never see you again, on my part there is nothing but peace and love between us."

Two hours passed. The cool shadows were swinging round and lengthening eastward. Over the vast billowy expanse of forest, like the sigh of a passing spirit, there swept from out the west the first faint intimation of waning light and the fond mysteries of coming darkness. Soon afterwards there reached his impatient ear from far down the woodland path the sounds of voices and laughter,—again and again,—gradually louder and louder,—and then through the low dense boughs he caught glimpses of them coming, now beneath the darker arches of the ancient trees, now across pale-green spaces shot by slanting sunbeams. Suddenly there was a halt and a great merry outcry. Long wild grape-vines from opposite sides of the road had been festooned across it, and this barrier of rustic pleasantry had to be cut through. Then on they came again.

At the head of the procession, William Penn in the glory of a new bridle and saddle, with a blanket of crimson cloth; his coat smooth as satin, his mane a tumbling cataract of white silk; bunches of wild roses at his ears; his blue-black eyes never so soft, and seeming for once in his life to lift his feet cautiously, like an elephant bearing an Indian princess.

They were riding side by side and close together, the young pair, now husband and wife, Joseph keeping one hand on the pommel of her saddle, and using his hat as a fan with the other, while he kept his laughing face turned toward her; she radiant with the sense of her loveliness and the security of her happiness, and radiant also perhaps from some feeble intuition that with such an event the poetry of earth sounds its highest, briefest strain,—the joy that begins to die ere it lives, but, being dead, lives changeless in the unforgetful heart,—the joy of love that is doomed to perish in the bliss of its own realization.

Next rode the major and Mrs. Falconer, he thinking of Rosalind and regretting that Shakespeare had not seen this wood before he

described the forest of Arden, she thinking of John Gray. Then the Reverend James Moore and the widow Spurlock, she privately noticing how shapely the parson looked on horseback, he with his cool face turned toward the tree-tops, but with his dreamy eyes fixed inward on the depths of his logical soul. Then Mr. Horatio Turpin and Miss Kitty Poythress, he telling Kitty that at the next purse race he was going to run his s. f. Amethyst, by Emerald, dam Mother of Pearl, she musing how on her wedding-day she would never look so lovely as Amy. And then came others, until at the very end of the procession side by side rode Peter and the young widow Babcock, he openly aflame and solicitous, she coy and—well advised. For a good many years had yet to pass before the widow became Mrs. Springle. This did not happen, indeed, until several months after she had in spiritual gratitude kissed the Reverend James Moore and had later listened to his heart-searching sermon on the Kiss that Betrayeth; and by that time Peter, despite all the illustrious New Jersey traditions, was a blacksmith no longer, but a prosperous Lexington hardware-merchant.

It was one of the jests of life that the man whose jest had helped to bring all this about should not have been there to laugh, but lay far away in a mound under a low green elm, unremembered.

They passed, and the sounds of their laughter died away through the forest,—passed on to the town awaiting them, to the house-warming, and, please God, to long life and real affection and happiness.

Once *he* had expected to ride beside her at the head of this procession, and there had now gone by him the vision of his own life as it was to have been.

Long after the last sound had died away in the distance, he was still sitting at the root of the red oak. A loud impatient neigh from his horse aroused him. He sprang lightly up, meaning to ride all night and not to draw rein until he had crossed the Kentucky River and reached Traveller's Rest, the home of Governor Shelby.

X.

THE END WILL COME.

It was early in the autumn when the first news came back to Lexington from John Gray, and this had relation to his business at Mount Vernon. To the Transylvania Library Committee he wrote that the President had made a liberal subscription for the buying of books; and he added some notes of a conversation with him concerning Kentucky politics.

"When I made known to the President who I was and where I came from," he wrote in his letter, "he regarded me with a look at once so searching and benign, and his countenance was so tinged with gravity amounting to sadness, that I felt like one of my own school-boys overtaken in some small rascality, and was almost of a mind to march straight to a corner of the room and stand with my face to the wall. From the conversation that followed I am led truly to believe that he knew the name of every member of the Democratic Society of Lexing-

ton, my own included, and that he understood Kentucky affairs with regard to national and international complications as no other living man. While questioning me on the subject he had the manner of one who, for the sake of pure conscientiousness, would verify facts which he had already ascertained to be correct. But what impressed me even more than his knowledge was his justice: in illustration of which I shall never forget his saying, with a manner of profound regret but of the deepest respect, that the part which Kentucky had taken, or had wished to take, in the Spanish and the French conspiracy had caused him greater solicitude than any other single event since the foundation of the national government; but that nowhere else in America or perhaps in the world had the struggle for immediate self-government been at once so necessary and so difficult, and that nowhere else were the mistakes of patriotic and able men more natural or more to be judged with mildness. There could be no question in any fair mind that the President means kindly and wisely toward all of you over there beyond the mountains; and in fact he said that his interest in Kentucky dated from the time when as a young man he surveyed land along its eastern border for Lord Fairfax at a doubloon a day.

"I am frank to declare that, having enjoyed the privilege of a long conversation with the President and been brought to judge rightly what through ignorance I had judged amiss, I feel myself in honor bound to renounce my past political convictions and to resign the secretaryship of the Lexington Democratic Society. Nor shall I join the Democratic Society of Philadelphia, as had been my ardent wish."

To Mrs. Falconer he wrote:

"I have crossed the Kentucky Alps and seen the American Cæsar and carried away some of his gold. I came, I saw, I begged. How do you think I met the President? Wearing a red, white, and blue toga of the thirteen States, and sitting on an ivory throne under the screaming eagle? The truth is, as I was riding toward Mount Vernon one quiet sunny afternoon, I unexpectedly came upon an old gentleman who was putting up some bars that opened into a wheat-field by the roadside. He wore plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, and had a hickory switch in his hand, with an umbrella and a long staff attached to his saddle-bow, but with limbs so long, large, and sinewy, a countenance so lofty, masculine, and contemplative, and altogether with a statue-like air so instantly creating veneration akin to awe, that my heart with a great throb cried out, It is Washington! I have eaten corn-cakes and milk with him since, and I wish that food could do for me what it does for him . . . I must not fail to narrate a singular and memorable occurrence of my visit. I had got myself up extra early the next morning,—a feat not hard to do, since for that one night I had chosen not to waste any time in sleep, but to lie awake and think of nothing but the President. Having put on my clothes and descended to the front hall,—the doors being already open to let in the fresh air,—I passed out, wishing to see the grounds and the garden. Several turns I had taken along the walks of the latter, when from behind some bushes a few yards in front of me there issued tottering along a rather aged lady, who held in her yellow hand some withered

leaves and a red rose from which nearly all the petals had fallen. She must have been near-sighted, for she came tottering toward me with a rather giddy smile of deep self-absorption; but a few feet off she pulled herself up with a start and craned her neck forward at me as if peering into the darkness. Then, seeming satisfied with her examination, she said good-morning, and asked whether I liked to see the sun rise. Being answered that I did, she next inquired whether I thought that God was good. Being assured that this was my faith and humble hope, she asked whether I did not think that vice was wicked and virtue preferable. Being given to understand that I had ever courageously entertained these views, she appeared highly pleased with the docility of my morals, and said that, this being the case, she would tell me a beautiful story of the President: how once when he was about six years old his father had made him the wealthy owner of a little hatchet. But, on reflection, I will write this story out for you on separate paper, so that you may possess it to preserve after you have destroyed my worthless letter.

"My dear friend," he wrote at the close, "it is of no little worth to me that I should have come to Mount Vernon at this turning-point of my life. Touching the low state of mind in which I left Lexington on account of what had happened not long before, you laid me under the pledge of as frank speech as my heart should need; and there is good need, I tell you, that, having upon invitation prolonged my visit here by three full days, I find myself uplifted to a plane of thought and feeling higher than has ever been trod by me. When I began to draw near this place, I seemed to be mounting higher and higher, like a man ascending a mountain; and ever since my arrival there has been this same sense of ascending into a still loftier atmosphere, of surveying a vaster horizon, of beholding the juster relations of surrounding objects.

"All this feeling has its origin in my contemplation of the character of the President. You know that when a heavy sleet falls upon the Kentucky forest the great trees crack and split, or groan and stagger, with branches snapped off or broken and trailing. But he is to me a vast mountain-peak, always calm, always lofty, always resting upon a base that nothing can shake; never higher, never lower, never changing; from every quarter of the earth storms rush in and beat upon him, but when they have passed, there he is just as he was; the heavens empty their sleets and snows on his head, but these make him look only the purer, only the more sublime.

"From the spectacle of this great man thus bearing the great burdens of his great life, I have grown ashamed of how poorly I have borne the burdens of mine. A new standard of what is possible to human nature has been raised within my spirit; for I have seen with my own eyes a man whom the adverse forces of the world have not been able to wreck,—a lover of perfection, who has so wrought it out in his character that to know him is to be awed into reverence of his virtues. I came to him in the lowest state of discouragement; but I shall go away from him with nobler hopes of what I may do and be in this life than I have ever had before."

When the next news was received from Gray, he was in Philadelphia, giving his attention to the choosing and shipment of the books

for the library ; and after the lapse of the several months required for their bringing on, they were put down in Lexington (nor have many volumes been added during the hundred years since they arrived). About this time he wrote to Mrs. Falconer that his expectation of coming into possession of several thousand dollars by bequest had been unwarranted, for the case had been appealed ; and some months later he wrote that it had finally been lost.

During that winter he must have been miserably poor ; for toward spring he begged her pardon for having had to let a pair of mittens, lined with lamb's wool, go for a night's lodging and breakfast. "I tell you this," he said, "because I promised to let you know the whole truth as to how I was faring. My dear friend, I should not have parted with your gift, only the night air was piercing, a cold had reached my lungs, and I knew the most precious use of the mittens—which I had always prized too much even to wear—would be to buy me a warm bed and some food."

Months afterwards came the news that he was in the office of a law firm. Then for a long time no tidings. Then several letters in quick succession,—short letters with a different ring in them, the undertone of melancholy now dying out and in its place a certain developing note of happiness. At long intervals during the two years following, more hurried messages, with promises to write at length, which were never fulfilled except by other promises just as brief. But she understood : they were all she wanted. She knew that he was fighting the battle of his life now,—fighting it with all his might and fighting victoriously. Another year, and there came the card of a new firm,—"Brown and Gray,"—and the following autumn a long letter from him, and an invitation to his wedding.

She shed tears over the invitation. For days they were in her eyes whenever she took it up and saw the names together,—John Gray and Eleanor Warner. It had always been a conviction of hers that if he married the wrong kind of woman he would be ruined ; and she felt tempted to undertake the journey to Philadelphia to see whether he were now making a second mistake.

For the first time in her life she felt hurt and angry with him ; for, although his letter was full of the old affection, he wrote not one word of the woman he was to marry. She walked the room with his letter in one hand and the invitation in the other.

"He is like every other man," she complained to herself aloud, "to go off and forget that I wanted to know all about it and about *her*,—where he met her, and how he asked her, and who she is, and how he felt about it *this* time!"

During the next few years she heard almost nothing ; and her sole means of discovering the truth about him were those rare hasty notes which seemed to result from a mere habit of faithfully setting up a mile-stone for her to mark how he got along on the highway of life. At times it appeared to her that the mile-posts were getting closer together now, and the Philadelphia papers had a way of referring to him as "Judge Gray," as though everybody knew who Judge Gray was; and by and by came other papers,—yes, other papers,—an-

nouncing the birth of children. God knows she had a hard cry over the first of these!

Then Major Falconer died, and that brought the longest letter she had ever had from John. It was like putting a staff into her hand; after she had read it, she was never able to feel otherwise than that he had come into her lonely house to live with her and was always there,—though elsewhere. With his was a letter from Eleanor Gray also; and when she had read that, she folded it to her heart amid burning tears.

Both pressed her to come and be at home with them henceforth for good,—not to come as though torn up with the idea of being replanted, but as though lifted noiselessly up in her own rocking-chair and set down softly in another place. She should have her room, her furniture, her servant, her books, her ways and wishes, everything as nearly as possible; they would come out for her and relieve her of all care in moving.

"I should like to be with you," she wrote in reply, "but already I have lived two lives, and it is now too late to begin a third. It would be like putting very new wine into very old bottles: indeed, it would be like trying to make the fleece grow back again on a shorn sheep."

After this the years went fast. Faster still came the changes in Kentucky. The prophecy which John Gray had made in the farewell to his children passed to its realization, and reality followed far beyond it. From over the green summits of the Alleghanies on the west, down the green shores of the Ohio on the east, settlers of the Anglo-Saxon blood hurried into the great tranquil land, and there jostled and shouldered one another in the fierce old race-spirit and selfish passion of soil-winning and home-building, until a stout foot had been planted on every slope and a warning hand laid on every tree. Lexington, the pioneer outpost consisting of a wooden castle and a few log huts outside its walls, became the manufacturing town of the Western civilization, with streets thronged by rich merchants and fur-clad traders; gathered into it were men and women making a society so notable that it began to call itself by a name that is now used only as a pointed jest; at its bar were heard illustrious voices, the echoes of which are not yet dead, are past all dying; the genius of Jouett found for itself the secret of painting canvases so lustrous, fine, and true that never since then in the history of the State have they been equalled; the Transylvania University arose with lecturers great enough to be known throughout America and Europe; and the students of law and medicine hurried to it from all parts of the land.

It was of changes such as these that Mrs. Falconer was thinking as one cool afternoon in early autumn she was walking slowly around her garden,—slowly, because she was an old woman now, and because the work of her life was done and there was no longer need to hurry. She had just come from town, where she had been to the studio of Jouett, to give him a last sitting for her portrait, and she was dressed in that rich lace cap and satin gown in which he painted her, as those who see the portrait nowadays well know.

She was thinking of these changes: of the dark dreadful year in which she had come with the major into the Kentucky wilderness; of the years of terror, loneliness, and hardship that had followed; and of how pleasant life was really getting to be, now that for her it would soon be over. She had grown rich by the product of her looms and by the sale of part of her lands; she had her Africans to work for her; she gave her dinners now and then; indeed, her dinner to Aaron Burr some years before had reminded even her of the elegance of civilization. Yes! as happens to so many of us, just when the terrible battle of life had been really won, the time had about come for the soldier to fall asleep.

But perhaps it was the finishing of the portrait that had peculiarly saddened her to-day. When Jouett had gently said, "And now, madam, I do not need you longer, because I have you already," it had seemed to her as though she had been dismissed as useless, and that the portrait was all that remained of her in life, as in time it would be.

She meant to leave this portrait to John Gray; and it was on him also that her thoughts and memories rested.

But in all these years had she ever walked in her garden without remembering him? Although it was wholly changed, did she not know that she was now looking towards the very spot where one sweet afternoon in May, long, long ago, he had leaned over the picket fence—his big black hat, decorated with a Jacobin cockade, swinging in his hand —and had asked her consent to marry Amy? Was not yonder the maple, on a little bench under the shade of which he and she sat some weeks later, and, while she had watched over her left shoulder to see whether the Indians were creeping up on them, she had talked with him about the ideals of life? She laughed softly to herself at recalling that scene, but she touched her handkerchief to her eyes also as she turned to pass on. Then she stopped abruptly.

Coming straight down the garden-walk toward her with a light rapid step, his head in the air, a frank smile on his fresh face, an eager earnest look in his gray eyes, was a young fellow of some eighteen years. A few feet off he lifted his hat with a free gallant air, uncovering a head of dark-red hair, closely curling.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, in a voice that fell on her ear like a strain of music new yet seeming long remembered. "Is this Mrs. Falconer?"

"Yes," she replied, beginning to tremble, "I am Mrs. Falconer."

"Then I should like to introduce myself to you, dear madam. I am John Gray, the son of your old friend, and my father sends me to you with his faithful love, and desires me to deliver to you this letter."

"John Gray!" she cried, running up close to him and searching his face. "*You* John Gray! *You!*" And she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"Madam," said the impudent young fellow, stooping to pick up his hat, and laughing outright at his own blushes and confusion, "I don't wonder that my father loved you."

"I never kissed your father in my life!" she retorted, "though I

may have wished to!" And beneath the wrinkled ivory of her skin a tinge of faintest pink rose and disappeared.

Half an hour later she was sitting at a western window of her room. Young John Gray had insisted with a decisive air of business that he must himself go back to town to see to his trunk and to post an immediate letter to his father and mother, announcing his safe arrival; and in her lap lay his father's letter to her, which with tremulous fingers she was now wiping her spectacles to read. In all this lapse of years she had never allowed herself to think of *her* John Gray as having grown older: she saw him still young, as when he used to lean over the garden fence. But now the presence of this son had the effect of suddenly pushing the father away on into life; and her tears flowed silently with the first realization that he, too, must have passed the climbing-point and have set his feet on that shaded downward slope that leads to the quiet valley.

"My dear friend," for thus the letter ran in part, "I send John to you with the hope that you will be to the son the same inspiring soul you once were to the father. You will find him a little headstrong and with great notions of what he is to be in the world. But he is warm-hearted and clean-hearted. Let him do for you the things I used to do: let him hold the yarn on his arms for you to wind off, and read to you your favorite novels; he is a good reader for a young fellow. And will you get out your spinning-wheel some night when the logs are roaring in the fireplace and let him hear its music? Will you some time with your own hands make him a johnny-cake on a new pine shingle? I want him to know a woman who can do all these things and still be a great lady. And lay upon him all the burdens that in any way you can, so that he shall not think too much of what he may some day do in life, but of what he is actually doing.

"From John you will learn what you may wish to know regarding his mother. Many a time within these years I myself have sat down to write to you of Eleanor, but I could never do so; time and again before we were married I endeavored to give you my confidence, but the letters would never quite justify themselves. In all your own letters you have never once mentioned the subject, since I have not; and your very silence has let me know how you reproached me for mine. But after what had happened between us I could never feel otherwise than that what I should say to you of Eleanor would be like a report, forwarded for your inspection; and I could not bear the thought of subjecting her to that. I doubt whether we ever subject any one we love to the critical examination of another. Not that I should have feared your censure, but that I should have resented your approval. Yes; that is the truth: under the circumstances I should have resented your praise of Eleanor. Therefore I have always faithfully let you know that I have been happy, and have left you silently to infer from my happiness the virtues of her character. But I know that you will never question John about his mother unless I ask you to do so; and I now beg that you will do this. For reasons which you understand, the portrait of her painted by the hand of a son will be more significant than one from the hand of her husband.

"While I say that I am happy, still it is true that I have within me the old sense of a *ruin*,—a feeling that something went wrong when that whole episode happened to me in Kentucky, for which nothing has ever atoned. So that you see I am but little changed. And as for the imperfection of life itself, while I have always grown happier in what it can bestow, in secret I have become the more unhappy for what it takes away. And surely from all of us it does take away more or less of what was best in us at the outset. I could never be happy in a world in which I was imperfect myself and in which any single creature was suffering. Long ago there came to me, as you foretold, the ideals of actual duty that I should carry about as candles in my hand; but I have never lost sight of those other ideals which shine like light-houses in the distance. I have this feeling,—that I shall need my light-houses when I no longer need my candles. For experience admonishes me that I am now perhaps at the highest point of what men call worldly prosperity. I have succeeded. I have wrought out the plan of my life. All that Macbeth had not I have,—wife, children, home, friends, duties, honors, ease; all are mine. There have been times when with natural misgiving, lest I had ventured too far these many summers in a sea of glory, I have prepared for myself the lament of Wolsey on his fall; yet ill fortune has not overthrown me or mine.

"But what of that? Not far ahead now must lie the great mortal changes, coming always nearer, always faster. And with the cessation of every earthly tie, the flame of duty connected with it is extinguished. One by one the duties end; one by one the lights go out. So that if I should live to be a very old man, I shall find myself with no duties, no candles. And then, O my friend, what should shine in upon me in my vacant darkness but those distant unchanging beacons, which seem to throw their rays across the stormy sea of this life from the calm ocean of the infinite? This is my faith; for truly I do not know whence came to me the ideals of my earliest manhood, if not from a source beyond all humanity.

"It has always been a regret that you could not come to us. When I left Kentucky, it was with the thought of sooner or later returning; but for the first few years return was impossible; then I married; and Eleanor has always had duties here. But we get great reports of the Transylvania University, of the bar of Lexington, of the civilization that I foresaw would spring up in Kentucky; and I send John to you with the wish that he hear lectures and afterwards go into the office of some one whom I shall name, and finally marry and settle there for life. You recall this as the wish of my own; through John, then, I shall accomplish it,—through John shall be done what I could not do. You see how I cling to my early fancies! I have given him the names of my school-children. He is to find out those of them who still live there, and to tell me of those who have passed away or have been scattered.

"I do not know; but if at the end of life I should be left alone here, perhaps I shall make my way back to Kentucky and die at John's feet, as the old tree falls beside the young one."

She had strained the letter to her dim eyes in the last glimmer of

twilight. The room was already dark, except near the rude little four-paned window. There was the dull red glow of a single half-burnt log on the hearth, and a cricket stirred and began its song,—that song for ears that have lost their summer. From out a corner came the feeble ticking of the great clock.

She let the letter drop softly to her lap, and, folding her delicate withered hands on the window-sill, rested her forehead on them in prayer.

THE END.

EARLY EDITORIAL EXPERIENCES.

[JOURNALIST SERIES.]

BETWEEN forty and fifty years ago the most famous feature of journalism in the Ohio Valley was the paragraphing of George D. Prentice, a Connecticut Yankee born, who had become a typical Kentuckian, and was the most brilliant Whig and the brightest writer of his time,—one who adored Henry Clay, took all the lofty egotism of that superb dramatic politician seriously, was full of faith that Clay's statesmanship had the divine flavor and blessing, and that his chivalrous individuality had an alluring quality that made his election to the Presidency, in spite of the evident glacial drift of history, as obvious and inevitable as the harvest-time and the season of autumnal realization in the procession of the seasons. The dreary round of disappointments ended at last. Clay, in the Senate, made his final failing efforts to avert the conflict of the sections. His sympathy with the society of the South alienated his loving supporters in the North. His imperious will ceased to dominate his party; and he died. This event was a revolution. After him came the deluge.

Mr. Clay knew little of journalism. The chief duty of the newspaper of his party in his day was to publish his speeches, and editorial ability was most worthily employed in expounding and expanding his utterances.

The Ohio editor whose fame was paramount in the forties and fifties was Charles Hammond, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and the singu-

larly vivid survival of his reputation has been held to be an embarrassment to his successors, as the traditions of uncommon glory overshadow the sober realities of history. Once, seeking to know for myself the origin of Mr. Hammond's persistent prominence, I examined a file of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, and found that he was for fifteen successive issues of that paper absorbed in setting forth the full meaning and declaring the profound and glittering policy embodied in Henry Clay's sonorous, but, I feared, read in the cold light of a quarter of a century gone, commonplace utterances, in which the pomp of self-assertion exceeded the prescience of political acumen. There lingered, however, an anecdote of Hammond that proved he possessed something more than a deep sense of the dignities and solemnities of his profession. He and Robert T. Lytle, the most accomplished Democrat of his day in Ohio,—father of General Lytle the poet-hero, who fell at Chickamauga,—had been out on a long walk, inspecting the pickets and exploring the frontiers of Cincinnati civilization, when it occurred to the editor of the *Gazette* that he was expected to furnish a leader for the following day and must make haste to do so. Lytle, loath to part with such good company, followed him, making an unaccustomed appearance in a Whig office. The shades of night were falling fast. Lytle patiently held a candle while Hammond wrote rapidly for nearly an hour, when, with an expression of gratification that his work was well done, he thanked his friend for his polite and gracious attention, called a printer, handed him the copy, mentioned that he did not care to see the proof, and the two distinguished gentlemen resumed their promenade and finished the festival. It occurred to Lytle next day that he would look into the *Gazette* and see what had been produced by the pen of a ready writer while he held the candle; and, to his surprise, and disgust that gradually became amusement, he found that it was a very bright and, he thought, extravagantly overdone, though not absolutely malicious, assault upon himself, in which his shortcomings as a politician were unsparingly reviewed, but his personal cleverness, with a funny pretence of reluctance, admitted.

Of Hammond, however, it might be written, as of Edgar Allan Poe's knightly hero,—

> But he grew old, this knight so bold,

and the bright particular star of the press in the firmament of the valley of the Ohio was Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal.*

His best work was in dashes of from two to ten lines, each with a "fist." The leaders were unrivalled as leaders, but they had not the keen sparkle of the inexhaustible Prentice paragraphs. His poems also had many fond readers, and he had a following of poets and poetesses whose efforts he carried with a few flattering and taking lines for each poetic gem; and it would have been unsafe to say that they were not all gems. There must have been at times a dozen ladies, each with the gift of song, contributing to the beautifully-printed pages of the *Journal* of Louisville, and they never contributed lines, few or many, that they were not framed in words of editorial praise, always

pleasant and felicitous; and the poetry of the paper was held to be as valuable an attraction as its politics.

Prentice had been in his youth associated with John G. Whittier, and he transplanted the passion for high-class production from the banks of the Connecticut to those of the Ohio, where the fruits were of a richer perfume and more tropical, but lacked the lyric ring and the lofty cry for liberty that have lifted Whittier to an elevation inaccessible save to those who have the expression that goes beyond the range of talent into the realms of the masters, and is dutifully, passionately consecrated and exercised for humanity.

Mr. Clay would have astonished any one who had attempted to "interview" him. His idea of journalism was that the newspapers were not worth minding in the hostilities they directed against a public man, unless they touched unkindly upon his personal habits and private affairs; then it was necessary that some one should be held accountable, and the trouble of locating responsibility began. The papers that knew their leader were a convenience, but they should be careful how they published a great man's speeches. Indeed, the last time that Mr. Clay mounted the stump at Lexington he refused to speak until the reporter of the Associated Press, who happened to be Mr. Richard Smith, now of the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, was compelled not only to drop his pencil, but to leave the ground. The impertinence of sitting right before an orator addressing his constituents, and taking down his words, was resented, and had to be abandoned. Mr. Smith's success in obtaining a fair summary from a listener who knew politics and had a good verbal memory and took no notes was looked upon as an outrageous example of presumption. The wrath of Mr. Clay at the disrespectful idea of an irresponsible writer for unknown newspapers undertaking to give what he said with the view of scattering it by telegraph, and not asking his permission, was lively, and his language picturesque.

After the politics and poetry of Prentice and his contributors, and the death of Clay, there grew up a school of journalism that was devoted to Western literature and political regeneration, or there were those in it that so explained their mission.

The Mexican war, meant to extend the area of slavery and the dominion of Democracy, furnished a hero in Zachary Taylor, who, as the Whig candidate, was elected to the Presidency, and the era of a great reformation set in, as was supposed. Taylor was a strong Southern man and a large and humane slave-holder, but his devotion to the Union was unqualified, and he simply made known in the most matter-of-fact way to those who were talking of, under circumstances freely fancied and discussed, the dissolution of the Union, that if they attempted such a thing, no matter what happened, he would take the field at the head of the army of the United States, and shoot and hang according to the guilt of those who took up arms against their united country; and the highest praise awarded him was by those who felt themselves menaced,—that he would be "just fool enough to do so."

The old man certainly produced a temporary abatement of sectionalism. The death of Taylor, from eating cherry pie after a sunstroke

received while laying the foundation of the Washington Monument, confused the country, and in the course of the agitation there were experiences such as no one had imagined, for the strength of the forces in antagonism had not been developed, and were amazingly beyond calculation; and the nation never knew its own greatness until it had been made manifest in the war of the States.

There was a time when it seemed to many ardent friends in the central valley of the country that the peace and dignity of the Union depended upon the election of Thomas Corwin to be President of the United States. Corwin, like Clay, was a man of genius, with less will but greater wit than his old leader. With the most genial temper and fascinating speech of his time, he was rich in humor and gracious with wisdom, but he was not destined to be President; and indeed the editorial writing meant to advance his interest was of a feeble sort, dwelling chiefly upon the observance as a sacred obligation of what was called the "Compromises of the Constitution" and the wickedness of despoiling our sister republic, Mexico, of her territory to provide more slave States.

All sentimentality about the rights of the Mexicans to land was wiped out by considerations of the glory of our arms in overcoming military antagonism, the addition of the noble realm of Texas to our undisputed empire, the discovery of gold in California, and the sensibility that Jefferson's Louisiana purchase had originally included all we got from Mexico by conquest.

The people of the North were growing weary of the alleged obligation to return slaves, and the magnificent extension of the republic was not, in peaceful days, a good thing to complain of. At any rate, opposition to our gains in the Southwest, while it might have been high morals, was not good politics.

There was mingled with the feeble editorial matter beautiful poetry written by lovely women, inspired by a dollar per verse. This was the condition of Cincinnati newspaper literature when I deserted a good farm twenty miles northwest of that city and became at College Hill an alleged student and actual writer for the press. The hill was an eminence from which the smoke of Cincinnati could be seen. This personal movement never seemed to me influential in general affairs, but it had an appreciable force so far as I was concerned, and may be worth a few words as an indication of tendencies. The Cincinnati papers spent seven dollars a week each at that time for telegraphic despatches, and regarded themselves as imposed upon by the grinding monopoly that spoiled the regular old news channels through the mails. The papers were printed on flat presses, and the working of two thousand sheets an hour was an achievement that was much applauded, and a material advance to getting off twelve hundred in the same time. No one had dared to hope for one-sixth of the capacity in a press since developed, or of multiplying presses with duplicated plates. The editorial and local matter was mixed in the same type. The most conspicuous feature of the editorial page, save when some important amateur contributed a labored leader, was a poem, original or selected, usually original, and considered a liberal and attractive in-

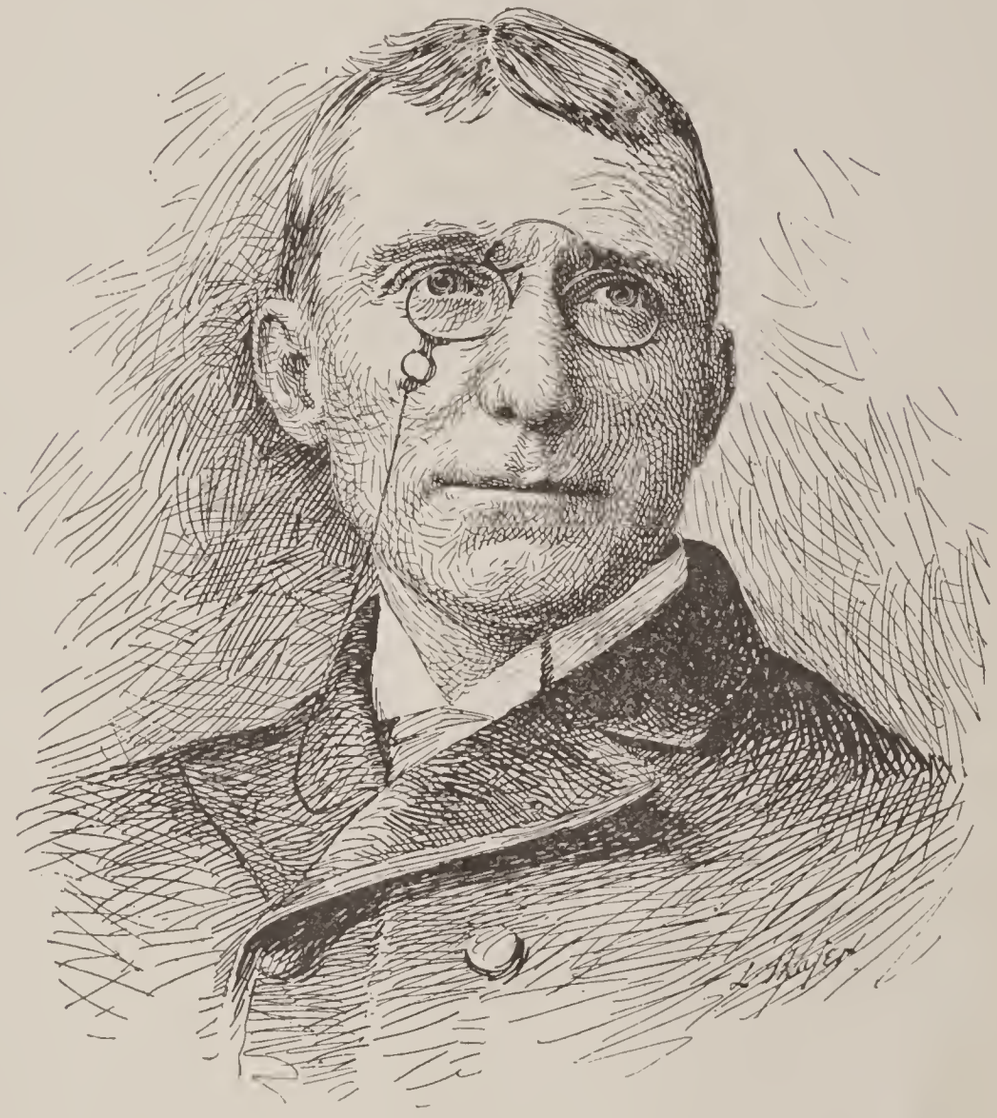
vestment by the publisher who had the power of the purse. The issues of the journals were of four pages each, and the first column of the fourth page contained six times out of ten a bear story, and the other four times a snake, bird, or Indian tale. On Saturdays there was a page of literary matter, and a part of this, which was the fairest display of native and cultivated capacity for the week, was usually a chapter of a novel or novelette that was romantic as to the late red men and the contemporary pioneers and white hunters of Kentucky and Ohio. These were the sunflowers in the garden of the Western world of letters.

My first writings for the press were stories of frontier life, adventures in the wilderness, suggested by the still recited recollections of the old men and women who remembered the Indian wars and the first corn-fields on the Miamis. Then came more ambitious contributions, and reviews of the publications current. *Harper's Magazine*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger* were the great steady lights. Presently there was in the West a slow, but distinct and progressive, movement of journalism; and it was visible in an increased estimate of news and a separation defining the difference between news and literary papers. But journalism was a word never used, not invented, or forbidden, as all the printed sheets, daily or weekly, were newspapers, and those who did the work were editors, locals, and reporters,—not members of the press, or journalists, or of the staff or corps. No, indeed; any one who had stated that he was of the corps, or on the staff, or engaged as a journalist, would have been excluded from the social circles of the members of the press. These were conservative times, days of delightful communion, no unseemly competition, no strife for "scoops," all acting under a general agreement not to print for a morning newspaper anything arriving later than ten o'clock of the night before, while an evening paper did well if it picked up the happenings of last week. The swim that I was in carried me into news work rather than literary labor, and my first exploit that disturbed the easy-going ways was to sit up until two o'clock for the New York and Baltimore papers, snatch them from the mail-bag myself, and scissor two columns under the head of "Latest by Mail," or "Midnight Mail Matter;" and it was easy thus then to beat the telegraph, which doled out to the unappreciative world about four hundred words a day on the average. There were a few heavy head-lines when Daniel Webster died, but before that they were not obtrusive. It was considered an error, however, for a journal issued on the Monday after Webster died on Saturday not to have the news that he was gone, and the editor who had caused his Monday's issue to be printed on that memorable Saturday night was subjected to ribald remarks, and he grew tired and sad. The death of Webster was one of the first events to which the press of this country did contemporary justice.

The rapid growth of news telegraphing put aside for a time bear stories and original poems, but they are turning up in ancient beauty as modern novelties, like old fashions in gowns and bonnets. One of my errors in newspaper management, I think, was in dismissing the bear story, about which hangs an eternal charm, and another mistake, of a graver character, was holding base-ball, as a news source, in con-

tempt; but the most costly of my experiences has been in overrating editorial instruction of the public, and allowing myself to form an unscrupulous habit of telling too much truth.

Murat Halstead.

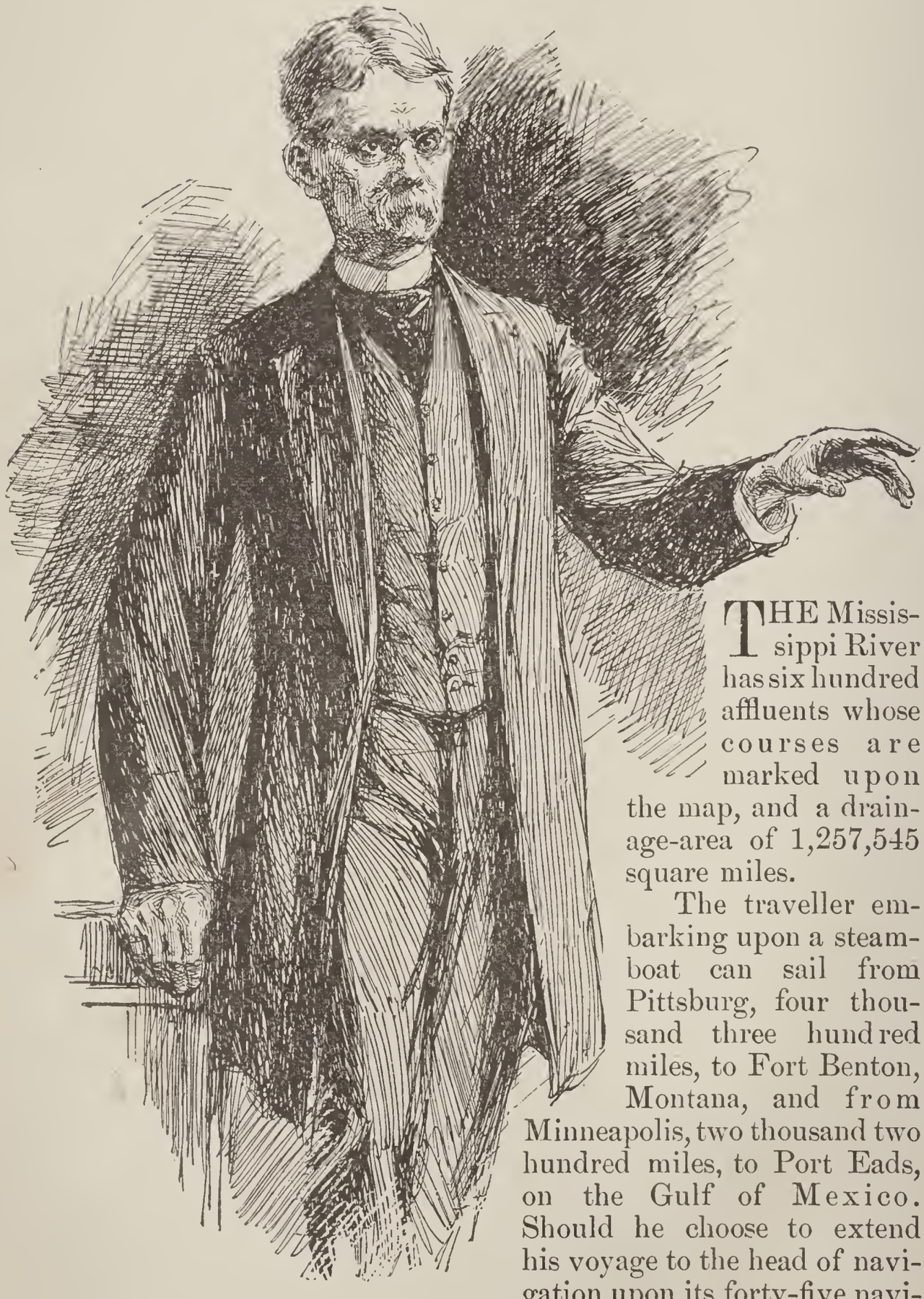


BEING HIS MOTHER.

BEING his mother, when he goes away
I would not hold him overlong, and so
Sometimes my yielding sight of him grows, oh!
So quick of tears, I joy he did not stay
To catch the faintest rumor of them,—nay,
Leave always *his* eyes clear and glad, although
Mine own, dear Lord, do fill to overflow;
Let his remembered features, as I pray,
Smile ever on me! Ah! what stress of love
Thou givest me to guard with Thee thiswise:—
Its fullest speech ever to be denied
Mine own,—*being his mother!* All thereof
Thou knowest only, looking from the skies
As when not Christ alone was crucified.

James Whitcomb Riley.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY."



THE Mississippi River has six hundred affluents whose courses are marked upon the map, and a drainage-area of 1,257,545 square miles.

The traveller embarking upon a steamboat can sail from Pittsburg, four thousand three hundred miles, to Fort Benton, Montana, and from Minneapolis, two thousand two hundred miles, to Port Eads, on the Gulf of Mexico. Should he choose to extend his voyage to the head of navigation upon its forty-five navigable tributaries, his outward journey would exceed sixteen thousand miles, through twenty-three States and Territories of the Union.

This stupendous water-system is equivalent to a land-locked harbor,

an estuary, or an arm of the sea, penetrating into the North American continent farther than from New York to Liverpool, with a coast-line of thirty-two thousand miles, having hundreds of populous towns and cities, and innumerable ports and havens, from which the agricultural and manufactured products of one-third of the arable surface of the United States can be shipped to all parts of the globe.

The territory which it drains is considerably larger than Central Europe. Lying wholly in the temperate zone, equally removed from the languors of the tropics and the rigors of the pole, its climate favorable to health and longevity, its calcareous soil adapted to every variety of agriculture, it is the region where the elements of prosperity are most abundant and stable, and the conditions of happiness most permanent and secure, among the habitations of men.

One hundred years ago the pioneers from New England, the advance-guard of the great column of Anglo-Saxon migration, that has during the interval marched to the Pacific, abolishing the frontier and conquering the desert, descended the western slopes of the Alleghanies into the valley of the Ohio and disappeared in its solitudes. Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis were outposts of civilization, exposed to the brand and the tomahawk. A few log huts, trading-stations, and mission-houses were scattered along the crumbling banks of the rivers and in the profound depths of the forests. There were neither highways nor public conveyances; commerce, agriculture, nor manufactures; no schools, churches, nor society; nothing but nature and its vicissitudes, the savage and his prey.

From that unsurveyed wilderness, in less than a century, twenty-one States have been admitted into the Union, having an area of eight hundred million acres, a population of more than thirty-five millions, and wealth beyond measurement or computation. Sparsely inhabited, with rude and unscientific methods, its resources hardly touched, the States of the Mississippi Valley last year produced more than three-quarters of the sugar, coal, corn, iron, oats, wheat, cotton, tobacco, lead, hay, lumber, wool, pork, beef, horses, and mules of the entire country, together with a large fraction of its gold and silver. Their internal commerce is already greater than all the foreign commerce of the combined nations of the earth.

China supports four hundred million people upon an area smaller and less fertile. The civilization of Egypt, whose monuments have for forty centuries excited the awe and admiration of mankind, was nourished by the cultivation of less than ten thousand square miles, in the narrow valley and delta of the Nile. The delta of the Rhine, and the adjacent lands reclaimed from the Zuyder Zee, less than fifteen thousand square miles, have long sustained the United Kingdom of the Netherlands and given to a dense population wealth, comfort, and contentment.

The delta of the Mississippi, below its junction with the Ohio, richer than the Nile or the Rhine, exceeds the combined area of Holland and Egypt, and is destined under the stimulus of free labor and the incentives of self-government to build a fabric of society more opulent and enduring. Add to this the inexhaustible alluvion of the streams above, and the fertile prairies from which they descend, and the arithmetic of

the past has no logarithms with which to compute the problems of the economic and commercial future of the West. It will be predominant in the development, not of this country alone, but of the hemisphere, and will give direction to the destinies of the human race.

We stand in the vestibule. We have not yet entered the temple. When the first furrow was broken on the prairies of Illinois, there was not an iron ploughshare in the world. Men are yet living who might have seen the first steamboat on Western waters, on her trial-trip from Pittsburg in 1811, and who were in active life when the first passenger rode in a railway-train and the first telegraphic despatch was sent. The early settlers of Missouri had to depend on flint and tinder for fire. Most of the inventions in machinery, nearly all the appliances for comfort and convenience, were unknown to the pioneers of the West. Their victories were won with few of the methods and devices now regarded as indispensable in even the humblest walks of life. When its agricultural, mining, and manufacturing resources are fully developed by steam and electricity, the Mississippi Valley will support and enrich, without crowding, five hundred million people, and be not only the granary, but the workshop, of the planet.

Already by the readjustments of the Eleventh Census the centre and seat of political power has been transferred hither from the seaboard. The Central West, with its natural and inevitable allies, the States of the Gulf and the Southeast Atlantic, have a majority of the members of both houses of Congress, and of the College of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States. They control the executive and legislative departments of the government. They hold the purse and sword of the nation, and will hereafter dictate its policy of administration. Sectional causes have delayed this coalition, but the estrangement is disappearing, and reconciliation will soon be complete.

Invidious tariffs, inequitable railway-charges, and insufficient currency have hitherto imposed heavy burdens upon the laborers and producers of the West, to which they have submitted, not without protest against the injustice. They will hereafter demand relief, not at the sacrifice of the interests of the East and North, by a more uniform distribution of the benefits, privileges, and disadvantages of civilization. They will require rearrangement of custom-duties, so that taxation may fall equably upon those who work with their brains and those who toil with their hands. They will insist upon bimetallism, as the basis of a safe and abundant circulating medium, without which industry must languish and commerce decay.

Recognizing the importance of inland navigation to national prosperity, and its necessity to prevent injurious railway-charges, the West will ask for the improvement of its water-ways and the development of internal communications, so as to connect the Mississippi with the Great Lakes at Chicago, with the Atlantic at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Savannah, and by the Nicaragua Canal with the Pacific. By the enlargement of the Welland Canal, Chicago will be a seaport, and by deepening and straightening the channel of the Mississippi, long before the second century ends, ocean steamers will receive and discharge their cargoes at the port of St. Louis. By the construction of the

Florida Ship-Canal the voyage to Liverpool will be shortened a thousand miles, and by the Nicaragua Canal the voyage from St. Louis to San Francisco will be shortened more than twenty-four thousand miles.

Opposite the mouth of the Mississippi, and separated from our southern boundary by the Gulf of Mexico, lie the West India islands, with five million inhabitants, and the Spanish-American republics, with fifty million people and a territorial area nearly three times larger than that of the United States. Their relations with us are fraternal. They have adopted our political ideas and modelled their governments after ours. We form a family of nations, shut in by friendly oceans from foreign intrusion, ultimately to become federated from Cape Horn to the Arctic Sea. The railroad already constructed to Mexico will be continued south along the Isthmus to the coffee-fields of Brazil, connecting the valley of the Mississippi with the valleys of the Amazon and the Parana, and forming an unbroken line of railway from Boston to Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres.

To control the commerce of these open, unsupplied, and growing countries, and to compete with formidable rivalry for the markets of India, China, Japan, Australia, and the archipelagoes of the Pacific, is the transcendent question before us. In this movement for supremacy, the West, the seat of political power, the centre of population, the storehouse of national wealth, will take the lead. Here, and not on the shores of the Thames, the Connecticut, or the Hudson, the destiny of the English-speaking people is to be accomplished, its final triumphs are to be won.

Many perils are to be encountered; many battles to be fought; many dangers to be overcome. Discordant and incongruous elements are to be made homogeneous, and fused and blended into loyal, patriotic American citizenship. Imported ignorance, crime, and thriftlessness must be restricted. True liberty of speech, conscience, and the press must be maintained through public education and the separation of Church and State. The costly and destructive evils of intemperance must be overcome by morality and law. The tendency toward the congestion of population in great cities must be resisted by inducements toward the tranquillity and virtue of rural life. The rapidly-growing discontent at the unequal diffusion of wealth, and the alarming increase of socialism and anarchy, must be checked by private benevolence, and by such legislation as will prevent the indefinite transmission of inherited fortunes.

The location of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago marked an epoch in the relations between the East and the West. It was the tardy, but final, recognition of the commercial predominance of the West, as the session of all National Conventions in Western cities is an acknowledgment of political supremacy. Dominion has been reluctantly relinquished, but we shall have no more supercilious and self-complacent assumptions of patronizing superiority over the "wild and woolly West."

To the myriads of visitors from Europe and the Orient, Chicago, and the journey to the West, will be a revelation. Should Gladstone and De Lesseps honor the opening ceremonies with their presence, the

marvels of the new civilization they witness will far transcend the assembled glories and wonders of that which they have left. At the date of their birth, the State of Illinois, now third in population in the Union, was an unorganized territory. They will behold the domes and towers of a metropolis rivalling London and Paris in wealth, numbers, and splendor; the palaces of merchant princes; the endless avenues of trade; boulevards thronged with glittering equipages; the tumult of thoroughfares; the smoke of factories like the craters of volcanoes; the stately procession of ships along the horizon of the lake, and the marble terraces of its curving shores.

To those unfamiliar with the prodigies of Western growth, it would appear incredible that the English statesman had entered upon his extraordinary Parliamentary career, and the French diplomatist distinguished himself in the consular service, before the village of Chicago had a corporate name, and that its municipal birth is coeval with the reign of Queen Victoria. Nor would the wonder be lessened by the knowledge that within this brief interval the city had been uplifted bodily from the mire of the morass in which it stood, and once rebuilt upon the cinders of the most destructive conflagration of modern times.

With such courage, resolution, and energy, everything may be predicted except mediocrity, and nothing is impossible except failure and defeat.

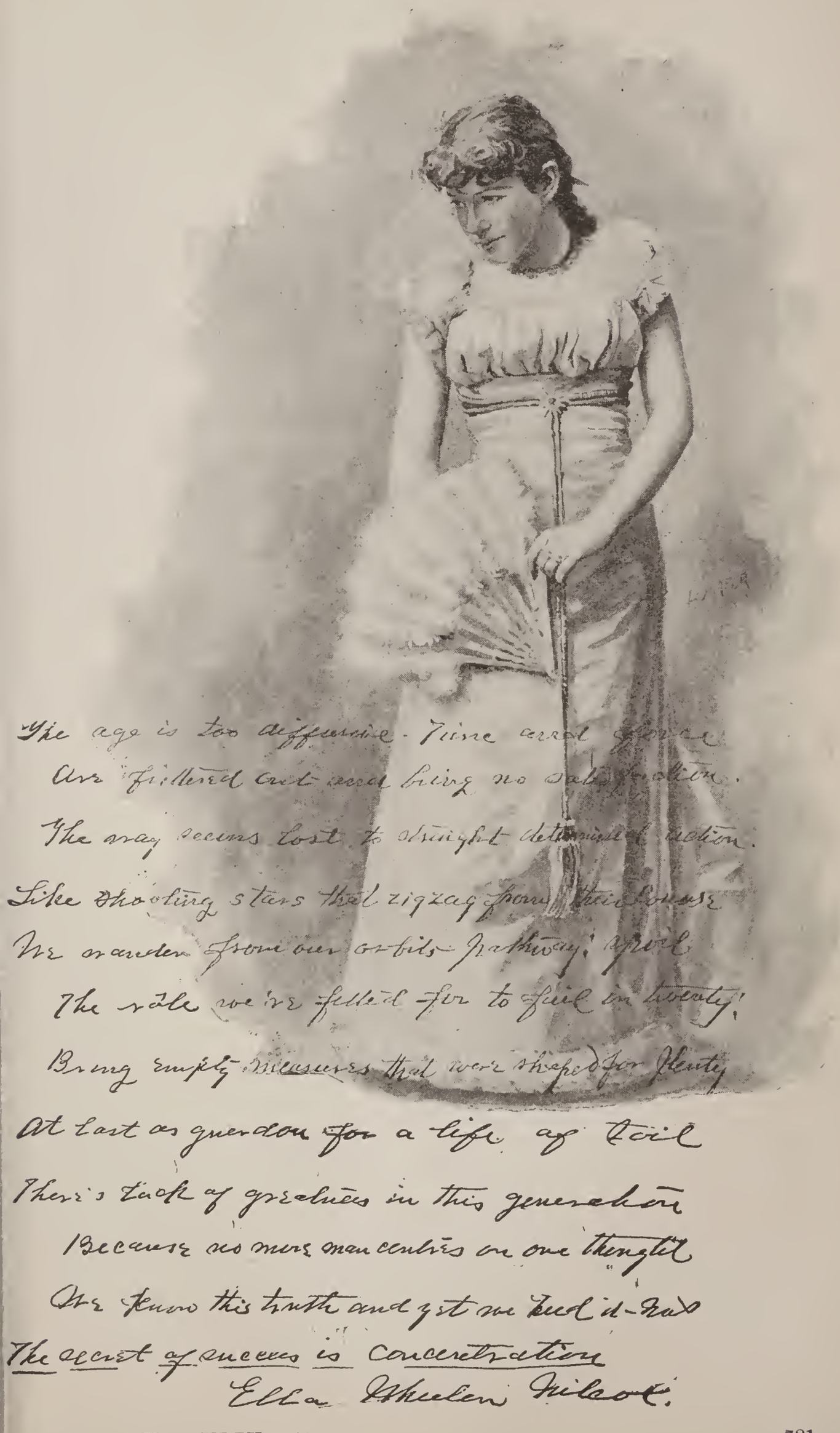
John James Ingalls.

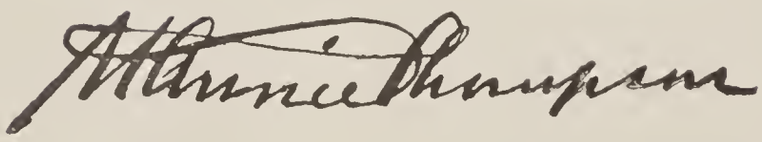
AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

I WOKE at dead of night. The wind was high;
My white rose-bush was tapping 'gainst the pane
With ghostly finger-tips; a sobbing rain
Made doleful rhythm for my thoughts, and I
Strove vainly not to think, and wondered why
My brain, ghoul-like, must dig where long had lain
The pulseless dead that time and change had slain.
I fear no living thing. But oh! to lie,
And see the gruesome dark within my room
Take eyes and turn on me with yearning gaze!
To hear reproachful voices from the tomb
Of duties unfulfilled,—might well-nigh craze
A stronger brain! God save me from the gloom
Of sleepless hours that stretch between two days!

Carrie Blake Morgan.

CONCENTRATION.


The age is too diffusive. Time and force
Are filtered out and bring no satisfaction.
The way seems lost to straight determined action.
Like shooting stars that zigzag from their course
We wander from our orbits pathway; spoil
The rôle we're fitted for to fail in twenty;
Bring empty measures that were shaped for plenty
At last as guerdon for a life of toil
There's lack of greatness in this generation
Because no more man centres on one thought
We know this truth and yet we heed it—not
The secret of success is concentration
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



SMITHERS.

PHEBE ELLEN was doing up the supper-dishes at the large table before the kitchen fire. She was a tall, plump, blue-eyed girl, fair and dimpled, the picture of health and strength. Her father, Squire John Boardman, sat by the jutting jamb of the fireplace, smoking his pipe and reading a paper. Mrs. Boardman was ironing some cuffs and collars at a little side-table.

The room was ample and comfortable, its plain, solid furniture giving back cheerful reflections of the dancing log fire on the hearth.

Outside, a snow-storm roared dolefully. The windows were banked full of the packed fleece, and the house shook with the force of the wind.

Phebe Ellen was singing in a tender undertone snatches of such ditties as had floated into her life from the great world of which she knew so little and had dreamed so much.

"Wonder who that is?" she exclaimed, with a look of inquiry which comprehended both her mother and her father.

"It's somebody knocking at the front door," she added, after a moment's pause.

"Go and see," said her father, whose pipe and paper and the comfort of an easy-chair were just then very dear to him.

She dried her hands on a towel, gave her bright yellow hair a smoothing touch or two, and went out through the dining-room into the hall.

Mrs. Boardman set her iron on a little scorched rag mat, and stood in a hearkening attitude.

A soft, heavy, masculine voice was heard saying something to Phebe Ellen, and in a few moments she returned to the kitchen pale and trembling.

"What's the matter, Pheb' Ellen?" demanded her mother.

"Who is it?" inquired the father.

"Mercy! I'm so scared!"

Mr. Boardman jumped to his feet and glared askance.

"Who's out there?" he asked.

"My! I don't know," Phebe Ellen whispered. "Don't talk so loud. It's a strange man. He wants to stay all night. He looks queer."

She lifted her superb young shoulders and made a gesture with both hands to intimate that it had been a startling affair. She was breathing audibly.

"Did you let him in?" said Mrs. Boardman.

"I—I don't know. I was so scared and flustered,—I——"

Mr. Boardman laid aside pipe and paper and went to see.

The stranger had stepped inside the hall and shut the door. He was a dark, stalwart fellow, poorly clad, pinched and shivering. A thin curly young beard fringed his long oval face, and some matted kinky black locks were tumbled over his forehead. Certainly he looked altogether unlike any young man that Farmer Boardman had ever seen in Indiana.

"Um, how're ye?" said the head of the house, rather awkwardly, as he approached the would-be guest.

"Good-evening, sir," responded the shivering stranger, gripping his battered hat and shifting his weight from one numbed foot to the other.

Mr. Boardman saw at a glance that here was a tramp.

"What do you want?" he demanded, with gruff brevity.

"I am starving and freezing," was the soft but deep-toned reply.

"You're a tramp, eh?"

"Yes."

"You'd better go. Got nothin' fur ye."

"I can't go. Don't you see me freezing? I have not had a bite to eat to-day."

"Why don't ye work?"

"God, man, let me to the fire!"

Mrs. Boardman and Phebe Ellen heard every word of this curt dialogue. The girl was pale.

"It's too bad," she said.

The wind wailed, and they heard the snow and ice-crystals pattering against the already-muffled panes.

Mrs. Boardman went to the hall door and stood irresolute.

"I s'pose I might let you warm yourself, anyway," said Mr. Boardman, in a tone which was by no means kindly.

"Yes, you might," said the tramp, eagerly.

"Well, come on; but I've got nothin' fur ye."

When the stranger walked into the kitchen he was limping with cold; evidently his feet were so benumbed that he could scarcely feel the floor. His boots were ragged enough to show that he had no socks.

Standing before the bright fire, holding out his hands, which looked cramped and congested, he shook convulsively and seemed almost ready to fall.

Phebe Ellen set a chair behind him, and Mr. Boardman said,—

"It's jest as cheap a-settin' down."

He dropped into the seat and began trying to rub his legs. His old hat fell to the floor beside him.

"Have him take off his boots and put his feet in cold water; they're frozen," suggested Phebe Ellen in a whisper to her father.

"I don't know as we ought," said Mr. Boardman; but he fetched a tin pan of water and set it before the tramp.

"Take off yer boots and put yer feet in the water; it'll thaw 'em out," he went on.

It turned out that he had to cut the boots from the young fellow's feet.

Mrs. Boardman got some blankets and wrapped him in them while her husband bound wet rags around those purple ankles.

In due time the man was warm; and then they gave him a cup of coffee. A little later he sat at the table and ate long and ravenously, with his feet wrapped in woollen cloths.

Phebe Ellen watched him half furtively and with a strange sense of the mystery which must always attend the life of a tramp. She saw that he was strong and handsome, and by his language she judged that he was not of low family. It disturbed her to look into his face, which wore the unmistakable impress of secret trouble. A child or a very sincere young girl will always see this sign, no matter how well it may be hidden from older and wiser eyes. Phebe Ellen saw it, and yet was scarcely aware of it. She was touched and mystified, and in a way her sympathy was aroused.

Of course the tramp could not be sent away that night: so he was given the bed in the tiny room at the end of the porch. Next morning Mr. Boardman gave him a pair of old but fairly good boots, and he came to breakfast clean-faced and neatly combed. He was quiet, ate only a reasonable meal, and upon rising from the table turned to the host and said,—

"I should like to do some work for you."

It was a fair proposition made at just the right time. Mr. Boardman's hired hand had left him the day before, and there were sixty head of stock on the farm to be fed, to say nothing of the smaller chores about the barn, the stables, and the house.

"What kin ye do?"

"Anything that you want."

The morning was cutting, with the snow fifteen inches on a level.

Mr. Boardman thought he would let the tramp stay long enough to help him with the feeding. He proved to be a good hand; indeed, he could do nearly twice as much work as Mr. Boardman could, and with such ease and knack! The farmer was both pleased and surprised. Here was the sort of help that he had always wanted.

"Ef I thought it was safe," he said to his wife when they went in to dinner, "I'd try to keep that feller; he's a hoss to work."

The tramp was washing his hands and face at the pump under the shed behind the kitchen, and Phebe Ellen went out to get a bucket of water.

"Let me, please," he said, pumped it for her, and carried it in, waiting for her to go ahead of him.

"What is his name?" Mrs. Boardman inquired of her husband.

"Harper Smithers."

"Quare name."

"Yes, but he's a good 'un."

And Harper Smithers stayed. All the rest of the winter he worked steadily, quietly, efficiently. The stock loved him and thrived under

his care; he sawed great piles of wood and split the sticks fine for summer cooking-fuel. Indeed, nothing was neglected.

By degrees the family took him in as one of them; but he was not talkative, never spoke of his past life, and had a way of holding himself at a certain distance from all of them, especially from Phebe Ellen, who was not inclined to be reserved, though she was as modest as a violet in her way.

In the neighborhood Smithers was known as "Squire Boardman's tramp." He never went to church or to singing-school or to any of the social gatherings. Even when Phebe Ellen gave a candy-pulling he could not be induced to come out of his room, where he was reading an odd volume of a Life of Andrew Jackson.

"No, thank you, Miss Phebe," he said, with gentle firmness; "I'll not go in where they are. You'll enjoy yourselves just as well."

The girl felt, in a way, the man's self-respect behind his reserve, and it made her thoughtful. This tramp was not an ordinary laborer; she saw that his education and breadth of intelligence made him superior, in fact, to any other person she had ever known. He was handsome, too, singularly handsome, and the air of mystery which hung about him added much to his attractiveness. Moreover, he soon dressed himself well, and wore his clothes with a certain suggestion of gentility and distinction.

One thing Smithers would not do for Mr. Boardman. The railroad village nearest to the farm was eleven miles away, and once a week some member of the household had to go thither on one or another errand. The tramp drew the line at this point.

"No," he said; "I don't like towns. Don't ask me to go. I'll not go."

At first Mr. Boardman, who was rather quick of temper, did not relish the refusal; but Smithers was so gentle and suave in his speech and manner that it was impossible to be angry with him; besides, how could the farm be managed without him?

When the time for ploughing and planting came, it was a constant pleasure to the household to note the cleverness and the fertility of the tramp's genius in inventing ways and means of progress. Never had the crop been so forward and so fine. The fields showed the rare labor and skill bestowed upon them; all the fences looked like new; stumps disappeared with almost magical quickness; the dark loam lay clean and fresh as if it could not grow weeds; the corn and wheat and grass fairly leaped in their luxuriance of life.

In his intercourse with the family Smithers was respectful, obedient as a slave, and tirelessly watchful in his desire to anticipate a request; but yet he was aloof, separated as if by a great distance from the domestic circle. Now and again at table Mr. Boardman tried to draw him into simple conversation: it was no use; he closed every gate to his thoughts.

Perhaps love is inevitable in a case of this sort; it is, at least, a natural outcome. Phebe Ellen could not help seeing how handsome the tramp was, nor could she resist the appeal of his romantic and mysterious reticence. Where was he from? Who was his mother?

What misfortune had flung him adrift, homeless, moneyless, silent, aimless? The girl was better educated than farmers' daughters usually are in Indiana; and by degrees her thoughts came to brood a great deal over this subject. Indeed, with little else to occupy her mind during her hours of light household work, she permitted her imagination to build a picturesque theory of the tramp's secret history.

SHE WAS SITTING ON THE LITTLE SIDE PORCH.

One day—it was late in summer—Smithers startled her by appearing before her suddenly about the middle of the afternoon.

"I am going away," he said.

She was sitting on the little side porch, rearranging the ribbons of a pretty straw hat which she meant to wear to church the next Sunday, and had not heard him come around the corner of the house. Looking up in a scared way, she saw a gloomy, ugly look fixed in his face.

"What is the matter?" she asked, quite dazed, and feeling suddenly weak.

"Nothing," he growled.

"There is something," she insisted, springing up and letting fall the hat and ribbons. "You and father have——"

"Yes, we have. He's a vulgar villain."

"Oh, how can you? how dare you?"

"I am sorry, Miss Boardman, very sorry to——"

Her look cut short his sentence. It was a look not to be misunderstood, a revelation as if by a flash of lightning.

She clasped her hands before her, and, leaning slightly toward him, gazed as one who sees death.

Just then Mr. Boardman came around the house, walking hurriedly. His voice was much agitated when he said.—

"I was wrong. I ortn't to 'a' said it, Harper. I take it back."

Smithers turned coldly toward him, and appeared on the point of making some bitter remark; but Phebe Ellen interrupted the impulse.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she cried.

Her father glanced quickly at her, his eyes showing a startled sense of some new element of trouble.

"It's all right," said the tramp. "I am a tramp, but I will not be called one in the way of insult. You have been kind to me; still, that doesn't give you the right to speak to me as if I were a dog."

"I've said I was wrong, and I was wrong. What more kin I do!"

"I guess I'd better go," Smithers insisted, with a peculiar dryness of tone, as if the words were sere and chaffy. "It will be the best for us all."

He shot one quick, burning glance into Phebe Ellen's eyes.

"Oh, no!" she cried, but checking herself instantly, her face as pale as death.

"Do ez ye like, Harper." Mr. Boardman spoke mechanically; for his thoughts were playing battledore and shuttle-cock, and he did not know what to say. Suddenly the hold that this unknown tramp had taken on his affections was coupled with a vague sort of adumbration of Phebe Ellen's secret. She was his only child, and he loved her almost to idolatry.

"It's nothing but a foolish tiff," she interposed. "You both ought to be ashamed."

"I am ashamed," said Smithers.

"An' so'm I," Boardman jerked out.

The matter was talked over, and finally Smithers promised to stay until after wheat-sowing; but it was understood, tacitly at least, that he was to go after that.

Phebe Ellen was now fully aware of her love for the tramp. It hummed in her heart like the sound of far-off winds and flames and floods. Sweet, terrible, inexplicable, it filled her with fever. She could look at him only when she knew that he did not see her; and then something warned her that the look was an act which in some way connected itself with indefinable shame and sorrow. His face was in her dreams, dark, magnetic, mysterious; his tall form, poised with the strength and grace of Apollo, always stood a little way in a shadowy mist.

The Boardman farm was, perhaps, the most out-of-the-way place in the county, and the Boardman family consequently lived a life that was quiet and unobserved beyond what was usual in Indiana. The neighbors were few and scattered among the wild hills bordering a little river. Rarely indeed came a stranger into the lonely nook occupied by the weather-beaten but comfortable Boardman residence. In winter it was a dreary place; but in summer, for one who could endure the isolation, the surroundings were reposeful and soothing. Harper Smithers seemed to like it; but after the trouble with his employer he was more reserved and silent than ever.

Phebe Ellen went about her work restlessly and with alternating moods. Now singing half hysterically some sentimental ditty, anon pale and thoughtful, she performed mechanically tasks which no longer engaged her interest.

Of course this could not last. The moment would come when love would find both gates open at once. Nothing in particular brought about what had to be.

One evening Phebe Ellen was leaning over the low garden fence in the night-shadow of a pippin-tree. The stars were out, and a thin slip of moon was in the west.

"Phebe," said a gentle voice close to her. It was but a melodious whisper, and yet a universe of meaning came with it.

She tried to speak, and could not; her heart was pounding like a sledge.

Then came a few half-coherent words, a long embrace, and the full mutual avowal of undying love.

That night came a terrific storm of rain with lightning. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the thunder, crash upon crash, shook the ground. A bolt fell upon the barn and set it on fire. Mr. Boardman and Smithers discovered the disaster at the same moment and rushed forth together; but it was too late to save the building; all that they could do was to release the horses and cattle shut up in the shed-stalls. Fanned by the roaring wind, how that hay-stuffed hull did burn!

It was a tall structure, with a single square window high up near the point of the gable. At this window appeared a ghastly, shouting, gesticulating man. Smithers knew at once that it was a tramp who had been sleeping in the mow.

"Don't jump! Don't jump!" he yelled, as the poor fellow was preparing to launch himself forth. "Hold on! I'll help you."

Then he rushed after a long ladder and brought it to the spot.

"Help here!" he called to Mr. Boardman.

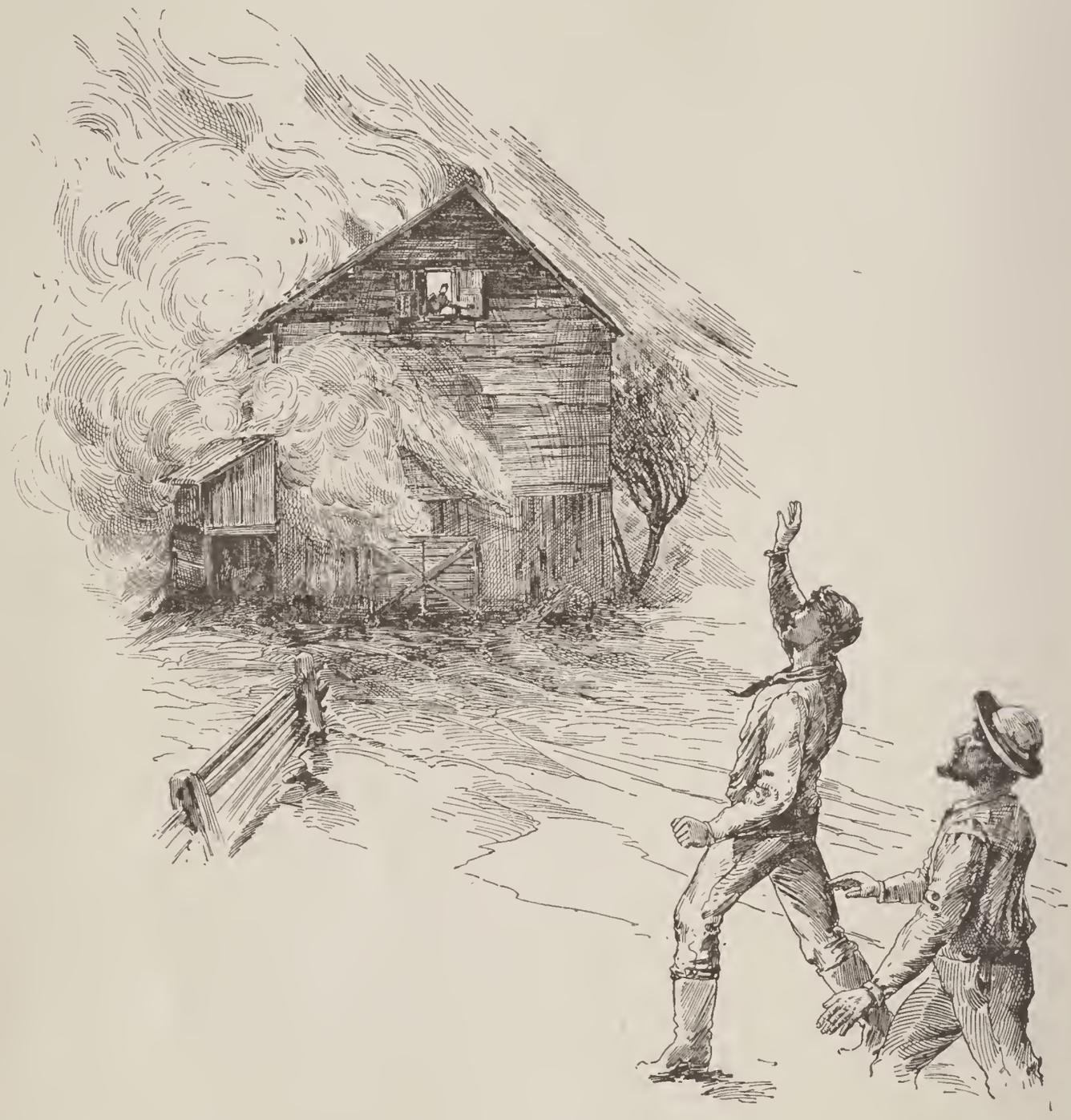
It was hard work to raise the heavy thing in that wind and rain; but Smithers showed giant strength, and Mr. Boardman helped him manfully.

Phebe Ellen and her mother were staring through a window in the glare of the great blaze. They saw the face of the man at that high hole in the barn gable; its terror and agony, its wild grimaces and its ghastly whiteness, chilled their hearts.

"Come down!" shouted Smithers.

"Hurry, man!" roared Boardman.

But the poor fellow appeared to be paralyzed with fright. He was, in fact, held fast by a spike which had caught his clothes. Smithers



"DON'T JUMP!"

did not wait. Up the ladder he climbed, and, seizing the man, pulled him through the window and descended with him between keen fangs of flame.

"Mercy! Oh, look!" cried Phebe Ellen, throwing her arms around her mother's neck and writhing as if she were in the fire.

Mr. Boardman and Smithers carried the scorched and blackened tramp to the house and laid him on a bed, where he rolled and moaned and swore terribly. The fellow was badly burned, and nothing but patient and tender nursing saved his life. Smithers, too, was blistered almost from head to foot; but he never complained; indeed, his fine physique flung off the effect almost at once, and he gave himself up wholly to caring for his fellow-tramp.

This new addition to the Boardman household was a small but powerful man, near forty years of age, red-haired, with pale-blue eyes that were as cold as ice. His features were coarse and strong, indicative of iron nerve and immovable will. He might have been a great burglar or train-robber if he had not been an aimless tramp. When he got well he took Smithers's hand and thanked him, and then offered to work for Mr. Boardman.

There was nothing much for him to do; but he remained for a few days helping with some hauling.

Phebe Ellen did not like him; there was something in his countenance suggestive of infinite cruelty and treachery. He seemed to her to be lurking and furtive, waiting and watching for a chance to spring unawares.

Smithers had nothing to do with the fellow after he was up, but went on with his work as before, quiet, thoughtful, taciturn. Even to Phebe Ellen he rarely spoke, save in monosyllables, and never since that memorable evening under the pippin-tree had he mentioned love.

"DESCENDED WITH HIM BETWEEN KEEN FANGS OF FLAME."

Hall, the new tramp, was an incessant talker, and interesting in a way. Uneducated, coarse, and repellent, he yet had a vein of something in his nature which enabled him to win a certain sort of intimacy with Mr. Boardman and his wife. They did not send him away, though his work was little needed. Why they let him stay they could have scarcely told.

One evening Mr. Boardman returned from the railroad town with a trouble on his mind.

"I'd like mighty well," he said to his wife, "to know what was in that 'are telegram."

"What 'un?"

"That 'un 'at I tuck for Hall."

"Ye didn't take ary one for him, did ye?"

"Ye-es, a long 'n. It cost four dollars to send it,—every cent I owed Hall."

"W'y didn't ye read it?"

"'Twar not readable. 'Twar writ in some furrin language."

They talked and wondered over it in the privacy of their sleeping-apartment until they talked themselves into slumber and dreams. Mysterious things come so seldom under the observation or within the experience of quiet rural folk that a matter of this sort takes on strange possibilities in their imagination.

Next day Mrs. Boardman and Phebe Ellen were discussing the telegram and theorizing its import, and when presently they looked around there stood Smithers. He was actually smiling, having overheard what they had said.

Phebe Ellen blushed, and her heart leaped to see the pleasant light in his fine, strong face.

She felt that he would converse with her now, and she leaped at the chance to speak.

"Isn't it strange about that telegram that Hall sent?" she ventured, looking straight into his dark, inscrutable eyes.

"Oh, not particularly," he said. "Hall, I suppose, has friends and has asked them for help. That is the secret."

He returned her look with a smile that thrilled her heart; she had never seen him appear so light and bright. He stepped close to her and said,—

"I came in to get my pistol; I am going to shoot a strange dog."

"Are you?" she murmured.

To have him so close made her breathing difficult. She looked at her mother and then at him. Infinite longing and a nameless fear mingled with her sudden surge of passion.

He stood looking at her, his lips parting slightly, his silken black moustache quivering in the current of his breath. Suddenly he clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

Mrs. Boardman, with her hands on her hips, gazed in blank astonishment. When the power of speech came to her she exclaimed,—

"Phe-e-be-e Ellen!"

The girl's head lay on the tramp's shoulder, and her loosened hair covered his broad chest with a shimmering flood of gold.

"Phee-bee El-len!" screeched the mother.

Smithers kissed the girl's forehead, eyes, cheeks, lips, then let her go and went to his own room. He returned after a moment, still smiling, one hand at his hip-pocket, where he was stowing the pistol, the other fingering his short, soft beard.

Phebe Ellen was quite pale, and her mother's face wore a sour frown.

Smithers hesitated as he reached the middle of the room, looked quickly at the girl, then passed out.

"What *does* this mean, Pheb' Ellen?" cried Mrs. Boardman. "Ain't ye 'shamed of yerself? I'm er good min' ter slap ye!"

Phebe Ellen covered her face with her hands and began to sob.

Smithers went to the barn-lot, where Mr. Boardman and Hall were working at a straw-rick.

"Your wife wants you at the house, Mr. Boardman," he said.

Mr. Boardman let fall his pitchfork and straightway departed.

Smithers walked round the rick. Hall looked up, and scarcely changed expression when the muzzle of a revolver met his vision.

"You —— dog!" Smithers exclaimed, in a low, rasping tone, "and I saved your life!"

With the celerity of a machine Hall flashed out a long knife and leaped forward. His jaws were set like those of a bull-dog.

Smithers fired. Hall's body jerked when the bullet struck; but the man was of iron; he went right on. Again and again the pistol rang out loud and clear. Then the knife began its work.

"You'll never get that reward," panted Smithers, continuing to fire until he had sent seven bullets into his antagonist.

"But I'll git you, all the same," Hall gasped, stabbing away. "I allus git 'em."

Both men were carried to the house insensible, torn almost to shreds with wounds. Smithers died the following night; but Hall's vitality was something amazing. The doctors said that they had never seen the like; if he got well it would be one of those unaccountable freaks of nature.

They buried Smithers decently, and there were hundreds of people from far and near to see the funeral. It was mere curiosity of that deplorable sort which seems to underlie human nature.

Phebe Ellen went about like one in a dazed state. After the burial of the dead man she had little to say. Her daily work she did as usual, and her mother kindly refrained from any allusion to what lay nearest the poor girl's heart.

"S'pose we'll git good pay for all our trouble," said Mr. Boardman to his wife one day. "Smithers had a reward out on him, an' Hall 'll git five thousand dollars for killin' of 'im. The reward war dead 'r 'live."

Phebe Ellen heard; but she did not look up from the potatoes she was peeling. She shuddered numbly.

"What had Smithers done?" inquired Mrs. Boardman.

"Killed a jedge on the bench for decidin' a case. Hall is a detective."

"What sort of a case was it that the jedge decided?"

"A will case, where Smithers's father (his name wasn't Smithers, neither, but Goring),—a case where the ole man had willed every cent of his property to charity, to build a pore-house or somethin', leavin' his widder an' son without nothin' at all."

"An' he shot the jedge for decidin' agin' his mother?"

"Yes."

"Done right."

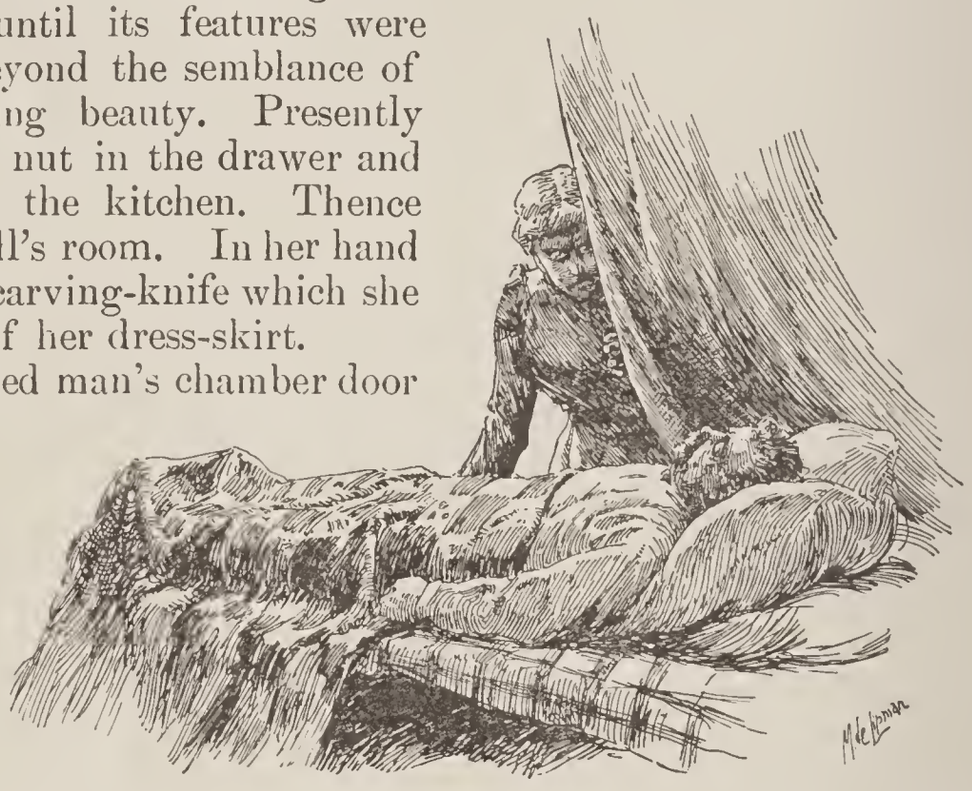
Phebe Ellen listened in silence. She carved the potatoes with rigid exactness.

When the doctor came that afternoon she asked him concerning Hall's condition.

"Is he going to get well?"

"It really looks hopeful now," said the professional man, rubbing his hands together; "but I can't account for it. Why the man didn't die instantly is more than I can understand."

The girl turned away and went about her duties until the doctor was gone. Then she shut herself up in her own room for an hour. Her eyes were hot and dry, her temples throbbed, and her hands were like ice. She took out of a table drawer a red buckeye nut. Smithers had tossed it to her one day without a word. Holding this memento in first one hand and then the other, she gazed at the floor with a strange, strained, hopeless stare. Her face gradually shrivelled until its features were drawn almost beyond the semblance of their former young beauty. Presently she replaced the nut in the drawer and went down into the kitchen. Thence she passed to Hall's room. In her hand she clutched the carving-knife which she hid in the folds of her dress-skirt.



At the wounded man's chamber door she paused and listened. The coast was clear, and she entered.

Swiftly and noiselessly as a cat she glided to the bedside and raised the knife; but on high her hand faltered. She could not strike; for Hall was dead.

Maurice Thompson.

FROST.

I TRACED her name upon the frost
That blurred my window-pane;
At morn the sweet device was lost,
The glass was blurred again.

So fades the impress that we make
On those who love no more:
'Tis like the ripple on the lake,
Scarce seen till it is o'er.

St. George Best.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

PROBABLY not a man, woman, or child educated in the public schools of Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, or Wyoming ever saw a school geography in which their States, or parts of them, were designated as "The Great American Desert."

Yet maps thus indicating that region, accompanied by descriptions in which it was likened to the Great Sahara of Africa, and also by illustrations of caravans of traders crossing these "arid plains" under the greatest difficulties and amid constant dangers, were in use in the common schools of cities east of the Mississippi River as late as 1845.

MAP SHOWING
the Divisions existing in the
WESTERN PORTION OF THE
UNITED STATES,
in 1840.

On the official map of the United States of as late date as 1820 this same region figured as "The Louisiana Purchase." The same official maps of 1840, reproduced herewith, designate these States as part of the "Indian Territory." It was as recently as 1842 that Fremont first explored what, writing in 1885, he calls the "prairie wilderness" and describes as "a strange and inhospitable country." Appletons' Cyclopædia issued in 1860 repeatedly speaks of this region as "deserts which followers of explorers like Fremont hesitated to penetrate," and alludes to "arid and desert plains." It was only in 1865 that Butterworth established his "Overland Dispatch," a pony mail-express and

passenger-coach line across the same territory, then designated as "The Plains," from Atchison, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. In 1867, a mining engineer and expert, Mr. A. W. Hoyt, sent by a number of Eastern capitalists to see "if there really was such a country as Colorado Territory, and, if it did exist, to learn if any mines were there, as in the East both were being seriously doubted," wrote of this region as "The Great American Desert, almost impassable for man or beast." And under date of August 16, 1878, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes to a friend of "riding night and day across the great desert plains."

And the region indicated had many of the characteristics of the African Sahara, except that the American Desert was covered with a nutritious grass, instead of sand. But, like the Sahara, our desert was low and flat for many hundreds of miles; and beyond the extreme limits of both deserts were found lofty mountains in which were half concealed the most fertile of valleys, and which were storehouses of metallic treasures incalculable, and the sources of mighty streams. Our desert in those days, like the Sahara for thousands of years past, was traversed only to reach the fertile lands and hidden ores beyond. The American Desert was dry, if not exactly sterile. It was inhabited by a red race as savage as the swarthy Arabs of Sahara; and it produced in the buffalo a beast quite as curious, if not as useful, as the camel. The receding waters of the great inland sea which at some remote age covered these vast plains had left in the Missouri River and its tributaries streams with many of the peculiarities of old Father Nile, such as sudden and extraordinary floods. The caravans of traders which traversed the American Desert sought oases at Santa Fé and Deseret, just as those crossing the Sahara journeyed to like points of refuge and rest with like Oriental names. The simoons of the Sahara were as the cyclones of the American Desert; and as the Sahara travellers to this day bury their heads to escape the fury of the passing sand-storms, so the Western settler digs a pit in which to seek refuge from the destructive wind-storms of the Plains.

But the parallel is of the past. It no longer exists; for, while the Sahara remains to-day as it was beyond the records of time, the American Desert is populous with an enterprising race; it is dotted with cities of marvellously rapid growth; it is gridironed with railways; its dry and arid surface has been watered into a richly-productive soil, until we see here a garden-spot of the continent, rather than its Sahara. Not only have the savage tribes been conquered and exterminated, but nature herself has been subdued and overcome. Her small supply of timber has been remedied by the tearing of coal from her bosom. The water she denied to the plain she has been compelled to surrender from her mountains for equitable distribution by man's artificial means to the plains below. The energetic American settler on the Great Desert was not content, like the lazy and dreamy Egyptian, to watch a Nilometer a thousand years old to know when to look for the rise of his rivers; but, draining them at their sources in the mountains, he stores their floods and doles their waters out through innumerable sluices and canals and ditches as the broad fields demand life-

giving irrigation. And he goes on thus, year after year, building more drains and reclaiming more acres of his desert. The once guarded and fortified camping-spots of a generation ago he has turned into free cities which fear no foe and engage only in friendly rivalry and contention with one another.

All this has been accomplished within a little more than a generation. In less than a generation cities in that region have grown to greater population than cities of the Eastern States of the nation which are two hundred years old; and in some instances cities of the Plains incorporated less than a decade ago have a larger population than towns founded by the Puritans and by Penn a century since. It would be incredible, if the official figures did not establish the fact, that Denver, Colorado, for instance, incorporated in 1861, has a larger population than Albany, New York, founded in 1686, and nearly twice that of Trenton, New Jersey, incorporated in 1792, though founded forty years before. The town of Beatrice, Nebraska, is now just eleven years old; its population is 13,836; while Dover, New Hampshire, was settled in 1623 and has now a population of only 12,790. As a still more extraordinary development, one may cite the city of Wichita, Kansas, right in the heart of the desert plains, which has a population of 23,853, an actual valuation of $27,170,067 of property, a costly

water system, twenty miles of electric street railways, nineteen banking institutions, is the converging point of five steam railways, and is lighted by electricity. Colorado itself, in the heart of this great American desert, was admitted as a Territory only in 1861, as a State as late as 1876, and last year its property valuation was assessed for State tax purposes at $220,544,064. Such extraordinary illustrations of rapid development of a country are unparalleled in history.

The extraordinary development of this peculiar and interesting region is not yet written history. Indeed, the region is not old enough to be thought entitled to the dignity of historical record. The time to write it has not ripened; the material has not been collected; in fact, it is only beginning to be manufactured. I can only write solely in the hope that I may incite others to steps to preserve the facts of this development. I can only hope in this article to point out this rapid growth of a section of our country, partly as a stimulus to those who are making its prosperity, partly to excite thought as to the possibilities of the early future, to stimulate renewed energy in the same direction of intelligent development, but chiefly to urge the collection and preservation of this history now making. The facts which I throw together without much method, though with some care, I have secured through newspaper clippings from current publications furnished me from time to time, and from the officials of a number of the cities of the Plains who have sympathized with my purpose in preparing this article. I am actuated to persevere in this by a former experience of a similar character. In *Harper's Magazine* in 1866 I pointed out the grave dangers to our fishing interests, and thus led to an agitation which has resulted in establishing Fish Commissions in nearly every State. In this magazine in May, 1881, I pointed out the dangers to our oyster-supply; and since then the oyster has been liberally legislated on, to the preservation of his natural beds. If, in like manner, I can stir up the authorities of even one State in the "dry, arid desert" region of the Great West to a preservation of its early historical records, I shall have accomplished a good part of my purpose.

In the following statistics of a number of cities of the Plains I have not attempted to be exhaustive. I am not sure that I am accurate in every case, but I am certain I do not exaggerate. The sources of information in most cases are the city officials themselves, in response to circulars asking for particulars. In other cases I have appealed to the census and to the *New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle.* I have included in the table a few cities (also shown on the map of the Desert as it blossoms to-day) which lie outside, on the fringe, as it were, of the Desert, but much of their prosperity is due to the development of the Plains, and they may be properly embraced in the statement, especially if, like Minneapolis and Colorado Springs, Colorado, they serve to illustrate peculiar phases of Western development. With the idea of avoiding the suspicion of having selected only towns of larger growth and abnormal development, owing their prosperity to local advantages, I have also selected cities of small population in every section of what was known as the Desert, except those which were located in the Llano Estacado or Staked Plains of Texas, which the

THIRTY CITIES OF THE PLAINS.

Names.	Year of Incorp'n.	Popula'n 1890.	Bonded Debt.	Assessed Value.	Actual Value.	Cost of Water-Works.	How Lighted.	Miles of Street R.R.	Banks.
Arkansas City, Kan.	1856	8,354	$58,500	$1,488,805	.....	.....	.....	...	9
Atchison, Kan.	1856	13,963	694,600	2,959,160	$11,836,640	private corporat'n	Electricity	...	10
Beatrice, Neb.	1885	13,836	228,500	2,000,000	16,000,000	$125,000	Electricity	5	6
Burlington, Iowa	...	22,565	368,000	4,500,000	.....	.....	.....	12	5
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	1857	18,000	134,000	3,300,000	13,200,000	private corporat'n	Electricity	11½	6
Cheyenne, Wyo.	...	11,693	136,582	3,460,294	.....	.....	.....	...	4
Clinton, Iowa	...	13,619	73,575	1,900,000	.....	.....	.....	5	6
Colorado Springs, Col.	1872	11,140	594,000	5,600,000	11,760,000	500,000	Electricity	22	23
Council Bluffs, Iowa	1854	21,474	140,000	5,700,000	28,500,000	private corporat'n	Electricity	15	8
Davenport, Iowa	1839	26,872	175,000	8,288,600	16,577,200	1,250,000	Electricity	23	7
Denver, Col.	1861	106,713	728,000	73,133,430	219,400,290	private corporat'n	Electricity	98	34
Des Moines, Iowa	1853	50,067	580,000	15,465,135	77,325,675	private corporat'n	Electricity and gas	29½	20
Dubuque, Iowa	1837	30,311	731,602	19,088,560	28,632,840	private corporat'n	Electricity and gas	27	7
Emporia, Kan.	...	7,550	282,300	.....	.....	212,000	.....	...	4
Fort Scott, Kan.	...	11,946	236,995	2,301,000	9,204,038	.....	.....	6	5
Kansas City, Mo.	...	132,716	1,099,439	82,485,557	.....	.....	.....	54	30
Kansas City, Kan.	...	38,316	1,752,398	.....	.....	.....	.....	...	10
Keokuk, Iowa	1848	14,101	287,400	4,618,475	9,236,950	150,000	Electricity	6	3
Laramie, Wyo.	1884	6,395	40,000	1,986,362	3,972,724	60,000	Electricity	6	4
Leavenworth, Kan.	1855	19,763	783,527	5,472,810	21,891,240	250,000	Electricity and gas	...	4
Lincoln, Neb.	...	55,154	1,321,500	10,133,093	.....	.....	.....	58	17
Minneapolis, Minn.	...	164,738	6,770,759	136,944,372	.....	1,230,000	.....	181	36
Omaha, Neb.	1854	140,452	1,711,100	20,442,096	200,000,000	private corporat'n	Electricity and gas	85	35
Pueblo, Col.	...	24,558	192,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	22	9
Sioux City, Iowa	...	37,862	1,259,777	16,387,212	.....	325,000	.....	23	23
South Omaha, Neb.	...	8,052	307,000	1,892,121	.....	.....	.....	...	4
St. Paul, Minn.	...	133,156	7,579,965	122,000,000	.....	2,460,000	.....	81	24
Topeka, Kan.	1867	31,007	1,239,727	10,056,351	30,169,053	500,000	Electricity	25	23
Trinidad, Col.	...	5,500	106,871	3,290,843	.....	.....	.....	...	3
Wichita, Kan.	1871	23,853	828,613	9,056,689	27,170,067	private corporat'n	Electricity and gas	20	19

latest report of the U. S. Geographical Survey describes as "similar to the plains of Colorado, Kansas, and northward."

Of course, footings of an incomplete table like the foregoing are unsatisfactory: the true significance of the figures as given is to be found in the comparisons which will be instituted between the towns named. But it may be said, as an interesting summary, that these thirty cities of an average age of less than a quarter of a century have a total population of one million two hundred thousand, or an average of forty thousand to each city. There are only fifty-seven cities in the country with a population of over fifty thousand, and seven of them are embraced in this list which I present.

A bonded debt is not exactly proof of prosperity, but it is very good evidence of the existence of that enterprising spirit which is willing to bond the future to secure the means of present development. These cities in bonding for long terms in large amounts for improvements are not unjustly imposing a burden on posterity. By right the future citizens should pay in part for the improvements which they will not only enjoy in their completeness, but which, by their construction, will enhance the value of the property to be inherited. But the bonded debts of these growing cities aggregate $32,000,000, in round numbers, while the property assessed for taxation to pay it amounts to $571,000,000. The percentage of taxable values averages about one-fourth of the actual value, which basis of calculation would give an actual value of real and personal property in these thirty cities of about $2,250,000,000.

These cities, with hardly an exception, are lighted by electricity. Presumably the same electrical plants supply power and heat also to some extent. The older towns have been quick to adopt the superior system of lighting. Many of the new towns have been born since Edison made his discoveries and the Thompson-Houston, Westinghouse, and Edison Electric Companies gave them practical application, and have gone through no sad experience with gasoline or even gas. These cities have nearly all also adopted the electric system of street railways, and have in operation over eight hundred miles of such lines, —more than exist in all the other cities of the country combined.

Minneapolis and St. Paul, practically one city, with a joint population of nearly three hundred thousand, are more remarkable in their growth than any other cities of the country, Chicago not excepted. Their street railways are really one system, and they have jointly over two hundred and seventy-five miles of electric lines, and have no other kind now. New as these cities are, they have little appearance of newness. Their large buildings are among the finest specimens of modern architecture.

As I said before, the facts, as well as the space allotted me, permit me only to suggest possibilities of future development. One important feature which must not be lost sight of, and which is destined greatly to influence the further development of the country we have been considering, is the system of irrigation which is being introduced all over this region. In the South Dakota flat lands it was for a long time thought that the water-supply drawn from artesian wells could not be

distributed over the level surface of the plains; but actual experience shows that nature aids in the absorption and distribution of the water drawn from her bowels by a sort of sub-soil or underflow of water by which it permeates the soil and accomplishes its true purpose. In the same way in the Staked Plains of Texas it has been found that the water absorbed by the porous sediment of the soil can be abstracted again, and it is now being used largely to water herds of cattle on these otherwise non-cultivated fields. The system of irrigation in Colorado and Kansas is different, and far more extensive. The mountain-streams are being dammed in all directions to supply the distributing canals which intersect the plains and water the once so-called Desert. The Eastern capitalists who less than a quarter of a century ago sent out experts to learn if there were really gold-mines in Colorado, having invested all they could in mines, are now buying the Irrigation bonds of the same State. A very large investment business is being done by capitalists in New York and Boston in this class of bonds. A phase of irrigation which is novel, but whose value cannot yet be determined, is seen in the establishment in various parts of Colorado and Kansas of what are known as Artificial Rain Companies, which contract to produce freshets on demand by exploding dynamite in the clouds above the spot to be watered! Of course these may prove to be visionary schemes; but actual irrigation by damming the mountain-streams has accomplished the reclamation of a vast region. The census returns are necessarily incomplete as regards not only irrigation but also electrical development in the West. It is safe to say that since the last census was taken more miles of electrical railways and irrigation-canals have been constructed than existed previous to 1890, and far more money has been invested in two years since the census was taken in the two directions of irrigation and electric railway construction than was invested in all the time previous to the year of the last census.

Another great development of the States which so recently were designated as the Desert is to be found in the construction of steam railways. I have endeavored to obtain data of this development down to 1892, but have found it not to be possible to secure trustworthy figures. The Interstate Commerce Commissioner's report for 1890 is the latest official data at my commands. It is incomplete, since many thousands of miles of road have been built since 1890; but when it is recalled that the first road across the Plains was not finished until about 1865, the figures of 1890 will appear astounding:

RAILWAY MILEAGE IN THE DESERT STATES.

States.	Mileage.
Colorado	4,170.19
Iowa	8,365.97
Kansas	8,806.45
Minnesota	5,466.37
Missouri	6,004.10
Nebraska	5,295.35
South Dakota	2,485.89
Total	40,594.32

The world has never before seen any such remarkable development of any territory like this; certainly not of a territory which was so recently condemned as "inhospitable and uninhabitable." The marvellous growth of Chicago in its early stages cannot be compared with that of some of these cities of the Desert Plains. And every phase of this development adds immensely to the wealth and importance of these Eastern States.

"Eastern States" is not a typographical or pen error. It is not a misnomer to call the States of the Great American Desert Eastern States. They lie far east of the geographical centre of this great country, and to my mind it is important that the fact be dwelt upon. A line drawn from north to south at an equal distance from the eastern extremity of the United States at the boundary-line of Maine and the western extremity of Alaska, at Cape Prince of Wales, will run west of Salt Lake City. A very indefinite idea prevails of the vast extent of our territory and the distance between points of importance in this country. It is about as far, as the crow flies, from Galveston to El Paso, both in the same State of Texas, as it is from New York to Chicago, crossing four great States, or as from New York to Atlanta, Georgia, passing through seven of the oldest States!

William F. G. Shanks.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

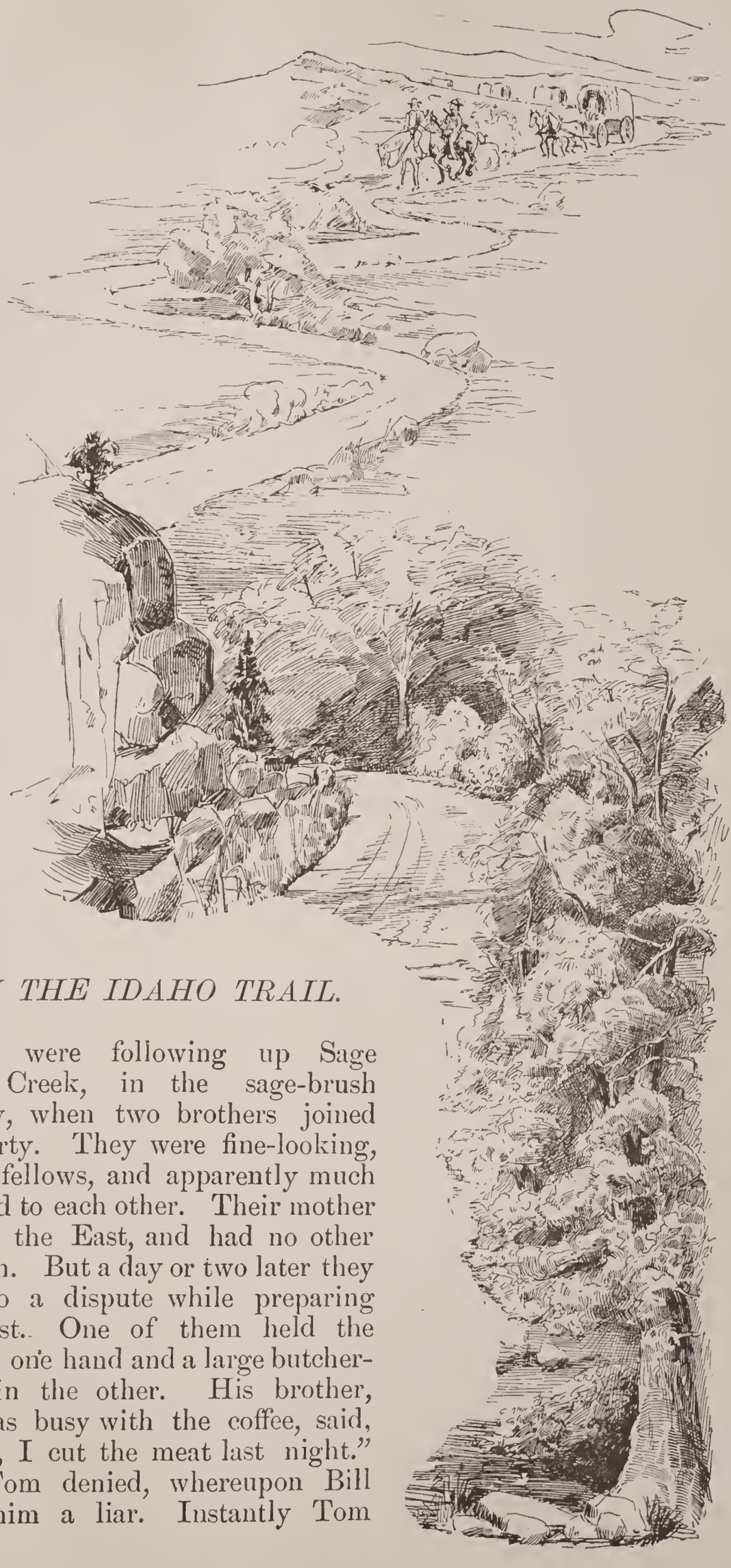
"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

POOR old thing, what pleasures find you
There upon life's farthest rim?
Deeply cruel Time has lined you,
Yea, and he has tried to blind you;
Glassy are your eyes and dim!

Fawning courtiers one time dined you,
Praised you, petted you, and wined you,
Clinking goblets brim to brim,—
Poor old thing!

Now, the death-watch ticks his hymn,
And a gulf yawns black and grim;
Only memories remind you
Of the triumphs erst assigned you:
The best of life you've left behind you,
Poor old thing!

Susie M. Best.



ON THE IDAHO TRAIL.

WE were following up Sage Creek, in the sage-brush country, when two brothers joined the party. They were fine-looking, manly fellows, and apparently much attached to each other. Their mother was in the East, and had no other children. But a day or two later they fell into a dispute while preparing breakfast. One of them held the meat in one hand and a large butcher-knife in the other. His brother, who was busy with the coffee, said, "Tom, I cut the meat last night." This Tom denied, whereupon Bill called him a liar. Instantly Tom

lost all self-control, and was as one bereft of reason; his face became like that of a demon. He dropped the meat, and plunged the knife into his brother's bosom: it entered the heart, and Bill fell dead.

The murderer was seized by remorse, and cried, "What have I done? What will mother say when she hears of this?" He called for the captain of the train, and said, "I give myself up: I want you to hang me. O God, strike me dead!"

The incident caused much excitement in the camp. We were far from the law's protection, in the country of the ever-treacherous Sioux. All our grain had been fed to the stock long before. We knew not how many tempers like Tom's might be among us. The law of self-protection asserted itself: what to do was the question of the moment. The older and more intelligent men held a consultation, and determined to try Tom by a jury, six of whom were to be selected by himself, and the other six by Captain Shaw, the accused having the right of challenging any of these, and also of counsel. These rights he waived.

The trial was short and simple. The evidence was heard, and the prisoner called on for a statement, which he was unable to make. The jury—I have never seen a jury so grave and solemn as this—retired behind a little mound in the sage-brush. Soon, with slow and measured step, they came back and announced their verdict—Guilty. The captain polled the jury, and inquired of each in turn, "Is this your finding?" Each answer was distinct,—"It is." The captain, as if not satisfied, repeated the verdict, and asked, "So say you all?" They replied, "We do." All was conducted as decorously as if the place had been a court of justice. A more impressive scene I never witnessed.

The captain called our guide, and whispered with him for a moment; then he appointed a guard to take charge of the prisoner. The command was given to break camp and march; the train was soon in motion toward a dark-blue line of shade.

When we made camp, about four P.M., every man and woman in the party felt that the end was at hand. Near by stood a small grove of trees, now putting forth the tender leaf. The camp-fires were built in silence; no customary sound of song or hymn arose that evening.

Soon all was ready. The wagon, with poor Tom and his guards, was driven to the grove. The rope was adjusted. The condemned was asked if he wished to speak. In a husky voice he said, "I deserve what I am getting. Good-by, all. God have mercy on my soul!" A tap was given to the horses, and Tom was left dangling. The captain said, "Men, if any of you are hot-blooded, take warning. I don't want another job like this."

A small pit had been dug; in this the body was placed, the limbs being straightened. A blanket was thrown over it and covered as smoothly as possible with cotton-wood bark. Over this were laid flat stones, then smaller stones, until the grave was more than half filled; then earth and more stones, so that no sign upon the surface betrayed the presence of what lay beneath. All this care was to protect the body from disinterment or mutilation by savages or coyotes.

The property of the brothers was inventoried; on our arrival at Virginia City it was sold, and the proceeds sent to their mother in the East.

W. Y. Lovell.

LA CROSSE.

[ATHLETIC SERIES.]

THAT sport or game which requires the best endeavors of both body and mind in a strictly amateur way is worthy of the consideration of every man and his participation therein. Such a game is La Crosse.

It has been said, and with considerable truth, too, that La Crosse is a little of foot-ball, of hockey, and of racquet. The goals resemble those of foot-ball and hockey; the occasional struggle for the ball is like the "scrummage" of foot-ball, though not so rough and dangerous; the general mode of play may be compared to hockey; while the crosse can claim some resemblance to the racquet-bat. It has also been well said that there is nevertheless a sufficient amount of originality in the game to render it wholly a distinct one.

In its inception the game of La Crosse, or Bagataway, was exclusively an Indian game, practised by the various tribes for two purposes,—first, recreation, and, second, as a training-school to fit the young warriors for the stern realities of the war-path by quickening the mind, strengthening the body, and accustoming them to close combat. As a sport it was admirably suited to develop the physique of young Indian warriors. So general did indulgence in the game become that, according to one writer, among some of the tribes it was "the chief object of their lives."

It was not until 1843 that the game was adopted by the Canadians. At first it did not attract much attention, and not until some twenty years afterwards did the young white men begin to see the advantages of the game, at which time (about 1860) Montreal introduced it as a recognized sport or pastime. From that time the rise and development of the game may be chronicled. The first properly-organized club came into existence in 1860, under the name of the Montreal La Crosse Club; and this proved to be the pioneer of numerous similar organizations throughout Christendom. Very soon afterwards a convention was called which resulted in the formation of the "National La Crosse Association of Canada," an organization to which the game owes more for its growth than to any other body.

It was not long before the game was carried over the borders; for Americans were not slow to perceive its chief features,—the skill and science necessary to play it, and the physical development attendant upon practice therein,—and the "Amateur La Crosse Association of the United States" was the outcome. This body went to pieces after a lingering existence, and was succeeded by the "Eastern Association of Amateur La Crosse Players," which is at the present time in a flourishing condition, each year the clubs included in its membership playing a series of games for the championship.

The Amateur Athletic Union of America also took up the game and fostered it. A series of games for the championship of the Union were instituted, but, owing to an unfortunate complication of circumstances, the scheme to have a number of contests in each division fell through last season. There were but three entries from the Atlantic and Metropolitan Associations, and the La Crosse board decided to permit these three teams—the New York Athletic Club, Staten Island Athletic Club, and Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy—to play among themselves. The New York team finished in the first place, the Quakers second, and the Staten Island men last.

There is still another body of clubs, composed exclusively of college teams, and known as the Inter-Collegiate Association. The teams composing its membership are Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, and Stevens Institute of New York. Princeton was an active member of this body, but last season dropped out. The team from the Monumental City were successful in establishing their supremacy last year. Owing to the increased interest in the game at the University of Pennsylvania, it is deemed quite likely that the men who sport the red and blue will be found in the field with a strong team at the beginning of this season. The astonishing success of that other Philadelphia "twelve," the A.C.S.N., is undoubtedly due in a great measure to the indefatigable efforts of the chairman of their La Crosse board and captain of the team, Charles S. Powell, who is now hailed as the father of the game in the City of Homes. There are many other leagues, but neither time nor space will allow any further discussion of the history of the sport.

The present game of La Crosse bears but a very faint resemblance to the original game of the Indians. The rougher elements have been eliminated, and science has been substituted. The working-tools, as in the game of cricket, have been changed in a very marked degree. The crosse, or stick, is different both in shape and in construction. The various Indian tribes themselves did not use the same stick. The Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, and Chippewas had crosses about three feet in length, bent into a hoop at one end just large enough to hold the ball. Other tribes used about the same length crosse, but the end was circular. None of the original sticks were more than four feet long. The net-work or strings were originally of *wattup* (the small roots of the spruce-tree, used for sewing bark canoes); afterwards they were made of deer-skin.

Now as to the mode of playing the game. Having secured a field of sufficient dimensions to permit the planting of two goals—each consisting of two flag-posts six feet in length above the ground, including any top ornament, and six feet apart,—not more than one hundred and twenty-five yards and not less than one hundred yards apart, in positions agreed upon by the captains of the teams, we can start in upon the subject proper.

Twelve players constitute a La Crosse team, and they are known, from the different positions which they play, as goal-keeper, point, cover point, first, second, and third defence, centre, first, second, and third attack field, outside home, and inside home.

Each team has its captain, and he may or may not be an actual par-

ticipant in the match, but if he be a non-player he must not carry a crosse nor be attired in a La Crosse uniform. The duties of the player in command are many and important. He must select umpires and referees, toss for choice of goal, call "fouls" during the match, and report any infringement of the rules. He has entire charge of the team while it is on the field. As to his qualifications, usually he is an old player (and when I say old I refer to experience rather than to years), for he must be well posted and thoroughly conversant with the technicalities of the game. As he must follow the game, he should be an active man. He must follow the ball, call to the players, and direct them in playing it. A good code of signals, such as are used in football, has been found to work out better results than calling to the player, for that often attracts the attention of the opposite side. Signals are always a help to both player and captain, and many are the "goals" won by the use thereof.

For a little while, let us look into the various qualifications to be possessed by men in different positions. And first the "goal-keeper." He should be strong, cool, and active. He has so much responsibility resting on his shoulders that in any misplay he should always be judged leniently and receive the sympathy rather than the criticism of his fellow-players. Goal-keeping is not chance-work, in any game into which that position enters, and more particularly in the sport under discussion. It is a science in which one can become proficient only by dint of long, hard practice and minute attention to the details of the game. Probably no position on the whole team offers greater opportunities for scientific development than keeping goal. To make a successful player in this position one must possess any amount of pluck, for he is always a target for the home men, and if he cannot receive them without flinching he can never hope to attain success.

Another most important position is that of "point." He is, as it were, the keystone of the defence. Home men generally consider that when "point" has been passed the goal is as good as won. Possessing, as he does, nearly if not quite all the responsibility of the goal-keeper, the qualifications for this most important post are both numerous and varied. He should have a quick eye, good legs, muscular arms, sound wind, and should be able to handle his crosse with ease and to stand any amount of shouldering. His position is that of protector of the flags, and is therefore one of defence, not of attack. His entire duty is to check the home men and keep them from throwing on the flags. His object should be to keep himself fresh and ready, so as to frustrate any attempts that his opponents may make to throw or dodge through the goal. "Cover point" should be about the same distance from point as point is from goal. He is the colleague of point, and, though allowed more liberty, should always be on hand when wanted. He should possess all the qualifications of "point," with rather more freedom in using them. As a general rule, he is compelled to stand more hard work than "point," for he is a sort of human breakwater, and must bear the brunt of the first shock.

For the purposes of defence there are three other players, known as first, second, and third defence. Their object is to cover closely, or

watch their opponents and to check them. They should be men who are not afraid to check, and in playing they should relieve each other of the ball as soon as possible and give it to their home players. They should watch the checks of their home players and be good throwers. As fielders must always, necessarily, be left much under their own control, they should make it part of their training to cultivate confidence in each other, by "tacking," as it is called in La Crosse parlance,—otherwise, passing into each other's hands. The second defence should stop the check of the first defence, and should he get the advantage the other two follow out to the goal-keeper, cover point and point doing likewise.

THE "DRAW-OFF."

The ball is started from "centre," and it is the object of the man playing this position to secure the ball in the "draw-off" or commencement of the game and pass it to the home or attack men. He is the medium for transferring the ball from defence to attack. The "attack men," as in the case of "defence," are three in number,—first, second, and third. The first-named endeavors to secure the ball from "centre," and then attacks his opponents' goal for the purpose of drawing off the defence. The second and third men relieve the first attack to enable him to score: indeed, he is usually relied upon to do all the scoring, as he occupies a better position for that purpose than either of the other two. He should be a good dodger, and very active, for the ball sometimes becomes wedged up. It is then part of his duty to go out for it.

Every fielder should practise quick, straight shots for the flags. They frequently have opportunities for so doing, and these chances should always be taken advantage of. Above all, confidence and harmony must exist between these men, or the attack will degenerate into a mere scrummage in which every man works on his own hook. The invariable result then is—nothing. A peculiar combination of mental and physical qualities is necessary in the men playing these positions. No proper definition of this combination can be given, but it is the knack of being in the right place at the right time,—of checking the right man in the right way,—of assisting your friends and outwitting your opponents. They should practise running around the field, and not remain bunched, but at the same time care should be taken not to get too far apart. The strength of the attack lies in combined proficiency rather than in individual excellence. The third attack is relieved of the ball when in a scrummage by the "outside home," who gets himself in a position to score. It is incumbent upon this player to be near his opponent's goal at all times, so that he may always be ready to receive the ball or render assistance to his attacking men.

The hardest position on the "twelve" to fill is that of "inside home." It is his duty to secure the ball after it passes the goal line, and play it back in front of the flags to enable his men to score. He

A "SCRUMMAGE."

not only has his own man to check, but also the goal-keeper, besides having the other duty of always being ready to get the ball after it has gone to the back of the goals. He must also be in a position to attack

A "CHECK."

or interfere with the goal-keeper's stick as soon as the ball is thrown for the goal by one of his men. He should, as far as possible, maintain his position close to the flags, his object in this being to close in easily and either catch, throw, alter the direction of the ball, or strike it through the goal-posts, when the ball is thrown to him or at the flags. He should be an unfailing catch, and never—rather than hardly ever—miss getting the ball when it is thrown to him. He has no time to think; for delays are extremely dangerous. The principal requisites of a successful "home" are certainly quickness in catching, rapidity and precision in throwing, and ability to dodge. Indeed, the last-named qualification is an absolute necessity. His energies should be directed to a given point,—namely, the enemy's goal,—and brilliant play is to him nothing if it bring him no nearer the goal or give him no better chance to put the ball between the flags. Lack of directness and force seems to be the crying evil of many players. Every man should have one single, definite object in view, and that object—that purpose—to put the ball through the flags. To that end all his energies should be directed. A fair and scientific style of play should be cultivated, confidence in one another encouraged, and *skill* substituted for *brute force.*

Frederick Weir.

THE WOMAN OF THE PLAINS.

T was in late October, the ground sun-baked, hard as iron, and all that day since early morning when I set forth I had heard the thud of following horses' hoofs. I thought as the day wore on and the sound still rung in my head that I was going daft. I had known of stage-drivers on the plains that went mad from sheer lonesomeness. I whistled and chirped to my teams, and tried not to notice; but at the noon station, where I could not eat, I asked the boss if there was anything queer about me. He said, whiskers. They used to make fun of my long red beard, that now is white as snow.

I laughed and drove on; but all the afternoon the sound followed me, and I often caught myself looking behind, awesome-like, as children do on dark stairs. At the supper station Sandy Harris was waiting to go back with me. He had come down with freighters. He lived neighbor to me in Denver. His wife was one of the first white women in the village, where now in '64 a score would include all her sex of her color,—squaws not counting. I was glad of Sandy's company. Maybe if I'd had a passenger that day I could have talked the megrims away.

The sun dropped down behind the level land, as I've seen it fall below an ocean view on a rugged coast in the days of my youth. A soft wind rustled the withered grass, like little dead emigrant children creeping up from their graves a-hunting their mothers; and never that ghost little wind blows but I think of the baby pioneers a-sleeping by the trail. Far the pale moon blinked into light, and came a-sailing across the plains of heaven, the one traveller there.

The queer feeling being strong upon me, I gave the reins to Sandy, lit my pipe, and after a puff or two I told him of the sound.

"Bill," he said, solemn-like, "I'm glad you spoke; for since I set out I could 'a' swore a hoss was gallopin' arter us, and have been lookin' behind sneaky-like, 'cause there wa'n't none, and I thought my mind was givin' out."

A stir went along my veins, reaching the roots of my hair. Scarce had he spoke when the noise was close after us. I leaped up and looked back upon the moonlit trail. Man or devil, lost soul butchered by Indians, starved emigrant astray from his train, the very headless horseman they say as haunts these solitudes, I'd have faced him.

A black broncho splotched with white, as countries on a map, flashed into the shining road nerved to homestretch speed; yet its gait was not that of any running horse I ever looked upon. It came in long, agonized leaps, spurning the earth, far in advance of the flying

dust, its breath a dreadful rattle, blood and foam in its nostrils. I know the grit of an Indian pony, like the red devils that reared it. The rider waved a skeleton arm, but no sound came from the struggling lips parched by sun and dust.

Sandy pulled the teams to a stand-still, and as I leaped to the ground the pony, as if he knew his race was won, dropped in a heap

"LOOKED BACK UPON THE MOONLIT TRAIL."

at my feet. Its coat was a wash of foam, blood streamed from its gaping mouth, every vein swelled, the breath gone out of it. The rider, a nondescript thing in rags, rose and staggered to the poor little beast, knelt, and kissed the white star on its forehead. Then I knew she was a woman.

"You rode the horse to death," I said.

"I had to," she answered.

My God! as I looked at her I seemed to see the composite spirit of all those tortured and dead women who had died on the trail to the West, the Mormon converts, the Indians' prey, the discouraged and forsaken. She must have been tall once; she might have been young; but the snaky strings of tangled hair were streaked with white, not gray, and the shapeless rags about her scarce covered the skin-drawn bones. Her face tanned to leather was shrivelled and scarred with the white drawn seams of cruel wounds, and her features had been bruised and swollen out of semblance to a woman's face. Yet from that clay-colored mask beautiful eyes looked piteous, like a soul imprisoned in a loathsome cell. Beautiful, did I say? I don't know. I never want to look upon their kind again. You have seen the fearful glow in the eyes of a caged beast when the keeper's whip threatened or he sought to draw a bit of its food away,—a light one might call black electricity, and followed by a hiss. In the eyes of this strange woman was just that look, and the fire of hate never died until they glazed in death.

"Where did you come from?" I asked her.

"Don't ask me, but give me shelter to the town. Once there, I can make shift for myself."

She refused to ride inside, pointed with a gesture of abhorrence at her rags, and climbed on the baggage-rack. As she passed, I saw in her gown's folds a long, sharp knife. She meant never to be captured again.

"I'll take even bets it was Injuns," said Sandy, as we drove on, "and if it's them you won't get her to talk. There's some things too awful to put in words. I've settled in my mind to help her. Marm will take a sight of comfort in doin' for her; and there's a dug-out nigh my cabin as could be made comfortable. I'll go talk to her: me bein' a married man onderstands the female natur better nor you."

When the lights of the village glimmered ahead, Sandy came back across the stage-top.

"It was Injuns," he said, briefly, "but whether Arapahoes or Cheyennes I couldn't make out. She sort of brightened up at the notion of Mis' Harris's bein' a neighbor and a-providin' a clean caliker and a sun-bunnit, but I tell you, Bill, she's had fearful wrongs. Them eyes of hern ain't human. She wants us not to tell how we found her; and I said we wouldn't. She don't want to answer no questions. She may have a husband as she don't never want to see no more."

"Why not?" I cried. "A man to right her wrongs and wipe out the red devils."

"Bill," says Sandy, sorrowful, "there's some wrongs exterminatin' a tribe won't right; and wimmen of her sort, lovin' a man, of all people on earth to meet an' tell her story to, he'd be the larst."

I think Mrs. Harris called her Mary. I doubt if any one else called her anything or spoke much to her. She got washing to do, and among the queer drift in that far country her gaunt figure in faded calico and screening sun-bonnet took its place natural-like and pathetic. No man ever tried to peep under her bonnet, but all of us paid her well, for our few belongings she kept in order, and Charley Miles was almost prodigal in groceries to her. He prospected up Cherry Creek summers and failed in the grocery-business winters, but had a big, generous heart, and was called—standing six foot two and fair-complected like a Swede—the handsomest man in the Territory. He used to say he knew it was Indians that made her what she was,—that probably she was the widow of some murdered emigrant. All that summer from early spring there had been a series of atrocities committed by the fiends; and what more like than she was part of their spoils and escaped, God knows how, to live a silent protest, to us men with men's hearts, against treaties with them?

Our frontier posts were poorly garrisoned, the country being at war, and so the Indians made their hay and grew rich and prosperous. Sometimes they wrecked and looted a provision-train, and we nigh starved for food, or they ran off our horses and cattle and gave our wives and children nights of horror and fear, while we patrolled the streets of the village waiting an attack. Along the trail mutilated and

tortured bodies were found, women were taken captive and brave men burned at their wagon-wheels, where sometimes I used to wish the black-hearted agents might take a turn of broiling, for they supplied ammunition and guns of good make to the Indians. I remember reading in poetry a particular kind of a Hades an author chap wrote; and perhaps those agents are there, dying as men died at the hands of savages in name and nature.

At last we got permission from the government to raise a regiment to protect our property and settlers' lives. It was only for a hundred days, and part of that was gone waiting for horses and ammunition before we could start. We knew two hundred miles away there was gathered a mob of Arapahoes and Cheyennes who'd come in to be pardoned because winter was at hand; there was no feed for their ponies, and they wanted rations and a vacation till spring. Maybe there was five or six hundred of them: we didn't wait to count when we went to give them a lesson. Of course back East where people sleep in peace o' nights our course was cruel and barbarous, but somehow in the new country we were making and giving to the nation we wanted our wives to sleep in peace too, and our babies to play unmolested in the Colorado sunshine. They said back East that the Indians had given up their arms. When an Indian does that the guns are taken from him. In the fight they'd better arms than we had, and the trash they surrendered was a bluff, as old settlers well know. In their tents were the scalps of women and children, toys wrenched from baby hands, folderols women treasure and take on their faithful hearts to a new wild country, lockets and such with hair in 'em, often baby hair, gold and fine as cobwebs new-spun across grass-blades dipped in dew. We did not care for back East as we rode on silent and determined through two foot of snow, poorly clad, half fed, and wholly inexperienced. Charley Miles and I rode side by side, and Charley spoke of a load of provisions lost that summer when the James brothers' outfit was wiped out, but most of the woman in the sun-bonnet, that we'd got to call his shadow because of her going by the store o' nights and watching in, or standing long at her door looking after him when he passed. He wanted to even up her account; and, knowing her as I did, I had a mind to aid.

The night before we got to Fort Lyon all us men got sentimental over the camp-fires, as men will before a battle, and Charley and me sat long and talked. I said there was not a soul to moan over me if I faded out in the fight, but he took my hand a moment and squeezed it hard,—Charley and I had been chums a great while,—and then he told me of a girl he loved. He'd never spoken of her before. Her name was Margaret Meade; and she wasn't happy at home, account of her father's marrying a young wife when her mother hadn't been dead a year. Her father was rich, the big man of the town, and wouldn't listen to Charley till he could come back well off,—which I could see with half an eye would take a sight of time. The girl had written him in June her father was going to send her to Europe, she thought to separate them, but she would be true forever, and he must be, which I know he was, having seen him in Mexico with the señoritas, who can tangle a man's brain worse than their own pulque.

He handed me her picture, one of those old daguerrotypes one must hold forty ways to get a light to see. I held it down by the fire. A girl's face, proud and handsome, with smooth banded hair over a fair brow, beautiful dark eyes, and a modest bared neck a man would as soon kiss as the sweet mouth smiling above it.

"HE HANDED ME HER PICTURE."

"Worth working for, Charley," I said.

He nodded, and told me how many things she could do; and I did think what use piano-playing would be to her in the wilderness, or singing, save to rock a baby to sleep; but I said nothing, and tried to remember his messages in case he fell and to send her letters in his trunk in Denver.

"To think," he said, as he rose, "that I've kissed her only once, a good-by kiss that burns my lips yet, for she is odd about those things, so pure and good I wonder the women around those Mexican villages can be the same sex,—both God's work."

I heard a low moan like a hurt animal. He was gone in the tent, and I looked about careful. Only a small footprint in the snow. He was telling me he'd been haunted for days with a presentiment he couldn't explain: he thought it meant he was to fall in the fight. But I heard again the sound of far hoofs coming over a sun-dried land, I felt the being followed, and the sense of a human creature crying out to me for aid with words that could not reach me. And again that stir went along my veins, a-reaching to the roots of my hair.

At dawn on the 29th of November our prey, asleep in their tents,

lay at our feet, sure of pardon from a merciful government, glutted with murder, loaded with spoils, awaiting the spring. We were not a pardoning-board, and among our men most had a wrong to avenge. Our leader, the fighting parson,—he'd been presiding elder at Conferences,—gave us one command: "Take no prisoners." Some day history will call him a hero, when the war of the races, the civilized over the savage, will be recognized without Puritan hypocrisy.

The parson in command, "capture no prisoners" our watchword, the ghosts of dead men and worse than dead women spurring us on, we rode down to Sand Creek.

A man galloped across and stampeded the Indians' ponies; they can fight better on horseback. He was followed by a lean lithe figure, some boy I had not seen before, probably hid in the host of men who had followed us. He had on a wide cowboy hat, a long jacket and overalls, and he rode well, a part of the wiry spotted broncho he guided after the hero ahead. Yelling at the flying ponies, speeding after them like a fiend, he suddenly turned and dashed into the thick of the fight, the very centre of a mob of furious Indians. I saw he had no weapon but a long sharp knife; and it dripped all the day. He seemed to know by some horrible instinct the Indian's trick of creeping behind and stabbing a foe; and he saved many of our men from that death, for he crept up behind the Indian.

"That man," cried Charley, white and sick with the butchery, "is avenging a wrong: he fights for a past."

Once in close quarters, the man with a past met me face to face. I saw his close-cropped white hair: no boy; an old man. I saw his wrinkled face, sun-parched and seamed; then—I knew the eyes, the strange glow,—the fire of hate.

"You know me now, the woman of the plains. I have only lived for this day. I followed on. Don't cheat me of my vengeance. That tribe had me from June until October. I have lived in the horrors of hell. The other women died; one committed suicide. I dared not and I could not die. When I am dead, tell him the woman he loved tried to come to him, and my story as you know it. In one of those tents are some of my poor belongings and his picture: I clung to that until the last. The people I started with were murdered. I did not send him word, knowing what fears he'd suffer. I ran away from home because I did not want to be separated from him by the sea; and this is my punishment. I listened to you last night. My broken heart came back to flesh and blood,—my heart of stone,—and I wept as a woman; I cried out in my agony. There is only vengeance now. I am blood-mad. Do not tell him till I am buried; I don't want him to see me, this face, this thing of horror I have become. Lay his picture on my dead heart. There is one left,—one Indian devil that shall die,—a monstrous brute, with a scar down his left cheek. I made that scar. He is the last. If Charley but kills him, I shall rest better in my grave."

I caught her bridle-rein. I could not, I would not believe her.

"Let me go!" she cried, hoarsely. I saw a monstrous Indian

skulking past the tents. "Let me go! Forget what I was. I am no longer a woman: I am a wrong."

She wrenched herself free, and I, dumb and bewildered, watched her go, ringing in my head above the horrid din of the fight her words, "I am no longer a woman: I am a wrong, a wrong." Charley Miles passed me, heading from the field.

"CHARLEY ROSE IN HIS STIRRUPS."

"I am sick of butchery, the murder of women and children," he cried, with white lips. "The boys may shoot me for a coward; I won't stay here. This day is a blot on our history, a shame on the men of the West."

We were back of a tent. Almost at our feet was a heap of writhing bronze, dying squaws and children. I too was sick with the sight. Sudden I saw far off a skulking Indian, and close behind him a lithe figure on a spotted broncho. She would reach him in a moment. I pointed to them, and told her story. Charley rose in his stirrups and looked, as if his very gaze would call her back and make her prove her lie. Then he cast off my restraining hand as she had done, cursed me, called me lower than an Indian devil, and dashed after that lean lithe figure over dead and dying and living hate like a madman. The broncho had reached the monstrous Indian, and the man had turned. A puff of smoke: the brave rider reeled, but a second later the broncho leaped upon a recumbent figure, and then the rider was on the ground, the sunlight glittering on a dripping blade. Thrice I saw it buried in that painted warrior's breast, and then I saw her creep away, as if wounded unto death but bent on dying far from that polluted thing

writhing in its death-agonies. The riderless pony passed me, flying straight into the *mêlée*, straight into that caldron of human vengeance.

Charley was running across the snow, following a line of blood: the lithe figure had left a piteous trail. I saw him lift her to his knee, his breast; his head drooped low over hers. I saw him lay her on the snow and mount his horse. He passed me on the way back. I had no need to ask; his face was the face of the dead, and the fire that had died in her dead eyes was lit in his.

"Shot through the heart," he muttered. "She was dead when she killed that brute. She had no word for me, only that he was the last. You know what that means; but there may be brothers of those men, —squaws,—and they are fiends. I'll carry out the captain's command."

"SEEN MY BRONCHO AND MY CLOTHES?"

He was the last to quit that night. He'd 'a' gone on then across the divide, where two thousand of them were waiting for news that monstrous brute with the scarred left cheek started to tell them.

Near to Denver on our return we met Sandy Harris, sort of looking for something.

"Seen my broncho and my clothes?" he asked, dryly.

I pointed to a rude sled we had made, a figure wrapped in canvas on it, and the patient little beast a-drawing it along.

His lips trembled. "She ain't dead, Bill; not that; 'tain't fair. She was daft on them devils. She would go to fight, and I thought from her wrongs she'd come out safe; for she had a right to kill 'em. My wife has told me."

I cried him hush, and pointed to the man that rode beside me, who hadn't spoke nor eaten all the way. In the village the women insisted on dressing that poor corpse in a woman's gown; for Mrs. Harris said she was mad only on her troubles, and must have been, before that, as sweet a woman as ever might 'a' blessed a good man's home. I laid his picture on her breast: I found it broken and blood-stained in a tent. The man who loved her would not look upon her face: she had

asked me that. I did not see him again until 1879, when he passed through Lake City, where I lived then, on his way to join Thornburg's forces after the Meeker massacre. He never married, and, true to her to the last, he fell in the fight at Milk River with Thornburg and his gallant men. And this I know well: in no happy hunting-ground of the hereafter will his great soul ever roam at peace with an Indian foe.

Patience Stapleton.

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*THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WEST.**

SO much of the continent of North America as is now within the boundary of the United States has, at one time or another, been held in one part or another by the subjects of six European powers. The Spaniards explored and built towns in Florida, on the Gulf coast, and in the Southwest. The Swedes made settlements on the Delaware. The Dutch once held New Jersey and New York. The English took possession of the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to Georgia. The French once owned the Valley of the Mississippi. The Russians were original proprietors of Alaska. In the course of the long and sometimes bloody struggle for possession by which these powers have, one by one, been expelled, the Swedes were conquered by the Dutch; the Dutch in turn were overcome by the English; and, when the eighteenth century opened, the contest between France and England was fairly under way.

The French and English began their first permanent and successful occupation of this continent, the one at Quebec and the other at Jamestown, at almost the same moment of time. While the English spread along the coast, the French, prevented from coming southward by the hostility of the Indians in northern New York, pushed westward across Canada, explored the Great Lakes, and heard of the existence of a river which the Indians called the Messipi. Convinced that the stories told by the Indians were not without truth, Marquette and Joliet determined to seek the river, and in May, 1673, set out from Mackinaw. With six companions they paddled in birch canoes up Lake Michigan to Green Bay, entered Fox River, passed over the country to the Wisconsin River, and, pushing boldly out upon its waters, floated into the Mississippi. Turning their canoes southward, they went on past the Missouri, past the Ohio, and stopped not far from the mouth of the Arkansas. There the downward voyage ended, and the party went slowly back to the Lakes.

Stirred by the discovery of Marquette, La Salle next took up the work, explored the Mississippi to its mouth, and, standing on the shores of the Gulf, named the country Louisiana and took possession of it in the name of France. This was in 1684. A year later, while seeking

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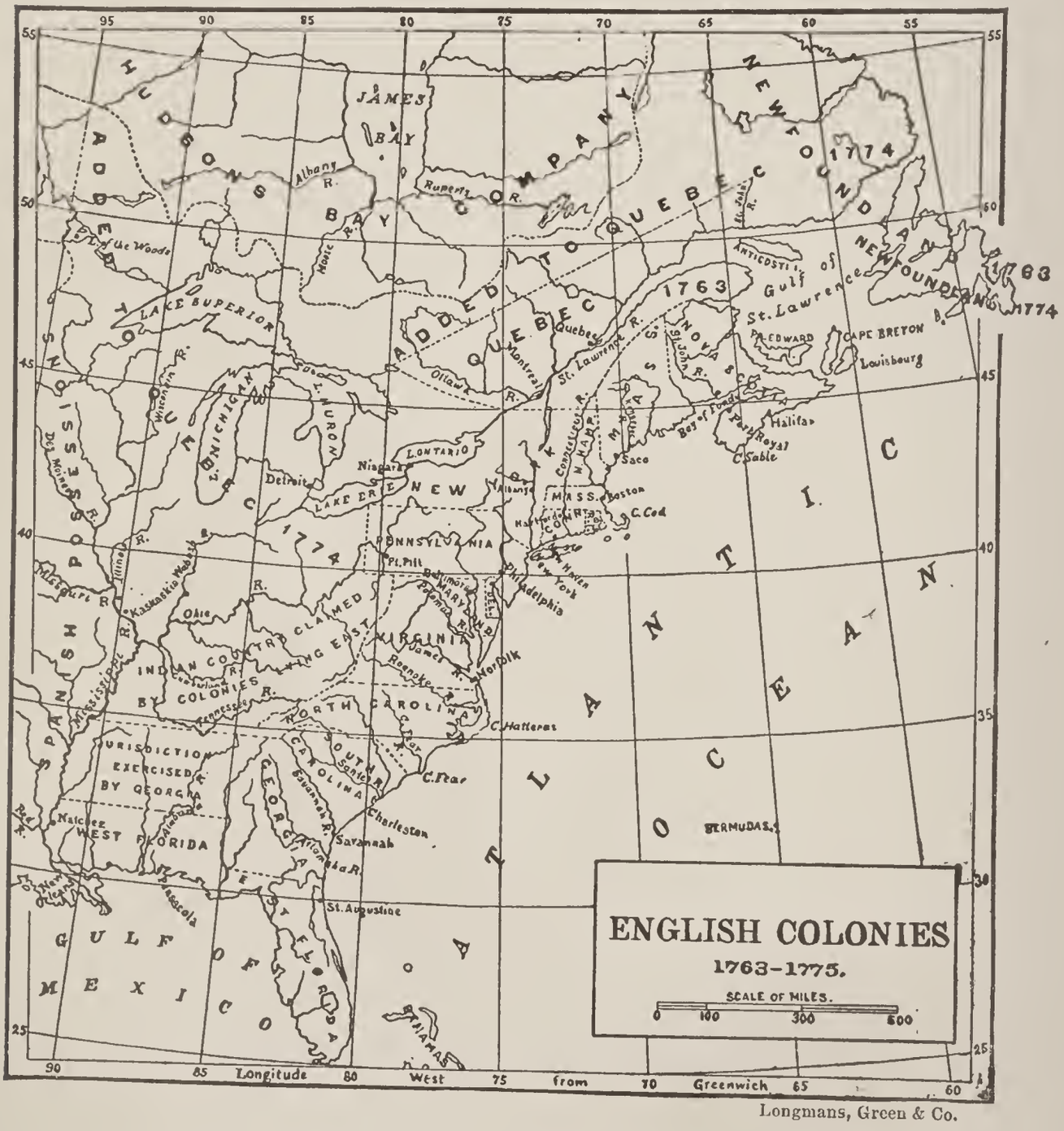
* The maps used in this article were prepared by Prof. A. B. Hart, of Harvard, for "Epochs of American History," published by Longmans, Green & Co., and are used by their permission.

to enter the Mississippi from the Gulf, he passed the delta and reached the Bay of Matagorda and founded Fort St. Louis of Texas. The discovery and exploration of the Mississippi gave to France all the area drained by that river and its branches. The discovery of the Texan coast gave to her all the water-shed of that coast, while the building of Fort St. Louis carried her claims to the coast southward to a point midway between the fort and the nearest Spanish post. The nearest Spanish post was in the province of Paduco, and the Rio Grande about midway. On the maps of the seventeenth century, therefore, Louisiana extends along the Gulf from the Rio Grande to the Mobile, has the Alleghany range for an eastern boundary, and spreads westward to the Rocky Mountains and northward to the Great Lakes and the unknown regions about the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri.

Thus in possession of the territory bordering the Gulf and the river St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley, the French began to overrun the country, built forts, marked out the sites of cities, and were fast shutting in the British colonies on the Atlantic seaboard, when they came face to face with the English at the source of the Ohio. The building of Fort Duquesne where Pittsburg now stands opened

what has been called the French and Indian War. It was in reality a war for possession of the country. In it France was worsted, and, retiring from North America, ceded her colonies to England and Spain. To England she gave Nova Scotia, Arcadia, Cape Breton, Canada, all the islands and coasts of the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, drawing a line down the middle of the Mississippi River, divided her possessions in what is now the United States into two parts. All to the east of the river, save the island and city of New Orleans, she gave to England. All to the west, together with the island and city of New Orleans; she gave to Spain.

The gift to Spain was by way of compensation; for she had taken part with France in the war, had lost Havana to England, and, to get



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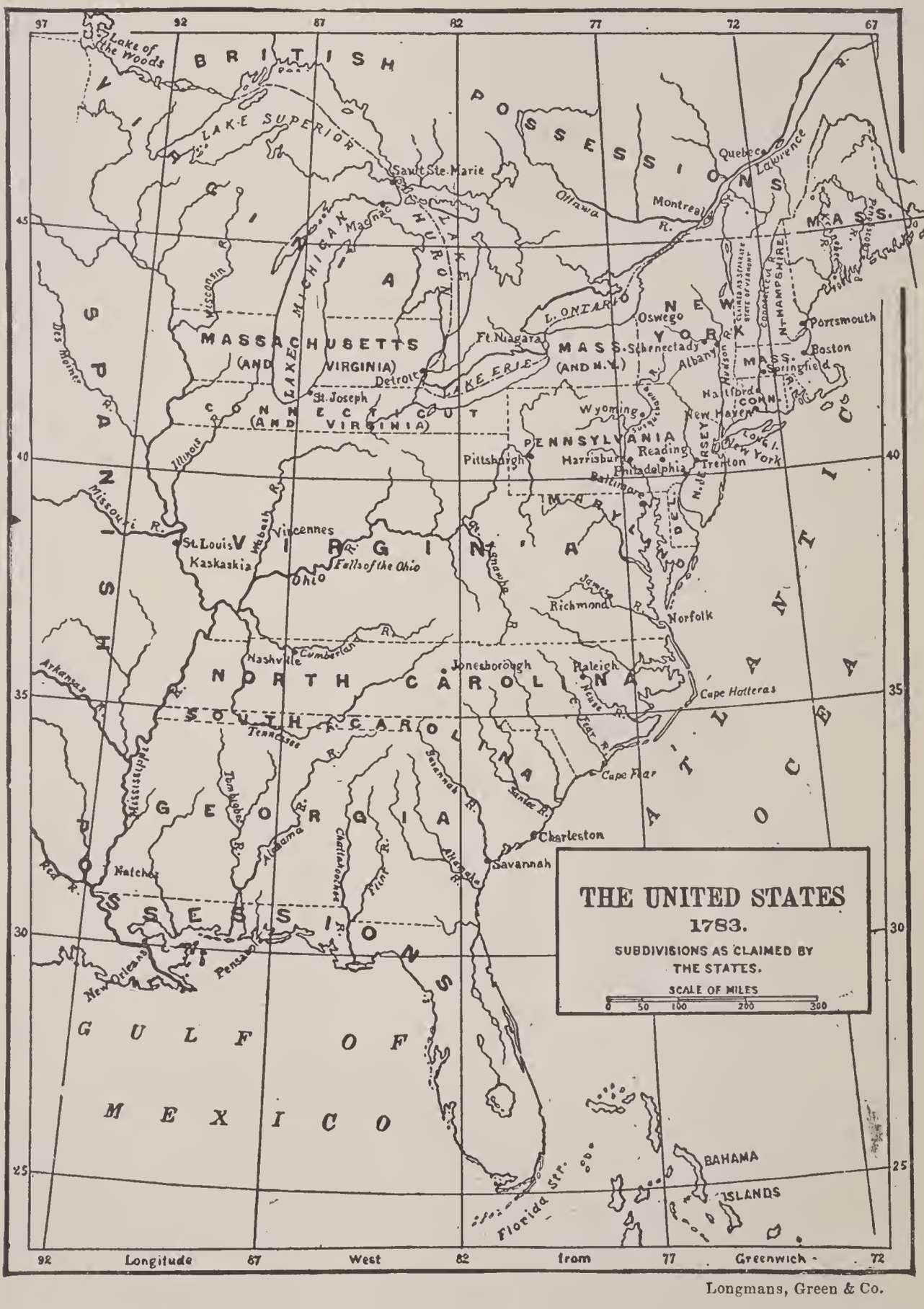
the city back at the peace, had been forced to give Florida to England in exchange. No sooner did Great Britain come into possession of her new territory than she proceeded to cut it up, established the provinces of East Florida and West Florida in the south, of Quebec in the north, and, drawing a line around the head-waters of the rivers which flow

into the Atlantic, set apart the country to the west of it for the use of the Indians. The province of Quebec is still of interest to us, for its south boundary is the present north boundary of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. During ten years these lines remained



unchanged. Then in 1774 all the country between the Ohio, the Lakes, and the Mississippi was added to the province of Quebec. The Revolution followed, and when the definitive treaty of peace was signed in 1783 the boundary of the United States was described for the first time.

Beginning at the mouth of the St. Croix, the line passed up the middle of that river to its source, then due north to the old Quebec boundary, which it followed to the St. Lawrence, whence it ran as at present to the Lake of the Woods. From there an impossible line was to be drawn due west to the Mississippi River, for, as nobody knew where that river rose, its source was believed to be in British America. Passing down the Mississippi, the line went southward to the 31st degree of north latitude, then eastward along this parallel to the Appalachicola, down the Appalachicola to the Flint, and by the present south boundary of Georgia to the sea. Our country nowhere touched the Gulf.

To so much of the territory thus enclosed as lay west of the mountains, seven of the thirteen States, asserting the ill-described bounds of their charters, had already laid claim. Unable to adjust their disputes, and actuated by a desire to do good, the States now began to cede their western lands, and by 1787 New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, and Connecticut had, with a few reservations, deeded to the Continental Congress as public domain all that splendid region which lies between the Mississippi, the Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the Great Lakes. Gladly accepting the trust, Congress in 1787 named the domain "The Territory of the United States northwest of the River Ohio," passed the famous "Ordinance of 1787" for its government, and provided that on its soil should be erected not less than three nor more than five States, to be in time admitted into the Union.

Following the example of their Eastern sisters, the Southern States in turn made cessions, and by 1802 Tennessee and so much of Alabama and Mississippi as is north of the 31st parallel of north latitude had been made public domain by North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

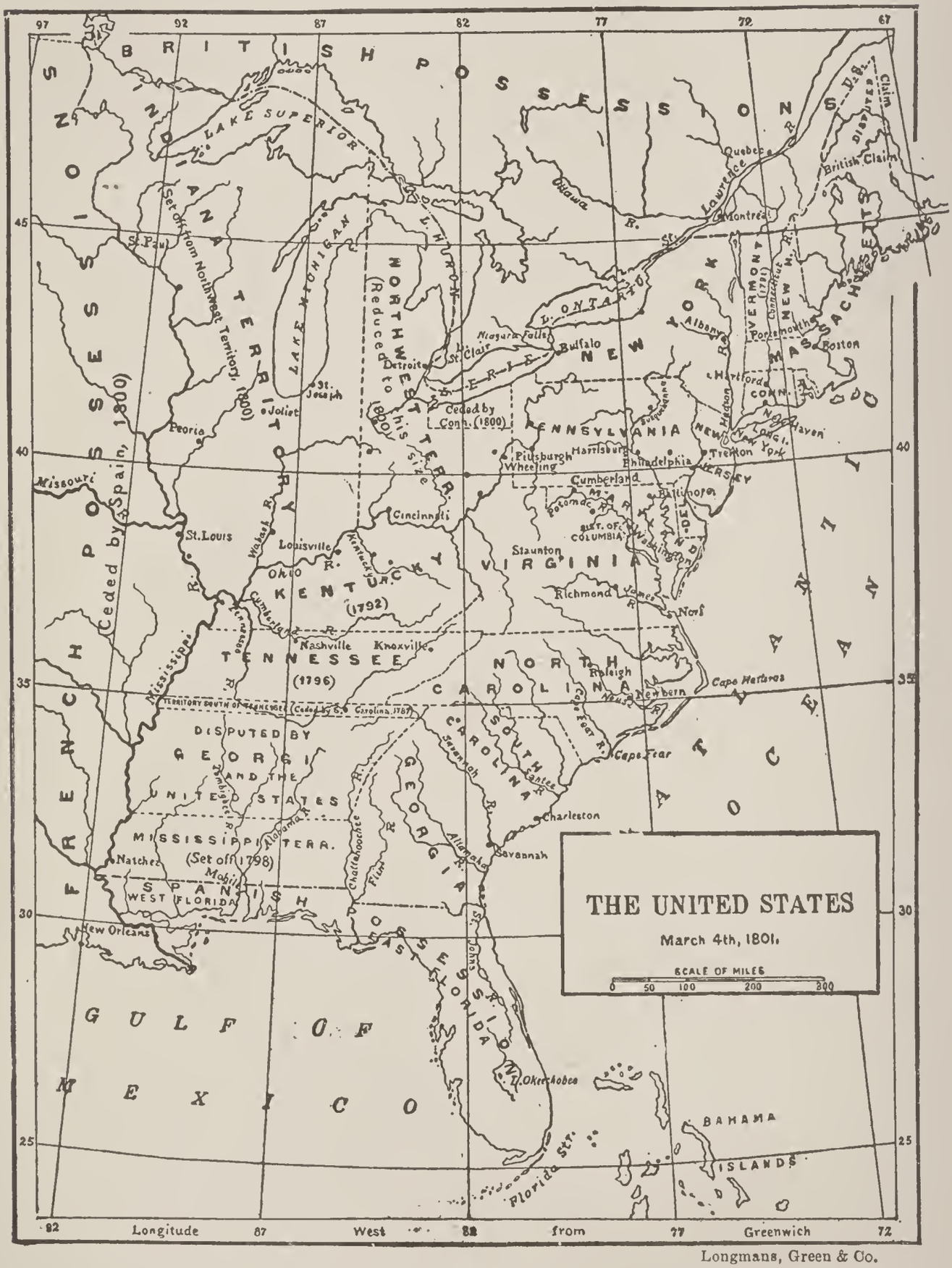
Disputes meantime had arisen with Spain and France. Angry that she had not obtained a line through the mouth of the Yazoo River as the boundary of West Florida, Spain refused to accept the parallel of 31° as the south boundary of the United States, occupied and fortified Baton Rouge and Natchez, and, owning both banks of the Mississippi at its mouth, she refused to allow citizens of the United States to enter, or go out of, the river. During the twelve years which followed the close of the Revolutionary War it was not possible to move her from this position. In 1795, however, she yielded, and made her first treaty with the United States, accepted 31° as the boundary, agreed to withdraw her troops and garrisons north of the parallel, and gave to citizens of the United States the privilege of depositing their goods and merchandise at New Orleans and then exporting them after paying a fair price for the hire of storehouses.

The concessions in the treaty were meagre enough; yet they served to arouse the rulers of France. The cession of Louisiana to England and Spain had never ceased to be a subject of regret to Frenchmen, and no opportunity to recover what was left of its province had ever been suffered to go by unused. Vergennes had attempted to secure a retrocession of the Spanish part in 1782. The Republic renewed the attempt at the peace of Bâle in 1795; and now in 1797, when Spain

seemed to be yielding to the United States, the French Directory once more sought to recover Louisiana. The bribe was most tempting; for it was nothing less than an offer to join the three legations just wrung by France from the Pope, to the duchy of Parma, and so make a principality for the son of the Duke of Parma, who was son-in-law to the King of Spain. The offer was refused, for the king would not share in the spoils taken from the head of his Church. It happened, however, that just at this moment the French Directory bestowed the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs on Talleyrand, a man whose head was full of schemes for French colonization, and who longed perhaps more earnestly than any other Frenchman to see the Republic in possession of Louisiana and the Floridas. So much in earnest was he that the moment he came into office he began to put his scheme of colonization into execution, and when, in 1798, a new minister was sent to the court of Madrid the envoy was instructed to renew negotiations for a retrocession. "The court of Madrid," said Talleyrand, "ever blind to its own interests, and never docile to the lessons of experience, has again quite recently adopted a measure which cannot fail to produce the worst effects upon its political existence and on the preservation of its colonies. The United States have been put in possession of the forts situated along the Mississippi which the Spaniards had occupied as posts essential to arrest the progress of the Americans in those countries." The Americans, he then went on to say, were determined to rule America. This ambition could only be stopped "by shutting them up within the limits which nature seems to have traced for them." As Spain could not do this, she would do well to cede Florida and Louisiana to France, in order that the Republic might do it for her.

The rupture between the United States and France followed immediately. Talleyrand fell from power, Napoleon was recalled from Egypt, and on November 9, 1799, effected his *coup d'état* and made himself master of France. The rise of Napoleon was speedily followed by the return of Talleyrand to office and by a renewal of the old negotiations for Louisiana. This time the attempt was attended with success, and on October 1, 1800, a treaty of retrocession was signed at San Ildefonso. Spain then gave back to Napoleon the province of Louisiana as she had received it from Louis; Napoleon in return promised to add Tuscany to the duchy of Parma, make of the two a kingdom of Etruria, and give it to the daughter and son-in-law of King Charles of Spain. The promise was kept, the kingdom was duly formed, and on October 15, 1801, the order transferring Louisiana to France was signed at Barcelona. Preparations for occupying the territory were now pushed rapidly forward, and late in November, 1801, Leclerc set sail, with an immense fleet, and ten thousand men fully equipped, for Louisiana. On his way he was to stop at San Domingo and subject Toussaint Louverture and his black republic to the rule of France. The task proved harder than was expected. Leclerc went no further; and when some fifty thousand soldiers and sailors had perished by fever and by the sword, Napoleon abandoned all thought of colonizing Louisiana, and began to seek for some excuse

to withdraw from San Domingo. He found this excuse in a new war with England, and, needing money to carry on the war, gladly sold Louisiana to the United States.



Longmans, Green & Co.

The retrocession to France was known in this country in the summer of 1801. At the time it aroused little interest; but the arrival of the army at San Domingo and the conduct of Leclerc put a new face on the matter, and so alarmed Jefferson that he instructed the ministers to France and Spain to seek for the cession of New Orleans and the Floridas to the United States. While awaiting the result of

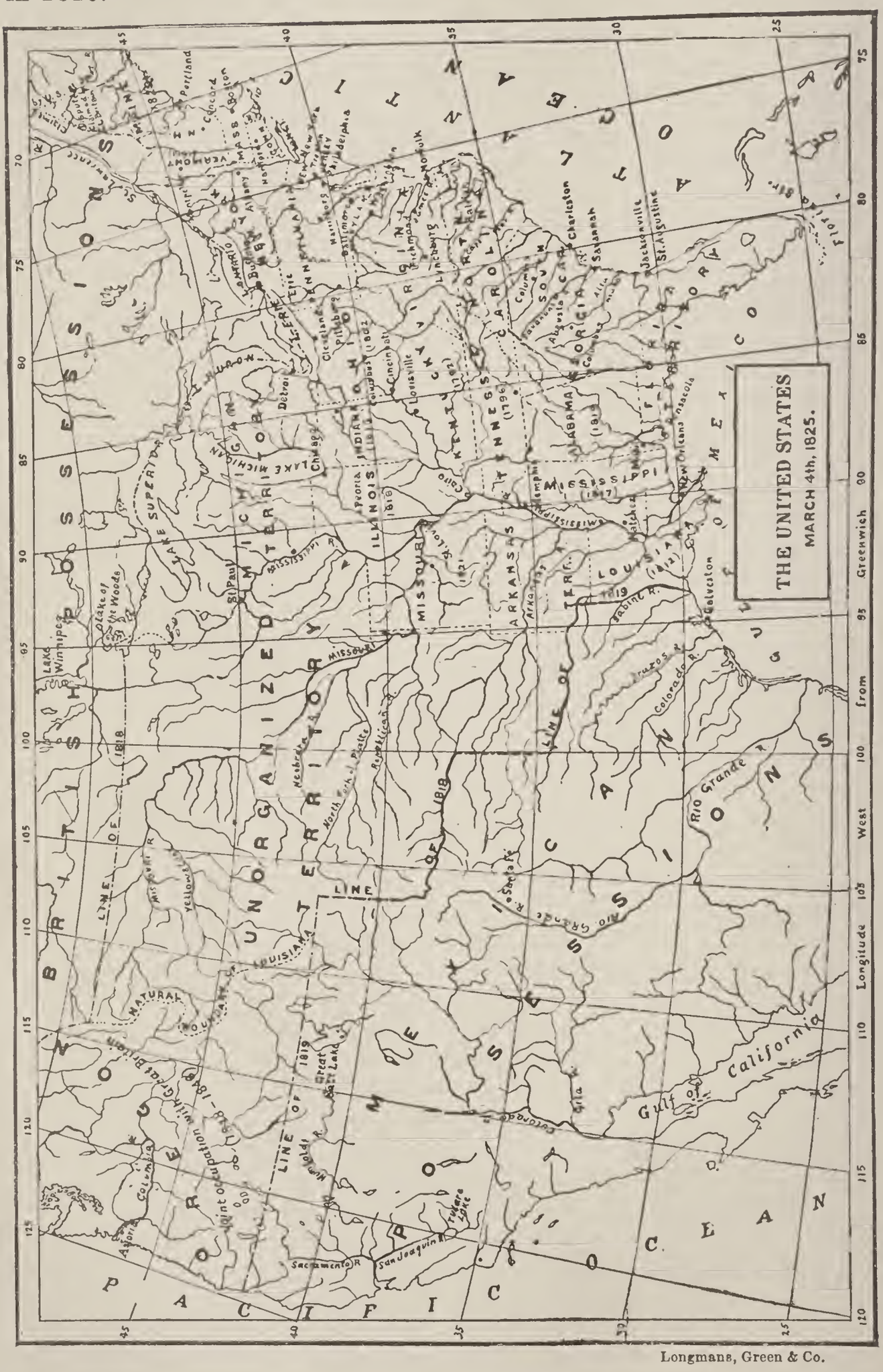
his despatches, he was astonished to hear that the Spanish Intendant had closed the port of New Orleans and deprived the citizens of the United States of the right of deposit. The whole West instantly cried out for war; but Congress preferred negotiation, and in a few months Monroe was on his way to France to offer two millions for the island of Orleans. The offer of the United States was met by a tender of the whole province, which, after some higgling over the price, was finally purchased for fifteen million dollars in April, 1803.

In the treaty of purchase no boundary was given. When the United States took possession in December, 1803, the eastern boundary was the Mississippi from its source to the thirty-first parallel; but where the source of the Mississippi was no man knew, and what was the boundary below 31° was long in dispute. Americans claimed as far eastward as the Perdido River, but Spain would acknowledge no claim east of the Mississippi and south of the thirty-first parallel save the island of Orleans. The south boundary was, of course, the Gulf of Mexico; but whether it extended along the gulf to the Sabine or the Rio Bravo was not settled. The mountains, wherever they might be, were believed to bound it on the west, and the possessions of Great Britain, wherever they might be, were known to bound it on the north.

Want of definite boundaries in the southeast and in the southwest now involved us in a serious dispute with Spain, which war abroad and at home prolonged till 1819. The treaty of that year secured Florida at a cost in round numbers of five million dollars, and for the first time drew a boundary-line in the southwest. Starting at the mouth of the Sabine River, it passed up that river to the parallel of 32°, thence due north to the Red River, westward along that river to the one-hundredth meridian, thence due north to the Arkansas River, whose south bank it followed to the river's source in the mountains. As nobody knew where the source of the Arkansas was, the treaty provided that the line should be drawn from the source, when found, either due north or due south, as occasion might require, to the parallel of 42° north latitude, and thence westward along that parallel to the Pacific Ocean.

Just before the treaty of 1819 was made with Spain, the convention of 1818 was concluded with Great Britain, and a northern boundary was given to Louisiana. This line of demarcation between the territory of the United States and the territory of His Britannic Majesty was to begin at "the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods," run "due north or south as the case may be" to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude and westward along that parallel to the summit of the Stony—or, as we know them, the Rocky—Mountains. The region which lies beyond the mountains, and is now comprised in the States of Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, was claimed by each nation. But, as it was still a wilderness, to dispute about it seemed so idle that "the high contracting parties" agreed that for ten years they would hold the country in joint occupancy, and that such occupancy should in no wise affect the claim of either. The claim of the United States rested on the discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Gray in 1792, on the exploration of the country by Lewis and Clarke in 1804–1806, and on the settlement built by the Missouri Fur Company

at Fort Hall in 1808 and by the Pacific Fur Company at Astoria in 1810.



Hardly was the convention signed and proclaimed, when Russia asserted her ownership of the whole northwest coast from Behring

Straits to the fifty-first parallel of latitude, and forbade all foreigners to come within one hundred miles of the coast. England remonstrated. The United States remonstrated, and two years later intensified that remonstrance by asserting the Monroe doctrine, of which the substance was in these words: "The American continents, by the free and independent condition they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European power." Having announced this in 1823, the government proceeded in 1824 to make it good, and formed an agreement with Russia that no citizen of the United States should be suffered to settle above 54° 40′, and no subject of Russia south of it. In 1825 the same agreement was entered into by Russia and England. The line 54° 40′ then became the southern boundary of Alaska, and so remains to this hour. England and the United States were thus left to struggle for the possession of Oregon, and when the ten years provided in the convention had elapsed, unable to settle the dispute, they continued the old agreement, with this new condition, that joint occupancy should be ended by either party on one year's notice. And now opens one of the most romantic chapters in American history. In the summer of 1832 four Flat-Head Indians suddenly appeared in St. Louis, sought out General William Clarke, and told him they had come from what is now the State of Washington, in search of the white man's Bible. The Indians were fed and feasted, armed, blanketed, hung with ornaments, but were not given the Bible. Among those who heard this singular request was a young clerk in the office of Clarke. Touched by the refusal of the Bible, he sent an account of the whole proceeding to a friend in Pittsburg, who wisely gave the letter to the public. The heart of the whole country was moved, and four missionaries sent out by the Methodist Board of Missions and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were soon on their way to Oregon. It is only with one, Marcus Whitman, that we have to deal. He crossed the mountains in 1835, entered the Columbia valley, went among the Nez Percés, and brought home so strong a report to the Board of Missions that he was sent back with H. H. Spalding as a missionary to the Indians. With them went their wives, the first white women who ever passed over the Rocky Mountains into the Northwest. The party set out from the East in the early spring of 1836. At Pittsburg, Catlin, whose work on the North American Indians has made him famous, met the party and warned them not to attempt to take women over the plains. But they pushed on over a country which was more of a wilderness then than the country to which they were going is now. It was just six years since the Baltimore and Ohio, the first passenger railroad in America, had begun carrying passengers fifteen miles an hour on strap rails by horse and sail power. It was just three years since the first steamboat had reached Chicago, a village of twenty families clustered round the ruins of Fort Dearborn. It would be fifteen years before a locomotive would drag a train to Chicago, and twenty before a railroad would touch the Missouri. As the party passed Cincinnati the first white man born in the city (a man of forty-five) came out to meet them and wish them Godspeed. At St. Louis amidst a jargon of languages and a mixture of

costumes, the American Fur Company took them in hand. The annual expedition of the Company to the fur regions of Oregon was about to set off; and with them went Whitman and his party. The route was up the Missouri to Council Bluff, and along the Platte River across Nebraska. Late in May they were on the South Fork; in June they were on the Laramie, and in July entered the famous South Pass, through which, since that day, tens of thousands of emigrants have poured into Oregon. At this place the White River Mountains and the Rocky Mountains come close together, separated only by the Pass, than which there is perhaps no more interesting spot to travellers in the whole Northwest. It is the great divide of the waters of the continent. The traveller who takes his stand on that high plateau has in plain sight, at his feet, within a radius of a quarter of a mile, the head-waters of the three great rivers of the Northwest. Before him lies the little stream that marks the humble beginning of the Yellowstone, and on his right hand is the fountain of the South Platte, the waters of both of which rivers in time reach the Gulf of Mexico. On his left are the head-waters of the Columbia, which finds its outlet in the Pacific. In our time it is a common sport of travellers, while camping for a day on the Great Divide, to rob the Atlantic by taking a cup of water from the source of the Yellowstone and throwing it into the source of the Columbia.

It was the 4th of July when Whitman reached this spot, and, recollecting the day and the work that lay before him, he passed a short way down the Pacific slope, called on the party to dismount, raised the American flag, and, while they all kneeled around the Book it was their mission to carry to the Indians, he, with prayer and praise, took possession of the Western Continent in the name of Christ and of His Church.

In September, 1836, the party reached Walla-Walla. Joint occupation at that day meant the right of the agents of the Hudson Bay Fur Company, the Canadian Northwest Fur Company, and the American Fur Company, to hunt and trap unmolested over Oregon. But in the six years that followed the arrival of Whitman joint occupation began to mean something more. By the end of 1841, one hundred and thirty-seven emigrants had followed him from the United States. Such an inroad of Americans alarmed the English Fur Companies, who now began to hurry forward emigrants from Canada. Joint possession then began to mean the right of the people of each country to settle Oregon, with the fact clearly in view that whichever secured the greater number of settlers would end joint occupancy and hold Oregon forever. And now occurred another of those apparently trifling incidents on which the history of our country has so often turned. Four Indians begging for a Bible brought Whitman to Oregon. A dinner at the English trading-post, Fort Walla-Walla, sent him with all possible speed back to Washington. The occasion of the dinner was the arrival at the fort of agents of the Fur Company with fifteen boats loaded with goods for the Indians on the Fraser River. Whitman was the sole representative of the United States at the feast, which was scarcely begun when a messenger entered the fort with word that one hundred

and forty English colonists had crossed the mountains, had entered Oregon, and were even then at the Columbia River. A great shout rose from the assembled company, and one of them, springing to his feet and waving his cap, cried out, "Hurrah for Oregon! The Americans are too late. We have the country now."

That moment the policy of the English government was made plain. The traders that came up from St. Louis in the summer brought word that a treaty was soon to be made to put at rest the long-vexed question of the boundary. Knowing this, Whitman thought England was attempting to settle Oregon and then hold it by the right of prior settlement, and, thinking so, he determined that the government at Washington should know of it without delay. Not a moment was lost. He left the table instantly, galloped to his home at the mission station, and in twenty-four hours was on his way to Washington with two companions.

A horseback ride of four thousand miles over the best of roads in the best of weather would have been a matter of no small discomfort. But he was to make it across a wilderness in the dead of winter. His route was southward across Idaho, across Utah, past Salt Lake, past the site soon to be occupied by the Mormon city, across New Mexico to Santa Fé, and on by the Santa Fé trail to St. Louis. He crossed the swollen rivers on improvised floats, encountered terrible storms on the prairie, was snow-bound for days in the gorges, was lost in a blizzard, lived on the bark of cotton-wood trees, was chased by the wolves, and once gave himself up for lost. But he pushed on, and, frozen, weak with hunger, and almost dead, reached Santa Fé January 3, 1843. January 7 he was on his way to St. Louis. There, to his dismay, he learned that the Webster-Ashburton treaty had been concluded August 9, 1842, ratified by the Senate August 26, and proclaimed the law of the land November 10. But he was not too late; for the treaty said not one word about the boundary of Oregon. Once more he pushed on, and on March 3, 1843, five months from the day he left the Columbia, he strode into the office of the Secretary of State at Washington.

He came in the very nick of time. The question then asked on every hand was, "Is Oregon worth having?" for not one man east of the Missouri had any conception of what Oregon was. The existence of a great American Desert was firmly believed, and part of this desert was Oregon. "What," exclaimed Mr. McDuffie in his speech in the Senate, January 23, 1843, "is the nature of this country? Why, as I understand it, seven hundred miles this side of the Rocky Mountains is uninhabitable, a region where rain scarcely ever falls, a barren, sandy soil, mountains totally impassable. Well, now, what are we going to do in this case? How are you going to apply steam? Have you made anything like an estimate of the cost of a railroad from here to the Columbia? Why, the wealth of the Indies would be insufficient. Of what use will this be for agricultural purposes? Why, I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. I thank God for his mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains there."

The mission of Whitman was to dispel this ignorance; and he did so. He destroyed the American desert of Mr. McDuffie. He told the President and the Secretary just what Oregon was, and obtained from them the solemn promise that nothing should be done with regard to Oregon till he had led out a caravan of American settlers. Encouraged by the promise, he now turned West in search of emigrants, and so well did he succeed that in June a caravan of two hundred wagons moved out of Westport on the Missouri and headed for the Northwest. As the news of the success of the expedition spread over the country, a rage for emigration broke out in the West, and grew wilder and wilder each year, till in the summer of 1846 five hundred and fifty-eight wagons crossed the Missouri River for Oregon, and raised the white population of that country to twelve thousand souls.

Meanwhile, the people had taken the question up, and, under the popular cry, "Re-annexation of Texas," "The whole of Oregon or none," "Fifty-four forty or fight," the Democrats entered the campaign of 1844 and won it. Polk was inaugurated March 4, 1845, and in the speech he made that day from the Capitol steps he declared that the American title to the country of Oregon was clear and unquestionable. Lord John Russell, when he read this remark, called it "a blustering announcement." The Democrats, when they read Lord Russell's sneer, flung back the taunt, "Fifty-four forty or fight."

But the administration had no intention of fighting, and on July 12, 1845, offered to compromise on the line of the forty-ninth parallel. England refused. Polk withdrew the offer, declared he would now have all of Oregon or none, and in December urged Congress to give the year's notice, abandon joint occupancy, and protect the American settlers taken out by Whitman. The Western Democrats cried out for instant notice. But the South deserted them, and April 16, 1846, notice in very gentle and conciliatory language passed the Senate. England now offered the forty-ninth parallel. This, in the treaty of 1846, was accepted, and the attention of the country turned at once to the Southern frontier.

When the treaty of 1819 was made with Spain and the Sabine taken as the boundary-line, Mexico, then in a state of successful revolt against Spain, assumed authority over Texas, and invited Roman Catholics from all the world to come and settle in the province. The law provided that contracts might be made with any Roman Catholic for the settlement in Texas of not less than two hundred families, and that for each two hundred families the contractor, or Empresario, should receive three atiendas and two labores of land. The first to take such a contract were Moses Austin and his son Stephen of Missouri. Others followed, till by 1830 fourteen grants, providing for the introduction of five thousand two hundred and ninety families, had been issued. A few failed utterly; some succeeded more or less; but the only really successful one was that of Stephen Austin.

His contract was made in 1824, and provided that for six years his colonists should bring in slaves, should pay no taxes, and should virtually govern themselves. During the six years the contract was faith-

fully kept by each party. Austin brought in his families. Mexico troubled them not. But the Mexico of 1830, when the contract expired, was a very different country from Mexico in 1824, when the contract was made. Her treasury was now exhausted, her offices were unfilled for lack of funds, she had abolished slavery, and had taken alarm at the behavior toward her of the United States. When the Spanish treaty of 1819 was made, Adams was Secretary of State and stood up firmly for the Rio Grande, or at least the Nueces, as the southern boundary of the United States. The President and the Cabinet overruled him. But no sooner did he become President in 1825 than he attempted to get back by purchase what had in 1819 been surrendered by negotiation. Twice he made such offers, and twice they were rejected. In 1829 Jackson succeeded Adams; but hardly was he in the Presidential chair when he too made an offer of purchase. Alarmed by this desire of the United States to push her boundary farther south, and also by the repeated revolts of Americans in other parts of Texas than that covered by the Empresario of Austin, Mexico in 1830 began to act. By one decree Americans were forbidden to enter Texas. By another slavery was abolished in the Empresario of Austin. By a third heavy taxes were laid and bands of troops sent to collect them. Against these acts Texas protested and remonstrated. But Mexico stood firm, and on March 2, 1836, Texas declared herself a free and independent Republic. It can hardly be said that Texas did this, for of the sixty men who signed the Declaration, fifty-three were citizens of the United States.

Thenceforth annexation was merely a question of time. Indeed, in 1837 Texas made a formal offer of annexation. But the Legislature of eight Northern States protested, and Van Buren would hear nothing about it. Tyler, who followed him, would hear nothing against it, and the Democrats, having made it a question in the campaign of 1844 and having won the election, annexed Texas in 1845, and with her the Mexican War. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo which closed the war carried the boundary of the United States to the Gila River and added five hundred and twenty-two thousand nine hundred square miles to the public domain. In 1853 the Gadsden purchase established the present south boundary of Arizona and New Mexico from the Rio Grande to the Gulf of California, and ended the struggle for the West. Since that day the United States has acquired but two pieces of foreign soil. One was Alaska, bought from Russia in 1867. The other was the little island of Navassa, acquired in 1891.

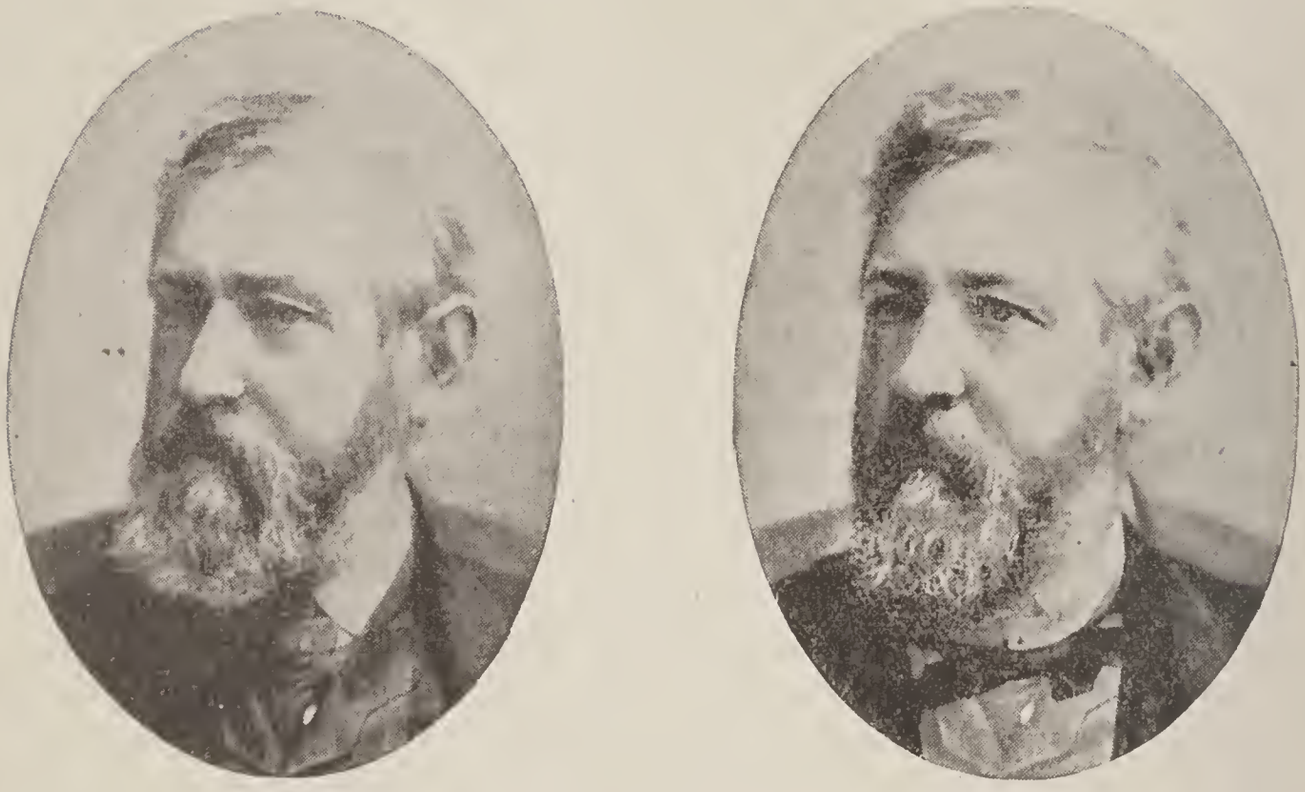
J. B. McMaster.

BEFORE THE STORM.

THE old oak wakes from peaceful sleep,
Roused by the earth's alarms,
And frightened baby breezes leap
Into his outstretched arms.

Robert Loveman.

CURIOUS MIXTURES.



BENJAMIN HARRISON AND JAMES G. BLAINE.

GROVER CLEVELAND AND DAVID B. HILL.

These portraits are presented not at all from political motives,—that be far from this magazine,—but because their subjects are just now prominent in the minds and mouths of all good Americans. The composites are produced by printing one negative over the other, hence the traits of one or the other statesman come out on top, so to speak. By this process Senator Hill appears rather to "lay over" Mr. Cleveland, while between the President and his Secretary of State the odds are about even. The neckwear is somewhat mixed, but the countenances (in front of the ears) come out harmonious. The ingenious artist is Mr. C. N. Gilbert, of 926 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C.

AS IT SEEMS.

"THE WEST."—Geographical expressions are apt to be relative, and with us this one changes its meaning rapidly. A little more than a hundred years ago, it meant anything back from the Atlantic coast, or from the Delaware, Hudson, and Connecticut rivers. York and Carlisle were then Western towns, and Pittsburg was a jumping-off place on the far frontier. After the Revolution, soldiers who could get their pay only in land-grants began to penetrate the Ohio wilderness, and to face a foe less manageable than British and hired Hessians. In those days, when Mary went to call the cattle home, she was liable to be called from home herself by lurking Shawnees, more treacherous and cruel than the waves which lash the sands of Dee. To the north, emigration was reluctant and erratic, skipping for some time regions now as populous and prosperous as any. Cleveland was settled in 1796, Buffalo five years later, and Rochester not till 1812.

Men who are not yet graybeards can remember when Ohio was commonly called "the West." A dozen years ago people in central Iowa, which had then been colonized a scant quarter of a century, talked of "moving West"—meaning to Kansas, or Nebraska, or perhaps Montana. No poet ever made a happier guess at the future than Berkeley, in his random lines about the course of empire. Of three American cities which have rounded the million-point, one sits on her muddy throne at the head of Lake Michigan; and the twin capitals of Minnesota have beaten the record and amazed the world by their progress during the last decade. The centre of population, when last heard of, was in southern Indiana; it may cross the Mississippi before long. As far back as the seventies, there were cheerful souls beyond the Father of Waters who insisted that their portion of our common country was everyway superior to the effete East.

He who would know not only the body but the soul of this New World must seek them in the mighty West. Here on the seaboard we are conservative, we try to be cosmopolitan, we succeed in being commonplace; we are not so widely different, we humbly trust, from Londoners or Parisians or Viennese. The East is getting to be an old country, much like other old countries, only not so much so. For the genuinely American traits in their abounding plenitude—for our freshness, our conquering energy, our open-mindedness, our humor, our aggressive though good-natured bumptiousness,—go West, distinguished visitor, who would take notes of us, and depict us in our habits as we live; go West, aspiring youth, who would grow up to the national stature. Thence come our pork, our wheat, our silver; thence begin to come our heresies, our novel and soon-to-be-dominant ideas. The typical American is already a Westerner. Is he not enshrined in the pages of "The Naulahka," with his gay readiness to beard and bamboozle Hindoo princes, his fearless tenacity, his irrepressible enterprise, his consuming joy and pride in Topaz?

The West in Literature.—So much material was safe to be worked up sooner or later. But art, whether of the pencil or the brush, is never the first product of a new country; the pioneer has to get his cabin built and the stumps grubbed

out of his field before he can sit down to record his impressions. A generation or two later, when the swamps have been drained, the cañons bridged, and an easy way to market provided for the cattle, corn, and ores, the rustic journalist will pave the way for—or perchance blossom into—the historian, the poet, and the novelist.

While the West has yet (in the main) to produce her own literature, she has powerfully influenced that of the older States, and even that of the mother country. From earliest days the muse, tired with cities and stale themes, sought a stimulus and subject-matter in the wilderness—perhaps somewhat on the principle *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Despising a society which was but the pale reflection of their own, British bards turned their attention to the picturesque redskin; "Lo" at once became a popular character, and was long worked for all he was worth and much more. The backwoodsman, the prospector, and the cowboy have since taken his place to advantage, being of our blood and language, and thus allowing the healthy intermixture of realism with romance. Since the iron horse abolished distance and opened a tourist-highway to and fro, the life of our mining-camps, ranches, lakes, and rivers has become familiar to writers by the thousand and readers by the million; but familiarity has not yet bred contempt. On the contrary, we wait for still greater artists to do justice to themes worthy of any pen.

Yet something—nay, much—has been accomplished. It may not be forgotten that Mark Twain is a native of what was then the far West, and a graduate of her great river college: his noblest labors celebrate the happy hunting (and fishing) grounds of his youth, and a great English critic esteems "Huckleberry Finn" our nearest approach to a national novel. Mr. Howells was born and raised in Ohio, Dr. Eggleston in Indiana, and Mr. Hamlin Garland in Wisconsin. If these and some others have turned their backs upon the setting sun, preferring to dwell among the intellectual flesh-pots of the East, most of them have treasured up their early impressions and transferred them to the imperishable page. The noble Western farmer would thus far make but a poor show in literature if his portrait had not been drawn by those who once boarded with him and drove the plough in his fertile fields. Mr. E. W. Howe, on the contrary, still "runs" his paper (and, according to latest reports, his town) in Kansas; and Miss Murfree divides her time between St. Louis and those Tennessee mountains on which she has shed a glory greater than that of their October sunsets. Joaquin Miller, though he has pitched his tent at Washington and elsewhere, belongs wholly to the West,—yes, even to the West in the days when it was "wild and woolly;" and so, but for the irony of fate, did Walt Whitman, who should have been cradled on the great plains and reared among the Rockies, far from tame Long Island flats and tradition-bound streets of Camden.

When we consider these natives of the decaying East who drew their spiritual sustenance from beyond the Alleghanies, the roll of names mounts mightily. Artemus Ward and Bill Nye were born in Maine, but by no means made there; they came to maturity and fame in the free and bounding West, which (happily for our purpose and its own) extends from Ohio to Wyoming. Bret Harte filled his portfolio on the Pacific slope. If Captain King had been consulted on the subject, his birthplace would have been not Albany but Milwaukee, which is much handier to the military posts where fighting and plots are to be had. Some of Miss Woolson's earliest sketches, and some of her latest work, show the deep

impression made by a sojourn on the shores of Lake Superior. "H. H." found in the West her inspiration and her grave.

Wealth of Western Material.—This catalogue could be indefinitely extended, but to what end? The story is not finished yet; indeed it is but just begun. The West (except in spots) is no longer wild and woolly, but she must submit for some time yet to be called wild and wondrous. There is so much of her, you see, and the epithet which would be contemptuously repudiated in one section is safe to fit some others. The streets of Minneapolis, the palaces of Denver, the suburbs and seventeen-storied office-buildings of Chicago, may match or surpass anything we can show nearer the pale Atlantic. These triumphs of a luxurious and rapid civilization shall be duly set forth in song and story; also (if not yet sufficiently) the mysteries of her logging-camps and mines. No Eastern poet could have produced a strain like this—we quote it from memory:

> We have made the State of Kansas,
> And to-day she stands complete,
> Full of wisdom, full of wheat;
> And her future sons shall greet
> Richer crops with nobler stanzas.

There, we would say to the benighted but inquiring foreigner, you have the true American idea, the nineteenth-century spirit; to get it in perfection you must spend a day or two on a fast train due west from New York. Also in prairies and rivers and mountains, in gorges and geysers, we are nowhere by comparison. The great West has her humors too, which we cannot pretend to parallel. A recent magazine story depicted a sheriff's posse as ambushing a gang of road-agents in the moment of their nefarious triumph. Indignant fact, unwilling to be outdone by fiction, "saw" this and "went one better." It was in Idaho or thereabouts, and the highwaymen, being gathered in just as they held up the stage in due form, proved to be an able-bodied ranchwoman and her six daughters in male disguise. Proud as we are of our Perry of Central Railroad fame, we of the East could never equal that. We have not the active intelligence for it, the untrammelled enterprise, the mental breadth and freshness and freedom.

Kentucky.—Of all the vast range of Western States and Territories, the partially emancipated Eastern mind turns with peculiar affection to Kentucky. She is nearer than most of them, and older than any of the rest; she was admitted to the Union in 1792, and settled before Independence, chiefly from Virginia, first-born of British-American colonies. These facts shed a mellow light over her history, and afford the conservative an excuse for almost tender retrospective interest in the Dark and Bloody Ground. Her pioneers faded out of sight before we were born, and the Shawnees with whom they exchanged scalps have perished from the earth. It is a totally different case from that of the Apaches, who were murdering and ravaging in the Southwest only ten years ago, or that of the Sioux ghost-dancers, who are still dangerous; these proceedings are too near in time, and possibly too far off in distance, to contemplate with satisfaction. So our sympathies cling to those who tilled their fields with one hand while they fought off the savages with the other, and started a college amid the virgin forest. Kentucky is full of admirable literary material, which was too long neglected by the workmen in this sort of mine. She had indeed her historians; of late she has her poets, Mr. Robert Burns Wilson and Mr. J. Madison Cawein; at length she has her novelist.

Mr. James Lane Allen.—Within the last year or two the attention of the discerning has been caught and held by a series of magazine stories the scenes of which were in and about the Blue Grass region. Apart from the charm of the locality, never before thus handled in fiction, these tales displayed a freshness, breadth, penetration, and pathos which might have adorned any subject; but this field evidently filled the author's mind and lay nearest his heart. A clear eye, a firm hand, with abundant local knowledge and sympathy, were evident in "King Solomon," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," "Posthumous Fame," "The White Cowl," and "Sister Dolorosa." Gathered in a volume which took its name from one of its component parts, "Flute and Violin," these studies gave their author rank as one of both promise and performance, to whom much had been given in the way of natural endowment, and of whom much might be expected.

Mr. Allen's ancestor on the father's side emigrated from Virginia; his mother, from whom his early training came, was of the stout Scotch-Irish stock which colonized western Pennsylvania. At least two of his progenitors were Revolutionary soldiers. Born in the fifties on a farm near Lexington, he graduated with the first honor at what was once Transylvania University (pity the honored title was ever dropped), taught for a while, turned to literature, and spent some time in New York. One of his admiring pupils professes to "know no man whom Nature has made quite so near what a man should be in mind, character, and physique." The State pride which is the heritage of every Kentuckian he turned to its best uses in special studies of his native region; these formed the matter of his earliest writings. His aim in this prentice-work, he says, was "to train my eye to see, my hand to report, things as they were, as a preparation for imaginative work, which I hoped in time would follow." It has done so, and his "first experiments," as he calls these stories, are of no dubious success.

"*John Gray.*"—Those who look for a rough-and-tumble tale of tomahawk, scalping-knife, and hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, will be disappointed in Mr. Allen's first novel. It deals indeed with Kentucky in its early years, but not the earliest. Perhaps he will bend to the requirements of the sensational at some later day, go back another generation, and introduce us to his Indian-fighting forefathers; but thus far his mood inclines to more peaceful themes. His hero has but one battle with fleshly weapons, and spills but little gore of his adversary and none of his own. Border rudeness is vividly outlined, but not long dwelt upon; the bent of the author and of his hero is strongly toward the introspective, the spiritual side of life. The conductors of this magazine think with Mr. Allen that he has done no better work than "John Gray;" but this work is of the modern cast, and appeals chiefly to such as care for what M. Taine calls practical psychology. It is not an anachronism to place such a character on the frontier in the end of the last century; then as now there were gentle spirits, whose conflicts were chiefly waged on an inward arena. In delicacy, purity, and sweetness neither Mr. Allen nor any other of our writers has surpassed this simple story, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" though it be. The passage about the school-house and its frequenters, in the first chapter, will bear comparison with anything of its kind in English prose.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

A Too Short Vacation. By Lucy Langdon Williams and Emma V. McLoughlin. With Forty Illustrations from their Own Kodak.

It is not so much what one sees, in travelling, as how one sees it. Gayety and animation naturally assimilate what is gay and animated. If you take your pleasure with a grim face and a morbid heart, you will probably reach the conclusion that pleasure has put on mourning. If you take it as lightly as the authors of this captivating little book fresh from the Lippincott press, every object and every place in your path will overflow with quaint suggestion and endless novelty.

It would be hard to find among recent globe-trotters more brightness than ripples in joke, anecdote, and humorous description over the pages of A Too Short Vacation. Even Miss Duncan, with all the light-heartedness of A Social Departure to support her reputation for wit, has not surpassed these sister travellers in that quality, nor in the more important one of selection. Out of the episodes of a journey beginning on this side and taking half of Europe in its course, these collaborators have, with the reader's pleasure solely in view, chosen the most characteristic incidents of their tour and strung them together loosely yet consistently, but often with a grotesque juxtaposition which in itself is an evidence of their alert sense of humor.

What could be funnier, for example, than the story of the demure young lady who, on the outward voyage, carries on a serious flirtation with a German baron? He helps his faltering tongue by frequent reference to a small red pocket dictionary; but for some unknown reason the affair comes to a sudden end. Sanguinelle has heard him murmur lovingly, "Ah, Fräulein, you haf sooch a beautiful hide!" and she wonders if this can be the cause of the coolness. Such happy bits of fun, mingled with Kodaks equally taking in subject and reproduced with a dainty artistic effect, make this book of two observant travellers uncommonly attractive alike to the stay-at-home and the lover of the footpath-way.

Old Dacres' Darling. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Prender Cudlip).

The designing woman is a never-failing resource of fiction, because she is so interesting a personage of fact. She is capable of almost any of the minor crimes, and will even commit the major ones under strong provocation. She is always picturesque, mistress of good taste, and insidiously dangerous. Here in the last novel of Annie Thomas she is all this and much more beside. Victor Dacres, son of a stately English family and heir to Old Dacres, its head, marries her in this instance, goes to India in disgrace, and dies. She comes back before long, thrusts herself into the family circle, undoes a sweet courtship between her earlier lover-in-secret Sir Walter Larington and a daughter of the Dacres house, entangles Old Dacres, the Squire, in her allurements, nearly does him to death, and finally breaks several hearts more before the tragic end.

As the mere material out of which to make à novel, this must appeal to those who like the pure amusement of fiction, rather than its ethics, as most promising, and any one who takes up Old Dacres' Darling for an evening's

pleasure may be assured that he will suffer no disappointment. It is written in a breezy vein with a quick succession of dramatic incidents, and it has been dressed by the Messrs. Lippincott in a garb of print and binding which makes its mechanical attractiveness equal to its literary interest.

Stolen Steps. By S. L. Pierce, Author of Di, etc.

"I have always made home the central object of my life," remarks Mr. Richland, who recites the Epilogue to this pretty domestic drama called Stolen Steps. The author also, one feels in reading his story, has a quiet love of home, which he illustrates with warmth and charm. Sorrows come and go, separations break the fireside circle, but there is a spell within the home as potent as in the magic rings drawn by sorcerers of old. Mr. Pierce has been touched by this enchantment, and he has feelingly scattered it through his pages. His book is one which will attract the numberless contented souls who hold with Longfellow that "To stay at home is best."

Briefly, the story of Stolen Steps, which has just come forth from the Lippincott press, is that of a home broken up by an intemperate and cruel father. His wife and children wander away and find refuge in different places. He joins the army, and becomes a better man; grows successful in business; and is able at last to help his less lucky captain. When the scene opens, the various human threads are loosely drawn together at the lovely country-seat of Mr. Richland; and as the tale develops, amid alternate love-making and laughter, the skein is woven into a consistent design, wherein, after the good old fashion, deserving lowliness goes hand in hand with exalted worth. All this occurs in the neighborhood of Minneapolis, the scenery and characteristics of which country give a very definite *locale* to the book. It is certain that Stolen Steps will be quite as well remembered for itself as because it is from the same pen that wrote "Di."

From School-Room to Bar. By W. H. W. Moran.

The South is almost an undiscovered country to most of us, and hence its hold upon us when it is presented in the alluring form of fiction. To say that it affords abundant local color may have a jocular sound, but it is unequivocally true, and, having at last discovered it, the native authors are beginning to assume a place all by themselves in our contemporary letters. Mr. W. H. W. Moran, who has just given us From School-Room to Bar, which the Lippincotts have attractively published, takes Virginia life for his theme, sketching with careful touches the career of a youth belonging to one of the old families who has a manly desire to begin a new pedigree, rather than to cling to that of his impoverished family. His course in love and law is very pleasant reading, interwoven as it is with the homely wooing of several other couples whose courtship sometimes collides with his own to the entanglement of the plot and the woes of the plotters. Uncle Simon, "with song," as the play-bills have it, is a rarely good old negro of the slave type, and his dialect ditties are unusually sweet and true. The book is a tranquil idyll of a pathetic side of American life. It is written by one who evidently has himself experienced the episodes which he describes, and it has, therefore, the ring of truth which always makes the surest appeal to the reader.

CURRENT NOTES.

A LETTER FROM MARION HARLAND.

I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen, three years ago, I have used no other in making biscuits, cake, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home made combination of one-third soda, two-thirds cream of tartar.

Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice and also a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.

Marion Harland,

PRIZE QUESTIONS.

FITTING QUOTATIONS TO FAMOUS NAMES.

The result of the April contest—subject, George Eliot:

First Prize.

She has fulfilled her mission. God transfers
Or dims her ray; yet was she blest as bright,
For all her life was spent in giving light.

From "The Star's Monument." *Jean Ingelow.*
"Columbia."

From MISS FANNIE HOPSTEIN, Syracuse, N.Y.

Second Prize.

He loved the will; he did the deed.
Such love shall live. Such doubt is dust.
He served the truth; he missed the creed.
Trust him to God. Dear is the trust.—*Author Unknown.*

"Sara Andrews."

From MISS S. A. RICE, Falls Church, Va.

Third Prize.

Honor to her, who, self-complete and brave,
In scorn can carve her pathway to the grave,
And, heeding naught of what men think or say,
Make her own heart her world upon the way.

From "The New Timon." *Bulwer.*
"Draxy Miller."

From MRS. JAMES D. OSBORN, Cleburne, Texas.

Fourth Prize.

True to all Truth the world denies,
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin,
Not always right in all men's eyes,
But faithful to the light within.

From "A Birthday Tribute to J. F. Clarke."
"Teacher." *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

From MISS DORA E. PITCHER, Boston, Mass.

Continued on page 782.

LONG HAIR

Is the glory of woman, and absolutely essential to beauty. To preserve its richness and abundance, the greatest care is necessary, much harm being done by the use of worthless dressings. To secure a first-class article, ask your druggist or perfumer for **Ayer's Hair Vigor.** It is undoubtedly superior to any other preparation of the kind. It restores the original color, texture, and fullness to hair which has become thin, faded, or gray. It keeps the scalp cool, moist, and free from dandruff. It heals troublesome humors, prevents baldness, and imparts to the hair a silken lustre and a lasting fragrance. Gentlemen as well as ladies find it indispensable. No toilet can be considered complete without

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

Small boils, sores, and eruptions, which disfigure many otherwise handsome faces, may be effectually removed by the use of the Superior Blood Medicine,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Has cured others, will cure you.

PRIZE QUESTIONS.—Continued.

The four quotations judged most appropriate after the foregoing are as follows:

First.

A nature wise—
* * * * * *
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and sorrow, and with love,
Broad as the world, for freedom and for man.

"Prometheus." *James Russell Lowell.*
"Steno."

From Miss Belle Teller, Seneca Falls, N.Y.

Second.

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.—*Milton.*

From Nellie L. Drake, Minot, North Dakota.

Third.

True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity.*—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

* Submitted by a number.

Fourth.

Thou large-brained woman and large-hearted man.*

From "To George Sand: A Desire."—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

* Submitted by a number.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

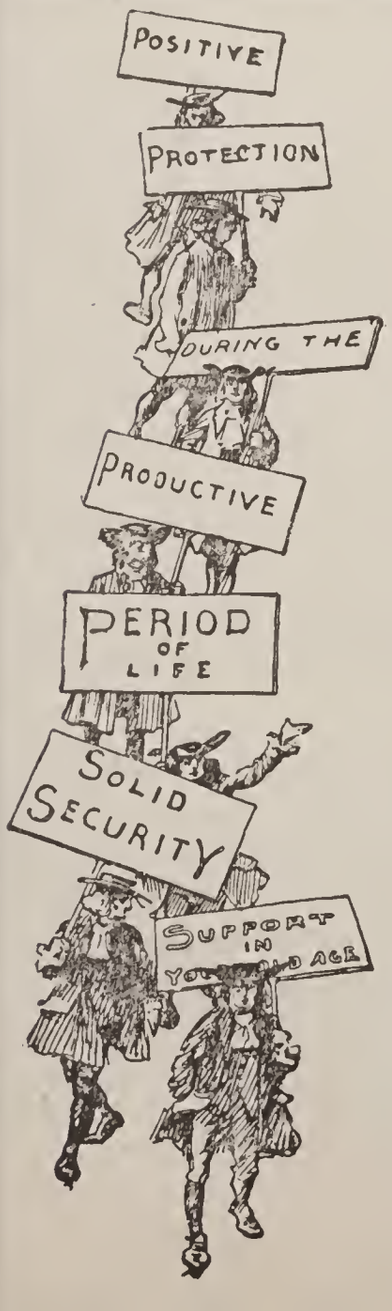
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
CARLOS MARTYN, D. D.,
New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation,
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D.,
"The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave.,
New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.



LIFE insurance is a business, it is not a mystery. It is subject to the same laws that underlie and control all legitimate business enterprises, and can be safely conducted only on purely business principles.

Its basis is the unclouded truth—the science of mathematics.

Presented as a mystery it is a most excellent thing to let alone.

Life is too precious to be wasted in solving conundrums or grasping at guesses in the air.

Should you desire insurance in a Policy-holders' Company,

No stockholders owning or controlling its surplus,

Whose policies are plain business contracts,

Clean and easily comprehended,

Non-forfeitable,

Non-restrictive,

Affording security at lowest possible cost,

Consult the "Penn Mutual," which is conducted in the interest of policy-holders, by policy-holders, for LIFE INSURANCE ONLY.

921, 923, and 925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We have received the following from an eminent critic: "I congratulate you on the sketch entitled 'A Wedding,' by Julien Gordon, which appears in the last number of your Magazine. It is a highly-finished piece of work, and striking not only for artistic but ethical reasons. The young girl who marries for any reason but the right one—because other girls get married, or because she likes the young man's position, or his uniform—is a type with which we are familiar, though it has seldom been so sharply cut. But the fact that the young woman who enters so lightly into a very solemn contract is sure sooner or later to have her heart awakened, is enforced with singular dramatic vigor by making the awakening come, not later, but instantly, on the very day of the wedding. The reader would have pitied the bridegroom thus cheated on the threshold of his honeymoon, had not the writer's art averted such sympathy by letting us see that the young man cared for some one else, and deserved precisely what he got.

"There is no doubt that a good deal of literary art can be put into a very short sketch."

The Spread of English.—The only foreign language learned by the most exclusive of all races, the Chinese, is a sort of corrupt English,—pidgin, or business, English, as it is called. But missionaries have done not a little in China, and much elsewhere, to spread our language, and there are few important nations in the world from which there are not some converts to Christianity who can speak it.

Yet with all this we have not yet mentioned the agency which has done, and will do, the most to make English the universal speech. This agency is, of course, colonization, and the agents are English-speaking colonists.

In a hundred years the United States will probably have as many inhabitants as China, and it is not likely that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape will fall much short of half their total, especially if England be reckoned with them. Some have, indeed, been found to maintain that English will not be the language of the whole even of the United States, while others point to the vigorous vitality of the French spoken by the French Canadians, and the recrudescence of Welsh in the British Islands, as hints that languages die hard. But it is impossible to suppose that such considerations can affect the main question. There are already signs that English is becoming the literary language of Europe. Prof. Vambéry, a Hungarian, published his autobiography first in an English dress; the Dutch author of "The Sin of Joost Aveling" wrote his novel "An Old Maid" in English, and the author of "The Crustacea of Norway," himself presumably a Norwegian, frankly owns in his advertisement that, to obtain the largest possible circulation for his book, it will be written in the English language.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Jerked Beef.—A remarkable instance of the tendency to change and even mutilate a word in order to give it a familiar and suggestive appearance is found in the expression "jerked beef," which is a ready English substitute for "charqui," the Peruvian word for meat cooked in smoke, or "jerked." Such a liberty taken with a foreign word may readily be pardoned when so happy in result, but the necessity for changing "lustrine," a French word for silk, into "lutestring" may be questioned, seeing we have many words, such as "lustre" and "lustrous," from the same root. But there is no accounting for fancies.—*Chambers's Journal.*

THE CHARGE OF THE BRIGHT BRIGADE.

On the floors, on the doors, poor slavey wondered
Where all the smuts came from—
Smuts by the hundred.
Scrubbing from morn till night
Rooms that would ne'er get bright—
How missis thundered.
Water and soap galore, used on that dirty floor,
Yet the same greasy spots still remained as of yore,
Grease-spots and nothing more—
Stains by the hundred.

Soap to the right of her, soap to the left of her,
Missis in front of her
Bullied and thundered.
"Susan, this floor's too black!" Hers not to answer back,
Knowing she'd get the sack. Susan renewed th' attack,
Then stopped and pondered.

Down the street, down the street, sad, heavy-hearted,
Into the grocer's store, poor Susan darted.
"Charge—what you like," she cried,
"I'm not to be denied,
Only tell this," she cried,
"What will make dirt go."
"That's very quickly done, stains you will soon have none,
Use this"—he handed one
Cake of SAPOLIO.

SAPOLIO to right of her, clean floors to left of her,
Missis at back of her
Beaming with pleasure.
Bright looked the house *this time*,
Not a taint, not a grime,
SAPOLIO used this time—
Grand household treasure.
Small is the charge that's made,
Few pence is all that's paid.
Ne'er will the glory fade
Of this home bright brigade;
E'er to the front will go
Morgan's SAPOLIO.

Spurious Works of Art Began Early.—That there were sham pictures of Apelles and Protogenes, spurious marbles of Phidias or Lysippus, and false gems of Pyrgoteles, in old Greek times, is more than probable. It is certain, indeed, that an infinite number of copies and imitations of the works of these immortals, on which, nevertheless, their names were shamelessly painted or graven, as the case might be, abounded in antiquity, and are now often enough unearthed. Every evidence goes to show, in short, that art frauds were as rife and universal in the classic ages of Greece and Rome as in our own. I shall not begin so far back. I forget where the charming anecdote of the irate country 'Squire and his Rubens is to be found,—most likely in the *Tatler* or the *Spectator;* in any case, it illustrates a case of mind and a condition of things which doubtless prevailed just as much in the days of Mæcenas as in those of Queen Anne. "Come and see my Rubens. So and so says it is not a Rubens. Damme! I'll kick anybody out of the house who says it isn't. What do you say, sir?" The credulity and obstinacy of amateurs and the craft and cunning of purveyors are doubtless quite as rife now as then. There have, however, been golden ages of art fraud, and we are, I think, living in one of them at present.

The art frauds that have taken shape and substance, which remain to encumber the world as false coin ever circulating from hand to hand, are, then, of all times and periods. The archæology of fraud even has become a science; some of the overt and acknowledged frauds themselves have attained the status of precious and coveted works, more valuable in the strange gyrations of the wheel of Time than the originals they simulated. Michael Angelo's marble Cupid, for instance, which he made in secret, broke, and mutilated, buried in a vineyard, and dug up again himself, all for the express "taking-in" of a certain cardinal, collector of antique marbles and contemner of modern art, is a case in point. If this particular Cupid could now be identified, it would probably be worth more than the most beautiful, genuine, antique work of its kind which Italian soil still enshrouds.

At all periods there have been men of true genius who have prostituted their talents in this service, but the rank and file of art impostors have been mostly vulgar workmen rather than artists,—ignorant, half-informed mechanical drudges, veritable slaves held in bondage, worked remorselessly by the astute dealers, their taskmasters. Here, as in all branches of trade, the middle-man takes the gross profits; the forger is of small account. The utterer of the fraud, he who plants the vulgar sham on the unwary amateur, is the really important player in the game.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

"My Lady's Dressing-Room" is the title of a book recently adapted from the French of Baronne Staffe by Harriet Hubbard Ayer, with introduction and notes by the translator herself. Mrs. Ayer, than whom no one better understands the art of beauty, has, with the Baronne Staffe's book as a foundation, made a manual of the toilet especially adapted to the needs of American women. Not only are rules for beautifying the appearance laid down, but women are told how to take care of their health so that they may dispense with the use of cosmetics, and how to use cosmetics if they are obliged to. Instructions for the care of the wardrobe are given with unusual particularity, together with hints for fitting up "my lady's dressing-room." The book contains a portrait of Mrs. Ayer, made especially for the purpose. Price, $1.50. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

POND'S EXTRACT

WILL CURE

Sore Throat,
Lameness,
Influenza,
Wounds,
Piles,
Earache,
Chilblains,
Sore Eyes,
Inflammations,

Hoarseness,
Frost Bites,
Soreness,
Catarrh,
Burns,
Bruises,
Sore Feet,
Face Ache,
Hemorrhages.

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

AVOID IMITATIONS. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A WARNING.—Hygienically, every man commits a crime against common sense if he does not wear the genuine Guyot Suspenders.

It is an acknowledged fact that the Genuine Guyot Suspenders are not only the very best, most durable and healthful suspenders made, but are by long odds the most popular all over the world. Numerous imitations of the Genuine Guyots are being offered to the trade, and we beg to caution all buyers against these imitations, as they are barefaced attempts to defraud the consumers, and it is the intention of the maker of the Genuine Guyots to prosecute, to the fullest extent of the law, all fraudulent imitations. We therefore advise you to be sure to examine your Guyots and see that they bear the names of Ch. Guyot and Bretelles Hygiéniques.

. . . The American wearers of the Genuine Guyots are aiding the manufacturers to stop the sale of all fraudulent imitations.

A FIRM selling thirty-three million pounds annually.

Only of late years the use of chocolate as a beverage has been introduced in America; this, however, to a small extent only, but if the majority of the public would penetrate the fact that using chocolate is as beneficial to the health as tea and coffee are injurious, how many dyspepsia sufferers would be relieved!

The most popular chocolate all over the universe is unquestionably Chocolat Menier.

To form an idea of the importance of this immensely wealthy firm, it must be said that huge territories, covered by cocoa plantations and railroads, are their own, as well as sugar refineries and a fleet of steamers, etc.

They claim and deserve the title of Largest Factory in the World.

What is Socialism?—The *Courrier du Figaro* of Paris recently called upon its readers and correspondents to give concise definitions of Socialism. It offered a prize of one hundred francs for the best explanation of the term which plays such a part in the life of to-day. The jury appointed to decide the contest was a distinguished one, consisting of Jules Simon, Leroy-Beaulieu, M. Lafarque, the Socialistic Deputy, and Abbé Garnier, the popular priest and public speaker. It is not probable that any one of the definitions will receive the place of honor in a future treatise upon Socialism or political science; but many of the explanations were clever and epigrammatic, and thus fulfilled the object of the *Figaro's* contest.

The members of the jury were unable to unite upon any one definition as the best; but A. Bellaique, administrator of one of the southern railroads, received the one hundred francs, the majority of the jury agreeing that he deserved it.

"Socialism," he wrote, "is a sum of theories and endeavors intended to bring about the greatest possible wealth or misery among all mankind by various means of legal compulsion."

Another correspondent said that Socialism was that state of society "where the coachman of his gracious lordship could give up his seat on the box to his master without difficulty in order to take the latter's cushioned place in the carriage."

Still another writer described Socialism as "an ink-bottle, or fishing in muddy waters, or a cuckoo which breaks the eggs in another's nest in order to lay its own eggs there."

Among the other definitions were:

"Socialism is the opportunism of communism."

"Socialism is the money of other people."

"Socialism is the egoism of the lower classes which seeks to strangle the egoism of those above them."

"Le Socialisme c'est la faim (fin) du monde" (a play upon words that is not translatable).

"Modern Socialism is the revolution of the stomach which for a century has been following the revolution of the mind."

"Socialism in the nineteenth century is what 'nature' was in the eighteenth century,—the word which is in the mouths of all people and which no one understands."

"What is Socialism? For the politician it is an income of nine thousand francs and a free pass on the railroads."

"Socialism is the right not to die of hunger which the unfortunates have in a country where so many people perish from indigestion."

"Socialism is professed by a party led by the charlatans of social science."

Hundreds of answers were received, but these serve as illustrations of their character and variety.

In an editorial in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Agnes Repplier, the brilliant essayist, receives this recognition: "Her voice rings, clear and happy, above the sighs and whinings of a low-spirited generation; how featly she foots it among the literary problems of the day,—with what 'joyful scorn' she laughs away the pretensions of solemn cant, enlivening her theme with a fertility of wit that never flags!"

SPARE WOMEN

Thin women know how much beauty owes to plumpness. Beautiful women know how much it owes to comfort. Men do not think of these things very deeply; beauty does not seem to them to call for analysis.

What is thinness? Too little fat. You say you are losing flesh when you are getting thin. It is fat. You are losing fat; and fat belongs to health and comfort as well as to beauty.

If a woman imagines she cares more for beauty than for comfort and health, it is because she does not see that there is no beauty without comfort and health.

The means of beauty and comfort and health, to some who are thin, is CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

A book on CAREFUL LIVING will be sent free to those who write for it to Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South Fifth Avenue, New York.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, at any druggist's, $1.

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.—If the electricians give us sunshine at night, they will have bestowed on mortals a godlike gift. We want, however, from the electricians something even more desirable than that. It is a something they have often tried to give, but have never yet succeeded in bestowing on us,—a practical electric motor. In the first place, we want a motor which will supersede horses for the traction of light vehicles. Imagine the convenience of electric cabs and omnibuses! At present, not only five million inhabitants have in London to be fed and watered and provided with air and light and room, but five hundred thousand horses. If these could be dispensed with, the saving would be enormous.

Nor would the saving in keep be the only convenience. Carriages and carts without horses would take just half the room now occupied. Electrical traction would therefore put an end to the congestion of traffic which is so serious in many thoroughfares. Instead of a cab, we should have a light arm-chair on wheels, with a seat in front for the driver, which would carry us in safety at eight miles an hour. Quite as great is the need for a good electric motor for housework. It is no good to talk about setting up in our houses neat little dynamos that a housemaid could learn how to work in a few hours. The housemaids never would learn, and we should soon find the neat little dynamo standing rusty and dust-grimed in the area, forgotten of man and maid.

If electricity is to be any good in the house, it must come in ready in a box,—potted energy which can be applied, like grease, wherever it is wanted. In this shape it may have a hundred uses. The footman, instead of turning the knife-machine, will connect it with the electrical motor, the cook will use it to turn the handle of the egg-whisk, the coffee-roaster, and the coffee-grinder, and to turn the meat. In the laundry it will do our mangling and ironing. In the stable it will clip the horses, and in the gardener's department pump the water and cut the lawn. Everything, in fact, that now revolves by the exertion of muscular effort, will be arranged to turn by electricity. When the electricians have given us the household motor, and not till then, shall we be able to say that man has chained the thunder-bolt and made it an obedient slave.—*The Spectator.*

HUMBUG.—Edward Nathaniel Lewer, who was all his life connected with the London Stock Exchange, and died on May 7, 1876, aged eighty, once said in all seriousness that during the Napoleonic wars so much false news of politics and army movements came through Hamburg that anything that smacked of the incredible was received with the derisive phrase, "That's Hamburg," whence is derived by corruption the word "humbug." If the word does not date back beyond the period referred to, it seems a more reasonable derivation than the very labored one we get in Webster's Dictionary.—*Notes and Queries.*

CHINESE ETIQUETTE.—Etiquette is the most formidable feature of Chinese life. It applies to everything, and has a force and meaning unknown to us "barbarians." Its ramifications at times are truly bewildering. It is considered very ill-bred to ask after the health of a man's wife. It is likewise objectionable to remove one's cap in the presence of a gentleman, to wear coat-sleeves that do not cover one's finger-nails, to betray a small appetite, or to wear less than three coats in making a formal visit. There are a thousand other points equally whimsical.

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Remember, Dobbins' Electric Soap preserves clothes washed with it; bleaches white ones, brightens colored ones; softens flannels and blankets, and contains nothing to injure the most delicate fabric. Ask your grocer for it. Take nothing else in its place. Read carefully all that is said on the two wrappers, and see that our name is on each.

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sir Morell Mackenzie on Smoking.—It will be interesting to state what Sir Morell Mackenzie considered the effects of over-smoking on the throat. He strongly objected to a cigarette "as being the worst form of indulgence, from the fact that the very mildness of its action tempts people to smoke nearly all day long, and by inhaling the fumes into their lungs saturate their blood with the poison. It should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. One is poisonous nicotine, the other the high temperature of the burning tobacco. Most people, however, can smoke in moderation without injury; to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative, but, on the other hand, an excessive indulgence in the habit is always injurious."

To any one who finds total abstinence from tobacco too heroic a stretch of virtue, Sir Morell said, "Let him smoke only after a substantial meal. Let him smoke a mild Havana, or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool-smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouth-piece which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter end, and, it may be added, rank and oily end."

"Let the singer who wishes to keep in the 'perfect way,'" added Sir Morell, "refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence,—the precise limits each man must settle for himself,—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it when used to excess."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Tailor-Made Corpse.—A certain Red John, who was a practised hand at making illicit whiskey in the Highlands, heard that the excisemen were in his neighborhood and were to pay him a visit. He went, in his extremity, to a friend of his, a tailor, and promised him a boll of malt if he would allow himself to be stretched on a table as a corpse. This was done. The tailor was decently vested in white sheets, a plate of salt was placed on his breast, and the godly old women of the neighborhood sung their coronachs around the bier. As the excisemen were entering, a voice was heard from the tailor: "Unless I get two bolls I'll cry out." The two bolls were promised, and Red John confronted his foes with a sorrowful countenance and an open Bible in his hand. "You have come," he said, "to a house of woe. This is my only brother, who has just died." The officers apologized and retreated. Some time after, they learned that Red John never had a brother; but the information came too late.—*Good Words.*

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn has been long enough in Japan to acquire what among us is called "a pull." Through this influence he was enabled to visit and inspect the Oho-Yashiro at Kitzuki, the oldest and most sacred shrine of the most Oriental of countries, which was "first built by order of the Goddess of the Sun, in the time when deities alone existed." So he was informed by the Guji or high-priest, with whom he hobnobbed; as also that no foreign devil (though perhaps we are not called by such hard names in Japan) before him had ever got beyond the temple court. The place and the occasion are described in his own picturesque and sensitive style, always quickly respondent to local influences, in a recent *Atlantic* article.

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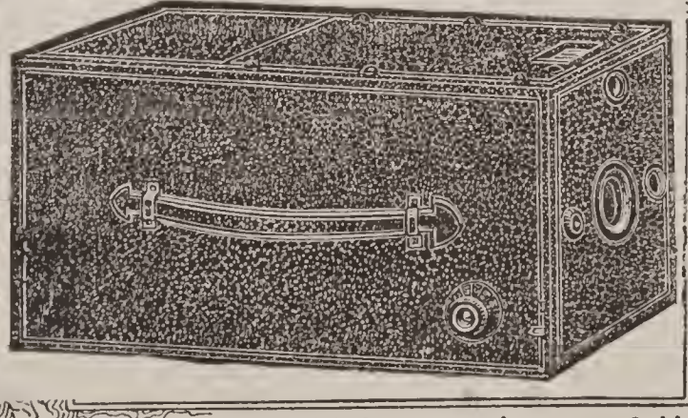

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SEAMAN

London Postmen.—No whistles are used by the carriers in London. Instead, they use the postman's double knock, which is made by giving two distinct raps on the door. Every door is provided with a knocker, and the doors are always locked: even the dwellings of the very poorest of London's population are provided with their knocker and kept closed. There are no sky-scrapers of tenements or flats. The houses are generally three stories, with one family on each floor. There are perhaps a few that have four stories, but they are very few. Of course this refers to dwellings only. They have large office buildings, such as are found in any city in this country.

The postman in England is looked upon as an integral part of the government, and as such is treated with the greatest of consideration and respect. Such a thing as a carrier having to wait in the hall-way of a house for two, three, or sometimes five minutes before he gets an answer, as we have to do, and to be unable to deliver a letter and to have to mark it "no answer," is something unheard of. When a carrier starts at the head of a street to deliver his mail, he gives his double knock on the first and second house, and the entire street, almost, is awake to the fact that the postman is coming. The result is that they are waiting for him. In an ordinary city block it would not be necessary to knock more than two or three times, once or twice at the head of the street, and again in the middle. The carrier never has to wait, and this enables him to make better time.—*The Postal Record.*

Two Famous Jokes.—The memory of Theodore Hook, the celebrated English humorist, is very appropriately associated with the most audacious jest on record,—viz., his announcement, when recalled from his post as Governor of Mauritius on a charge of embezzling twelve thousand pounds of the public money, that he had come home "on account of a disorder in his chest." But the most brilliant of his comic feats was achieved in concert with his famous rival Tom Hood. The two were strolling one summer evening on the outskirts of London with their friend Charles Mathews, the great actor, when Hood said to Hook, "They call us 'the inseparables;' but, after all, it's only natural that Hook-and-eye should always be together—eh, Theo?" "Bravo, Tom," cried Hook; "that's the best I've heard for a long time! I say, suppose we have a match which of us two can make the best joke on the spur of the moment? Charlie Mathews here shall be umpire, and the loser shall stand treat for a supper for three." "Done!" said Hood; and scarcely was the word uttered when they espied a sign-board, the owner of which, wishing to advertise that he sold beer, had unluckily worded the announcement, "Bear sold here." "Oho," said Hook, "I suppose that bear is his own Bruin!" "Well done!" cried Charles Mathews. "You'll have hard work to beat that, friend Thomas." "I dare say he'll do it, though," said Theodore; "he carries more than two faces under one Hood: don't you, Tom?" At that moment they turned a sharp corner, and came in sight of a small tumble-down house standing in the midst of a wretched little plot of worn and trampled grass, just in front of which was displayed a huge board with the inscription, "Beware the dog." Hood looked warily round him in all directions, and, finding no dog anywhere visible, picked up a broken piece of brick and scribbled underneath the warning, "Ware be the dog?" "Well, I'll tell you what it is, my boys," said Charles Mathews, "I can't decide between two such jokes as those, and, what's more, I'm not going to try; so we had better all go and sup together, and each pay his own share."

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if you wish your infant to be well nourished, healthy, bright and active, and to grow up happy robust and vigorous.

OUR BOOK FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS,

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THE THUMB OF MOSES.—A Harlem young lady, religiously inclined, applied for a class in Sunday-school a few weeks ago, and the superintendent promptly placed her in charge of that doubtful honor,—the Infant Class.

The new teacher went on pretty well until she ventured on the thin ice known as "general questioning."

"Now, children," she said, with that extremely vivacious manner which is popularly supposed to fascinate young children, "what did Moses do?"

The infant mind worked on the problem for a few moments in silence.

"Come, dears," said the young teacher, encouragingly, "some one tell me what Moses did."

A very small boy on the fidgety back row seemed to be struggling with a reply.

"What is it, Willie?" urged the teacher, encouragingly.

"Hith thumb weighed a pound."

"What?" asked the astonished teacher.

"My marmer says so."

"Says what, Willie?" demanded the perplexed teacher, while the class stopped fidgeting and listened intently.

"She says every time Moses puts hith thumb on the scales it weighs a pound."

"Who is Moses, Willie?"

"He'th our butcher, mith."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THACKERAY AND THE GUARD.—Thackeray was not a vain man, and he disliked vanity in others, and made it the subject of his ridicule and sarcasm.

After long pleading, his family induced him to have his portrait painted, and Lawrence, a famous London artist, gladly undertook the task.

Soon after the picture was completed, Thackeray chanced to be dining at his club, when a pompous officer of the Guards stopped beside the table and said,—

"Haw, Thackeray, old boy, I hear Lawrence has been painting your portrait?"

"So he has," was the response.

"Full-length?"

"No; full-length portraits are for soldiers, that we may see their spurs. But the other end of the man is the principal thing with authors," said Thackeray.

SPURGEON.—The following is a good instance of the ready wit of the late Mr. Spurgeon. Three young fellows came into the Tabernacle and settled themselves conspicuously in the gallery with their hats on. In vain the officials requested them to uncover. Of course Mr. Spurgeon's eye was soon upon them, and, leading his discourse round to the respect which all Christians are bound to show for the feelings of others, "My friends," he said, "the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I naturally uncovered my head; but, on looking round, I perceived that all the rest wore their hats, and so, not wishing to offend against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those three young Jews up in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show them when I visited their synagogue, and take off their hats."

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Cake and other articles of food keep moist and fresh and do not dry up as when made with baking powders containing ammonia or alum.

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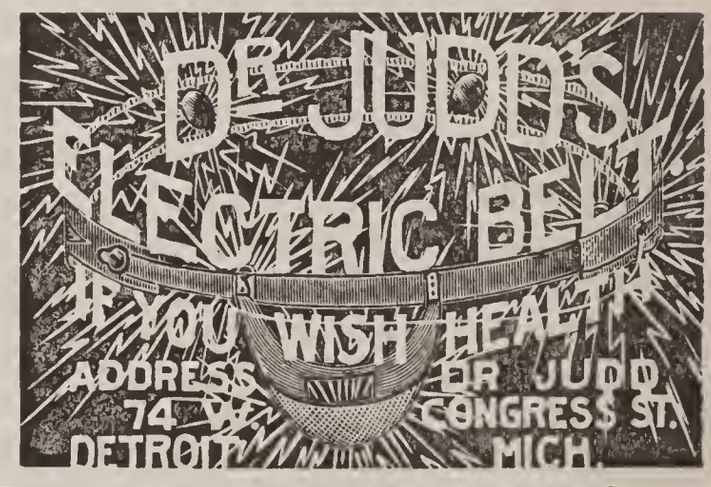

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BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 16, 1892.

A Land-Lord Indeed.—The late Duke of Devonshire owned land in fourteen different counties,—Derby, York, Lancaster, Sussex, Somerset, Lincoln, Cumberland, Middlesex, Notts, Chester, Stafford, Cork, Waterford, Tipperary. The estates extend to 193,000 acres, and the annual rental is something over £170,000. Much of the land in and about Eastbourne was the property of the duke, and, like that in the vicinity of Barrow-in-Furness, has increased enormously in value of late years.

The duke possessed no fewer than seven seats, the cost of keeping up which alone must have been considerable. They are Bolton Abbey, Chatsworth, Compton Place, Devonshire House (Piccadilly), Hardwick, Holker, and Lismore Castle. The duke had the patronage of over forty Church livings, the annual total value of which exceeds ten thousand pounds per annum.

The founder of the house was William Cavendish, commonly supposed (according to Mr. Evans's "Old Nobility") to be identical with that Cavendish who wrote the "Life of Wolsey," and who has been immortalized by Shakespeare. The fifth duke was the husband of the duchess whose portrait was painted by Gainsborough, and about whom there is a story similar to that of one of the Duchesses of Gordon of her kissing tradesmen to obtain votes. It was the sixth duke who formed the famous gardens at Chatsworth. The family motto, "Safe by being cautious," applies, most people will think, very fitly to the new duke. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Not Red-Hot.—A little knot of townsmen were wont to prolong their drinking-bouts, and when there was no law closing public houses at eleven P.M. in Scotland these *sederunts* extended not seldom far on into the morning hours. To try and check the doings of the topers on one occasion, at the hour when the couple of candles had nearly expired (there was no gas in our town in those days), a spectre of human build, but robed in white, and carrying a lantern under the enveloping sheet so as to produce a diffused red light, stalked solemnly into the gloomy room, and stood in what was hoped would be a terror-striking silence. As gravely as if he rose to meet some mourner, one of the tipsy crew stood up on his feet. Forming a bubble of saliva on his lip, he poised it on the tip of his middle finger, and, projecting it towards the supposed emissary of terror in a way that most boys understand and occasionally practise when in vulgarest mood, the swaying drunkard shot the moisture hard at the glimmering sheet and figure, with the one remark, *scotticé*, "Ye're a gude while oot, or ye'd ha'e fizzed."—*The Spectator.*

The Obstinate Hat.—Lately the little sons of the Emperor of Germany were shown the mysteries of a chapeau-claque, or crush hat. Shortly afterward, in the anteroom of their father, they found a tall hat, and immediately desired to test their skill in shutting it up. Being an ordinary hat, and without the claque mechanism, it naturally refused to shut. At last one little prince, growing impatient, said to his brother, "Sit on it, Fritzchen!" Fritz obeyed; there followed a loud crack and a roar of laughter from the authors of the mischief. The Emperor sent out to ask the cause of the disturbance. Pointing to the smashed hat, the young crown prince replied, with a military salute, "The obstinate thing wouldn't shut at first, but among us we managed to make it change its mind!" The wrecked hat was replaced by a new one, which the owner will doubtless keep as a souvenir of a very amusing episode in the life of his country's future head.

MAKE YOUR OWN KUMYSS IN ONE MINUTE. Kumysgen, or Carnrick's Kumyss Powder. A product of pure, sweet milk. The ideal food in all cases where nutrition is an important factor and digestion is feeble. As nutritious as milk, and ten times more nutritious than cod-liver oil and far more fattening.

You can take sufficient Powder with you to your summer resort to last a month or two, as it never spoils. You can make it and take it while travelling on steamer or railroad.

When all other foods fail, try Kumysgen; but it is better to try it in the beginning and save time and strength.

It will perfectly satisfy your thirst and hunger. When you have no appetite it will keep up your strength.

It is largely used by Physicians in all parts of the world.

Kumysgen is the only preparation of Kumyss that will keep. All liquid preparations of Kumyss will keep but a short time, and are constantly changing in the bottle.

Kumyss made from Kumysgen is far more palatable, easier digested, and less expensive than the old style Kumyss.

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DRESS WELL AT LOW COST. HOW? By dealing with the manufacturer, thus paying but one profit on the material. The Delaware Woollen Mills make Men's Suits to order from their own all-wool cloths, at prices lower than you pay for ready-made clothes. No made-up stock kept. Every garment made to order from measure. Perfect fit guaranteed. Every variety of goods. Pants to order, $3.00 to $10.00. Suits to order, $12.00 to $35.00. Samples, self-measuring rules, and a tape measure sent free. DELAWARE WOOLLEN MILLS Co., Office, No. 10 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Established 1825.

FALSE economy is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

THE STUDY OF A SOAP-BUBBLE.—The iridescences of the common soap-bubble, subjected to scientific analysis, have emerged in the conclusion that stellar space is a plenum filled with material substance capable of transmitting motion with a rapidity which would girdle the equatorial earth eight times in a second, while the tremors of this substance, in one form, constitute what we call light, and in all forms constitute what we call radiant heat. Not seeing this connection between great and small, not discerning that as regards the illustration of physical principles there is no great and no small, the wits, considering the small contemptible, permit sarcasm to flow.—*John Tyndall: New Fragments.*

Early Iron Work.—The blacksmith occupied an important position among the craftsmen of the Middle Ages. The insecurity of life and property, which was one of the chief grievances of the times, made strength of material indispensable, whether to guard the shrine of a saint or to protect after a more homely fashion the family chest or coffer. The strength and durability of iron led to its use for these defensive purposes from early times. But the workman of the Middle Ages was not content to allow strength and ugliness of form to go together, but contrived to breathe a spirit of beauty into his designs without sacrificing the use to which the material was destined. Thus wrought iron formed the object of much artistic work both in England and abroad. Until coal came into general use malleable iron was produced direct from the ore with charcoal fuel by continuous working. Sussex was from early times a chief seat of the iron industry. The earliest positive record of the trade there is contained in a grant made by King Henry III. to the town of Lewes in 1266, by which the inhabitants were empowered to raise toll for the repair of the town walls after the battle. Every cart-load of iron destined for sale which came from the neighboring "weald" was to pay one penny toll, and every horse-load of iron half that sum. In 1290 a sum of money was paid to a certain Master Henry of Lewes for the iron work to the monument of Henry III. in Westminster Abbey, which reminds us that talented smiths were brought often from long distances for important works.—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Raised Hat.—The hat proper—that is, the raised hat—was first made in England, by Spanish hatters, about 1510, having been introduced into France a century earlier. The gay young courtiers of the queen—Elizabeth of immortal memory—shone resplendent in high-crowned hats of rare device, which, like the brilliant Raleigh, they hung round with strings of pearls. Kingsley describes his Elizabethan adventurer, John Oxenham, as having on his head "a broad velvet Spanish hat," and Master Frank Leigh as shading his delicate complexion from the sun with "a broad dove-colored Spanish hat, with feather to match, looped up over the right ear with a pearl brooch." But hats or caps were worn according to taste or circumstances; and Scott tells us that when Leicester rode bareheaded at Elizabeth's side on her entry into Kenilworth his esquire had charge of his lordship's black-velvet bonnet, garnished with a clasp of diamonds, and surmounted by a white plume.

By a statute of 1566, velvet hats or caps were prohibited to all persons under the degree of a knight; and by another enacted in 1571, every person, except ladies, lords, knights, and gentlemen having twenty marks a year in landed estate, was required to wear on Sundays and holidays a home-made cap of wool, very decent and comely for all states and degrees. But these sumptuary laws were openly disregarded. Stubbs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," describes a pleasing variety of new-fashioned head-gear,—hats perking up like the spear or shaft of a temple; hats that are broad on the crown, like the battlements of a house; and round crowns with bands of every color. This variety of shape consorted with an equal variety of material,—silk, velvet, taffeta, sarcenet, wool, and "a fine hair, which they call beaver, fetched from beyond the seas." Whoso had no hat of velvet or hat of taffeta was held of no account among the gilded youth of the time, and so common a thing was this ostentation in the matter of head-covering that "every serving-man, countryman, or other, even all indifferently, did wear of these hats."—*All the Year Round.*

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS renews vigor, and makes life worth living. It is an invaluable remedy for all disorders of the stomach brought about by unaccustomed diet and impure water.

To the Tourist bent on pleasure or business, or the Emigrant seeking a far Western home, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a useful medicine to take with you on the journey. It is a preventive and curative of malarial disorders.

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D. Herbert Hostetter, President. Theodore R. Hostetter, Vice-President. M. L. Myers, Secretary and Treasurer. The Hostetter Company, Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER.—There is no "sure cure for every case of asthma" or "every case of hay-fever," but the worst cases, if uncomplicated by organic disease, can be *cured to stay cured* by constitutional treatment, and this at the patient's home. We treat no one without a thorough knowledge of the case. *Incurable cases declined.* Examination free by mail. We want name and address of every sufferer from asthma or hay-fever. P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, New York.

SOAP FOR SUPPER.—Like all primitive peoples, the Maories are very inquisitive, and, in the manner of children, are inclined to bring everything to their mouths to test its qualities. In the early days a party of Maories came across some bars of soap which had been washed ashore from a wreck. Finding that the stuff was too sticky to be eaten raw, they resolved to cook it. Accordingly, they cut it up into small pieces and sprinkled these pieces over the sweet potatoes and fish which formed their evening meal. Finally they covered the whole mass over with fern-leaves and mats, and, putting earth on the top, left everything to bake quietly in the ovens till the evening. The scene at that evening meal must have been very funny. Not only did the tribe have to go supperless to bed, but the whole set of ovens was spoilt, and new ones had to be constructed before any further cooking could be done.—*All the Year Round.*

COSTUMES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—We should like to call attention not only to the picturesqueness, but to the convenience, of the male costume during the first twenty-five years of the sixteenth century. Many of our doctors are assuring us that an extraordinary amount of pulmonary disease is due to the fact that men are in the habit of going about of an evening much more lightly dressed than during the daytime, wearing waistcoats of a thinner material and open in front upon the chest, precisely the part of the body which should be most protected. Now, the doublet screens the chest from every wind, and can be made of the lightest material in summer and of the heaviest in winter. It is quite true that the legs were more exposed than they are at present; but, at the same time, if we study minutely the drawings and engravings of the sixteenth century, we observe that in winter the men are represented as either wearing worsted stockings, gaiters, or long boots.

It is a mistake to imagine that the streets of London in the sixteenth century presented a much more lively appearance than they do at present. The every-day dress of the people, even of the highest rank, was almost invariably made of broadcloth of a sober color, occasionally enlivened with velvet and smart ribbons. It was only on state occasions, or festivities, parties, balls, and public entertainments, that the gay silks and velvets and the cloth of gold were exhibited, and it must be remembered that so costly were the materials which could then be employed in male or female dress that not unfrequently parents left their best clothes by will to their favorite children as a much-valued legacy.—*The Saturday Review.*

THOUGHT-READING EXTRAORDINARY.—At a *séance* in Dublin a thought-reader boasted that he could find a marked pin hidden by one of the audience. Several of them came forward, among whom was a confederate. The pin was hidden by a Trinity student in an adjoining room in the presence of the committee, among whom was the confederate. The student, suspecting the man from his looks, slyly took away the pin from its hiding-place. On the return to the platform, the thought-reader gazed into the hider's face, and, putting his hand to his brow, was blindfolded, and led the student to the hiding-place, but of course could find no pin. He returned, acknowledged his defeat, and looked daggers at his confederate. "Now, gentlemen," said the student, "I'll undertake to say that, if this diviner of the human mind will do as I tell him, half the audience, without a single hint from me, will know where the pin is." And, turning to the thought-reader, he said, "Sit down." He did so. There was a yell, and, jumping up, the thought-reader hastily pulled from his coat-tails the marked pin.

THE CASTOR-OIL PLANT.—No sort of bird, beast, or creeping thing will touch a castor-oil plant. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting off a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his upper lip as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army-worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight; and there is no surer way to drive moles away from a lawn than to plant a few castor-beans here and there. Even the tobacco-worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves. There is hardly another instance in natural history of a plant being so universally detested by the animal world.

WHAT A WOMAN HAS DONE.—She has reached the highest pinnacle of success. Madame A. Ruppert's Face Bleach is a blessing to women. This wonderful discovery, which is positively guaranteed harmless, has done more for women suffering from blemishes of the complexion than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It has merit, it gives satisfaction. In every case of facial blemishes it is successful. This is the reason that its sale has reached such enormous proportions, and its use is common in almost every household. Judge for yourself the merits and demerits of the articles you purchase. The immense success which has attended Madame Ruppert's every effort is positive guarantee that she does as she advertises. If your complexion is unsatisfactory, come to this eminent specialist, state your case, and you will be treated candidly. Face Bleach, the sale of which is equal to all other preparations for the skin combined, is used all over the civilized world, and every one who has used it will recommend it highly.

This preparation is not a high-priced article. It sells for $2.00 per bottle, which in many cases is sufficient to cure, though in the average case three bottles, which sell for $5.00, are required.

Will your physician guarantee to cure the blemish of your complexion for $5.00? No! In many cases they will ask you this much for one consultation. Madame Ruppert asks you nothing for consultation, but if you will call or write and state your case plainly you will be answered cordially. Ladies, you do not know how easily and quickly your complexion can be made perfect until you try my wonderful Face Bleach.

In order to give the public an absolute demonstration of the truly wonderful effects of my Face Bleach, I am now in search of a lady who has some frightful blemish of the complexion, who is willing to come to my parlors and have her skin absolutely cured. I will cure one side of her face at a time, to show the effect. Should this meet the eye of any one suffering from any long-standing disease or discoloration of the skin, will they kindly call on me?

My Almond Oil Complexion Soap is unexcelled, and this month I will present to every purchaser of my Face Bleach a bar FREE. So that my patrons need not invest so much at one time, or buy more than they really need, I give to each purchaser of one bottle of Face Bleach a card, on the return of which they can purchase the remaining two bottles for $3.00, in case they need more than the first bottle. Call or send six cents postage for my new book, "How to be Beautiful."

Ladies living at a distance can order my Face Bleach of me, and I will send it, securely packed, in plain wrapper to any part of the world. While using my Face Bleach, I am pleased to hear from my patrons and cordially give them the benefit of my experience.

Responsible business women can secure the agency for Madame Ruppert's preparations in towns and cities where not already represented. Correspondence cordially requested. Madame A. Ruppert, 6 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

He was Sorry.—There is a negro man at City Point so old that nobody knows how old he is,—one of those old knock-kneed negroes about one hundred years old,—all twisted and doubled up with rheumatism, who walks or crawls about with the assistance of two sticks, and is known as Uncle Joe. One day the old man was slowly making his way through the village street, when along came a white man, a very well known character in that town, "half-seas over." He happened to have his rifle with him,—and a crack shot he is, whether drunk or sober. As soon as he saw Uncle Joe seated on a stump, he sang out, "I say, Uncle Joe, let me put a potato on top of your head and shoot it off. I will give you fifty cents if I bust the potato, or a dollar if I kill ye." The old negro looked up and replied, "Do you say, boss, you will give me fifty cents if you bust de potato, or a dollar if yer kill me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, den, go ahead, boss!" said the old man. The potato was placed on the top of the old negro's head, and the white man staggered off about thirty paces and drew a bead. The smoke and fire shot from the rifle, and the potato spun high in the air. "Well, I'll be shoved!" said Jim, "I did do it, or I'm a sojer!" He staggered up to Uncle Joe, fumbled about in two or three of his pockets, fished out a half-dollar, and handed it to him. The old man seemed very much surprised; it was a long time since he had seen so much money. He looked at it lovingly, bit it, turned it over, looked up to Jim, and said, "Well, boss, I's sorry I didn't git de dollar."—*Forest and Stream.*

Ivory among the Ancients.—Among all these products of Semitic trade, perhaps the most interesting are ivory and tin. The question still remains to be finally settled as to what were the original sources whence both these precious substances were obtained. As regards ivory, there appears to have been a double source, the Egyptians and Carthaginians using African ivory, while the Assyrians and Phœnicians obtained it from India. The Carthaginians appear to have tamed the African elephant,—a feat now regarded as impossible. On the other hand, Thothmes III. encountered a herd of one hundred and twenty elephants in Mesopotamia, and shows an elephant as part of his Asiatic spoils. Possibly the Assyrians may even at that early period have obtained elephants from India. The Persians used them at Arbela, and the Greeks brought them to Palestine, as Pyrrhus (unless, indeed, his elephants were African) did to Italy. But the range of the Asiatic elephant may have been wider in early times than it now is, for it survived with the rhinoceros in Honan down to 600 B.C. The elephant is correctly represented on the black obelisk of Shalmanezer II. (860–825 B.C.) with the rhinoceros; and other Bactrian and Indian animals (notably monkeys) occur as Assyrian bas-reliefs. The Phœnicians, as we have seen, obtained ivory from the Persian Gulf. In Nineveh, on the other hand, an ivory object carved in Egypt has been found, which is no doubt of African material.—*Scottish Review.*

A Portland physician and a Bath theologian were in the Bowdoin Medical School recently, examining microscopic slides of peculiar glands. The physician began a scientific discussion, and the clergyman, becoming wearied of the subject, exclaimed, "You doctors know so much about the uncertainties of this world that I should think that you would not want to live!" Whereupon the physician retorted, "You theologians tell us so much about the uncertainties of the next world that we don't want to die!"

"OH, IF MOTHER WERE ONLY ALIVE!"

ALL through life she has known a mother's watchful care. She now is a *young mother*, and gains strength but slowly. She would "give worlds" to do everything for her precious baby, but cannot; the doctor is *so strict*, and does not sympathize with her, "as mother always did."

That baby has unfolded, in the young mother's heart, new emotions. She has a living responsibility, and requires strength to enable her to perform a loving duty. At such a time, too much care cannot be taken, and the Vegetable Compound is indispensable. Send stamp for "Guide to Health and Etiquette," a beautiful illustrated book.

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A SHORT CHAPTER IN GUYOT HISTORY.—A large outfitter, wishing to create a little stir in business, advertised Genuine (?) Guyot Suspenders at Twenty-five (25) Cents per pair!

He placed in a large box a few of the Genuine and a large number of the imitation. Many buyers who bought their supply of suspenders were deceived, as they imagined they were buying all Genuine Guyots.

One man, when making his purchase, asked the salesman, "Are these the Genuine Guyots?" "Yes, sir, they are," was the reply. "All of them?" "Yes, sir," was the reply again.

A few days after this occurrence the large outfitter received word that he would be at once prosecuted for selling goods under false pretences, and it was only through the efforts of a mutual friend that the proceedings were stopped, with a positive promise from the outfitter that it would never occur again.

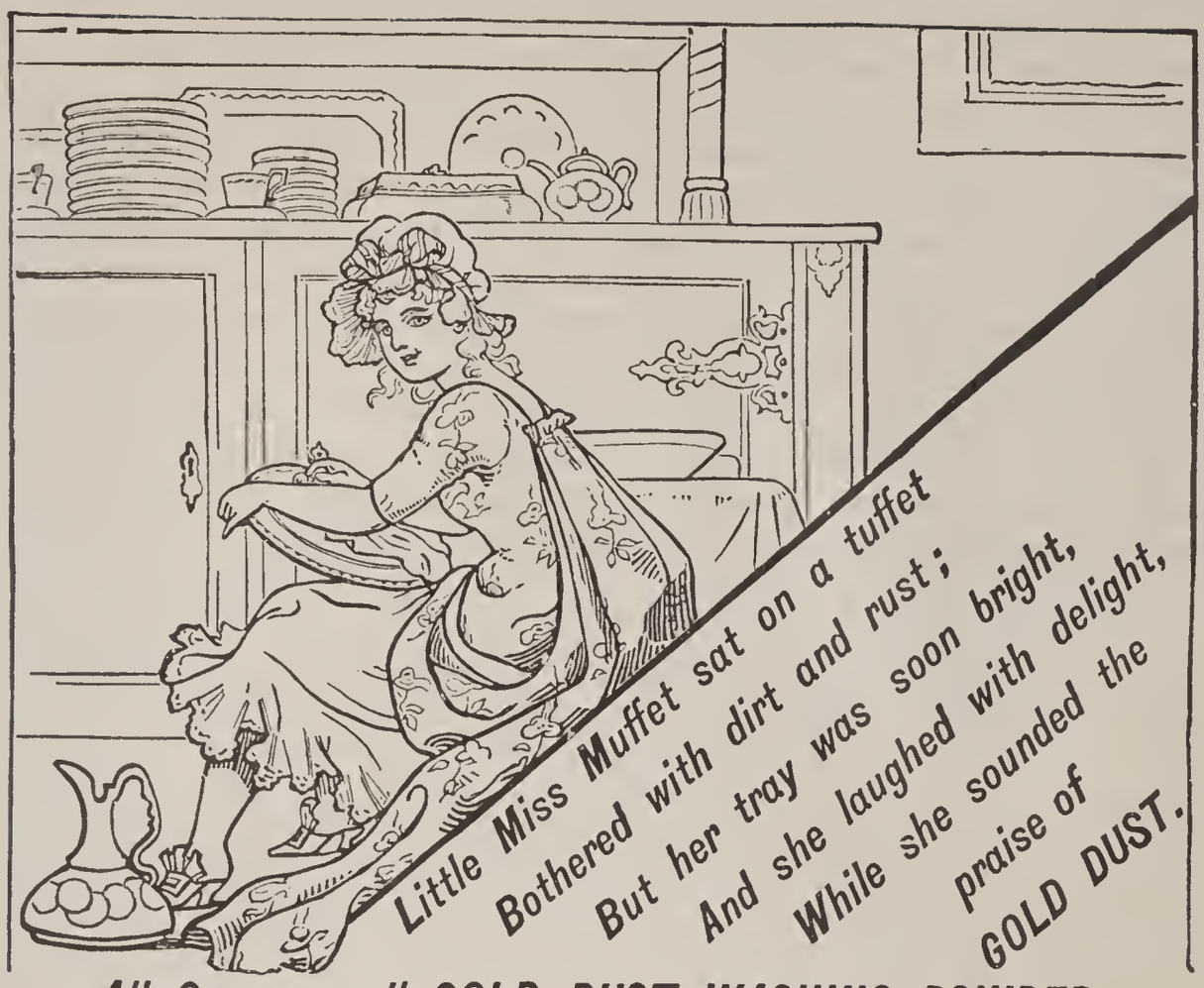
This is liable to happen to any dealer who attempts to palm off to his customers, under the name of Guyots, anything but the Genuine article, made by Ch. Guyot, at Paris, France.

THE FIRST FORGED BANK-NOTE.—Sixty-four years after the establishment of the Bank of England, the first forged note was presented for payment, and to Richard William Vaughn, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary, or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed (and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes) the discovery was made. The criminal had placed a number of these forged notes in the hands of a lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no telling how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation had this man not shown with what ease they could be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common. Vaughn was executed, and many another lost his neck for the same crime before capital punishment for forging was abolished.

I HAVE letters from Dean Stanley that have been read for me by experts (says James Payn), but which, unless I can recollect their contents, might just as well be still in their sealed envelopes. I have notes from Walter Thornbury which resemble Chaldee manuscript. In these days of type-writing machines it seems inexcusable that such enigmas should be presented to the human mind; but in the first place many persons find the type-writer more difficult to handle than the pen; and secondly, in epistolary intercourse of the social kind some people consider the use of the type-writer to be disrespectful. Nevertheless, we might take a hint from an anecdote told by Bishop Barrington: "Out of respect," wrote a correspondent, "I write to you with my own hand; but, to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy made by my amanuensis." It is now well understood that the lawyer of whom Dickens speaks as writing three hands—one which he himself only could read, one which only his clerk could read, and one which nobody could read—was John Bell of the Chancery Bar.

THE Rochester *Democrat* relates a comical mishap which befell a young lady at her first dinner-party. Naturally she was somewhat nervous at first, but the awkwardness wore away after a little, and she was soon quite at ease. The dessert was being served, and the stately colored waiters were passing pretty little pink-frosted cakes, to be eaten with the iced creams. A plate of them was held before the young lady, who looked them over, and said, "I don't care for any." The waiter was moving away, when she saw, as she thought, an *éclair* on the farther side of the plate. She was fond of chocolate. "Yes, I will, too," she said, reaching over for the *éclair*: "there is one with chocolate on it." "Beg pardon, miss," said the waiter, as she tried to pick up the tempting morsel; "beg pardon, miss, but that's my thumb."

THE most wonderful book in the world is one which is neither written nor printed. Every letter is cut into the leaf, and, as the alternate leaves are of blue paper, it is as easily read as the best printing. The labor required and the patience necessary to cut each letter may be imagined. The work is done so perfectly that it seems as though done by machinery, yet every character was made by hand. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It is a very old volume, and was a curiosity as long ago as 1640. It belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. Rudolph II. of Germany offered eleven thousand ducats for it.—*The Newsman.*



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In an interior city (says the *Bazar*) lived a family who had one of those domestics of the familiar heavy hand. A few years ago the town experienced a slight shock of earthquake. Pictures were thrown down, crockery and furniture rattled about. In the midst of the tumult, the mistress went to the head of the basement-stairs, and called out, in a would-be patient tone, "Mary Ann, what are you doing now?"

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Chinese as Sleepers.—In the item of sleep the Chinese establishes the same difference between himself and the Occidental. Generally speaking, he is able to sleep anywhere. None of the trifling disturbances which drive us to despair annoy him. With a brick for a pillow, he can lie down on his bed of stalks or mud bricks or rattan and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation. He does not want his room darkened, nor does he require others to be still. The "infant crying in the night" may continue to cry for all he cares, for it does not disturb him. In some regions, the entire population seem to fall asleep, as by a common instinct (like that of the hibernating bear), during the first two hours of summer afternoons, and they do this with regularity, no matter where they may be. At two hours after noon the universe at such seasons is as still as at two hours after midnight. In the case of most working-people at least, and also in that of many others, position in sleep is of no sort of consequence. It would be easy to raise in China an army of a million men—nay, of ten millions—tested by competitive examination as to their capacity to go to sleep across three wheelbarrows, with head downward, like a spider, their mouths wide open and a fly inside.—*Chinese Characteristics.*

There once lived in the city of Mexico a Frenchman known as Otavito (little Octave), whose rogueries kept the town in a ferment. At one time he claimed to have discovered a specific for the rejuvenescence of women, and, by means of sensational advertising, he succeeded in gathering a clientèle of forty or fifty ancient dames, who were assembled, on a certain day, in a long *sala*, tricked out with astrological symbols, crucibles, alembics, and all the paraphernalia of charlatanry. The conjurer presented himself before the ladies, and addressed them in flamboyant language, ending as follows: "And now, señoras of my soul, it is needful that the mystic ceremonies before us be opened by the eldest one among you." Then, addressing her whose appearance seemed to indicate priority, he asked her age. "Thiry-seven years, señor," simpered the beldame, who was at least in the seventh decade. "And you, señora?" "Thirty-six." And so on, until he got them down to a declared age of twenty years, with the maximum of thirty-seven. "Well, ladies all, you perceive that, without further proceedings, the miracle is accomplished," said Otavito; "for the least gallant of men could not call her aught but young whose years are but thirty-seven; and you see for yourselves that is the age of the oldest among you!"

Nothing Wasted.—In Paris nothing is wasted, not the smallest scrap of paper; that which every one else throws away here becomes a source of profit. Old provision-tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel, and at the back. Scraps of paper go to the card-board factory, orange-peel to the marmalade-maker, and so on. The ideas suggested are not always agreeable, and to see a rag-picker fishing orange-peel out of the basket is enough to make one forswear marmalade; but there is worse than that. The most valuable refuse—that which fetches two francs the kilo—is hair; the long goes to the hair-dresser, while the short is used, among other things, for clarifying oils.—*The Saturday Review.*

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No. 292. "BUT MEN MUST WORK".....By Rosa Nouchette Carey.
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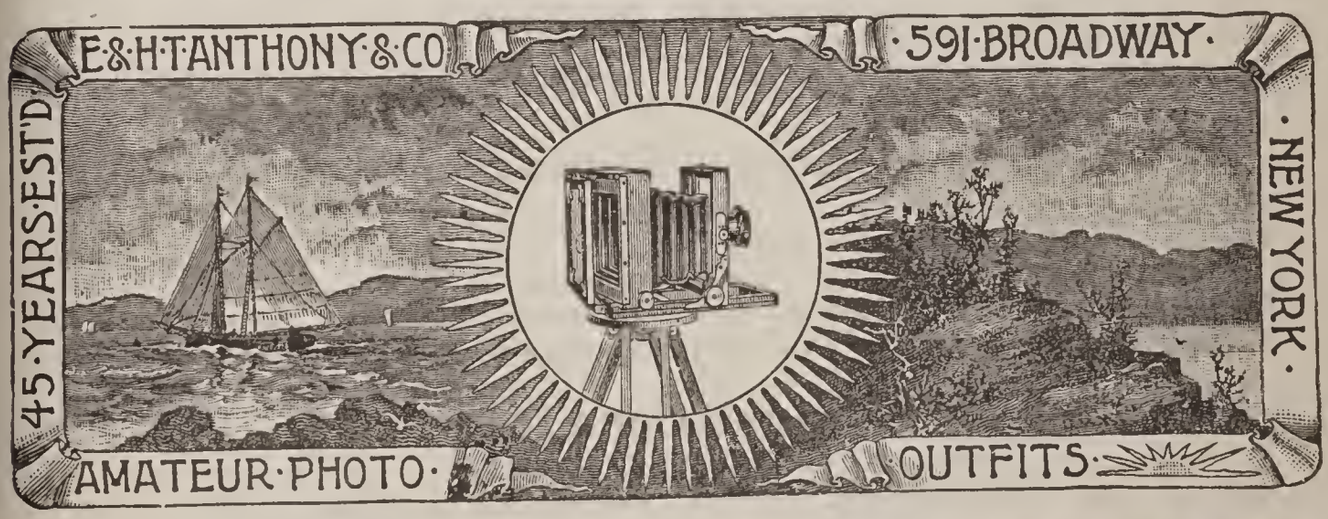

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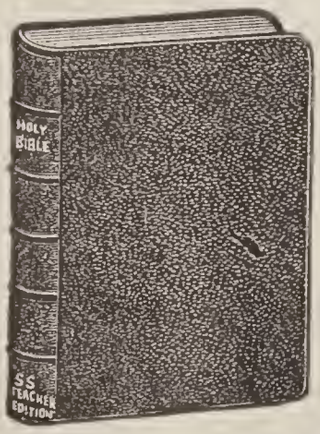

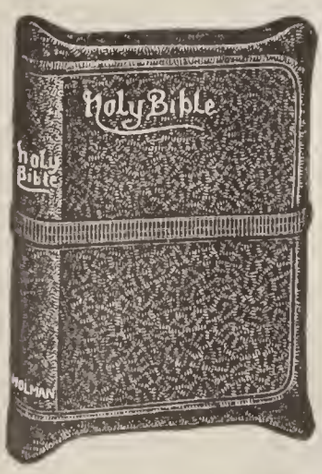

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and Ā'ram, and Ŭz, and Hŭl, and Gē'thĕr, and [2] Mē'shech.

18 And Ăr-phax'ăd begat Shē'lah, and Shē'lah begat Ē'bĕr.

19 And unto Ē'bĕr were born two sons: the name of the one *was* [3] Pē'leg; because in his days the earth was divided: and his brother's name *was* Jŏk'tan.

20 And [h] Jŏk'tan begat Ăl-mō'dăd, and Shē'leph, and Hā'zar-mā'veth, and Jē'rah,

21 Hă-dō'ram also, and Ū'zal, and Dĭk'lah,

22 And Ē'bal, and Ă-bĭm'ă-el, and Shē'bà,

23 And Ō'phĭr, and Hăv'ĭ-lah, and Jō'băb. All these *were* the sons of Jŏk'tan.

24 ¶ [i] Shĕm, Ăr-phax'ăd, Shē'lah,

25 [k] Ē'bĕr, Pē'leg, Rē'u,

26 Sē'rug, Nā'hôr, Tē'rah,

27 [l] Ā'brăm; the same *is* Ā'bră-hăm.

28 The sons of Ā'bră-hăm; [m] Ĭ'ṣaac, and [n] Ĭsh'mą-el.

29 ¶ These *are* their generations: The [o] firstborn of Ĭsh'mą-el, Nĕ-bā'ĵoth; then Kē'dăr, and Ăd'bē-el, and Mĭb'sam,

30 Mĭsh'mà, and Dū'mah, Măs'sà,

31 Jē'tŭr, Nā'phish, and Kĕd'ę-mah. These are the sons of Ĭsh'mą-el.

32 ¶ Now [p] the sons of Kĕ-tū'rah, Ā'bră-hăm's concubine: she bare Zĭm'răn, and Jŏk'shan, and Mē'dan, and Mĭd'ĭ-an, and Ĭsh'băk, and Shų'ah. And the sons of Jŏk'shan; Shē'bà, and Dē'dan.

33 And the sons of Mĭd'ĭ-an; Ē'phah, and Ē'phĕr, and Hē'noch, and Ă-bī'dà, and Ĕl'dą-ah. All these *are* the sons of Kĕ-tū'rah.

34 And [q] Ā'bră-hăm begat Ĭ'ṣaac. [r] The sons of Ĭ'ṣaac; Ē'saų and Ĭṣ'rą-el.

35 ¶ The sons of [s] Ē'saų; Ĕl'ĭ-phăz, Reų'el, and Jē'ŭsh, and Jà-ā'lam, and Kŏ'rah.

36 The sons of Ĕl'ĭ-phăz; Tē'man, and Ō'mar, [5] Zē'phĭ, and Gā'tam, Kē'năz, and Tĭm'nà, and Ăm'ą-lĕk.

37 The sons of Reų'el; Nā'hăth, Zē'rah, Shăm'mah, and Mĭz'zah.

38 And [t] the sons of Sē'ĭr; Lō'tan, and Shō'bal, and Zĭb'ę-on, and Ā'nah, and Dĭ'shon, and Ē'zär, and Dĭ'shan.

39 And the sons of Lō'tan; Hō'rĭ, and [6] Hō'mam: and Tĭm'nà *was* Lō'tan's sister.

40 The sons of Shō'bal; [7] Ă-lĭ'an, and Măn'ą-hăth, and Ē'bal, [8] Shē'phĭ, and Ō'nam. And the sons of Zĭb'ę-on; Ă-ĭ'ah, and Ā'nah.

41 The sons of Ā'nah; [u] Dĭ'shon. And the sons of Dĭ'shon; [9] Ăm'răm, and Ĕsh'băn, and Ĭth'ran, and Chē'ran.

42 The sons of Ē'zĕr; Bĭl'hăn, and Zā'van, *and* [2] Jā'kan. The sons of Dĭ'shan; Ŭz, and Ā'răn.

43 ¶ Now these *are* the [x] kings that reigned in the land of Ē'dom before *any* king reigned over the children of Ĭṣ'rą-el; Bē'là the son of Bē'or: and the name of his city *was* Dĭn'hă-bah.

44 And when Bē'là was dead, Jō'băb the son of Zē'rah of Bŏz'rah reigned in his stead.

45 And when Jō'băb was dead, Hū'sham of the land of the Tē'man-ītes reigned in his stead.

46 And when Hū'sham was dead, Hā'dăd the son of Bē'dăd, which smote Mĭd'ĭ-an in the field of Mō'ab, reigned in his stead: and the name of his city *was* Ā'vĭth.

47 And when Hā'dăd was dead, Săm'lah of Măs'rę-kah reigned in his stead.

48 [y] And when Săm'lah was dead, Shā'ul of Rē-hō'both by the river reigned in his stead.

49 And when Shā'ul was dead, Bā'al-hā'nan the son of Ăch'bôr reigned in his stead.

50 And when Bā'al-hā'nan was dead, [2] Hā'dăd reigned in his stead: and the name of his city *was* [3] Pā'ĭ; and his wife's name *was* Mĕ-hĕt'ą-bel, the daughter of Mā'tred, the daughter of Mĕz'a-hăb.

51 ¶ Hā'dăd died also. And the [z] dukes of Ē'dom were; duke Tĭm'nah, duke [4] Ă-lĭ'ah, duke Jē'thĕth,

52 Duke Ă-hō-lĭb'ă-mah, duke Ē'lah, duke Pī'non,

53 Duke Kē'năz, duke Tē'man, duke Mĭb'zar,

54 Duke Mag'dĭ-el, duke Ī'ram. These *are* the dukes of Ē'dom.

CHAPTER II.

1 *The sons of Israel.* 3 *The posterity of Judah by Tamar.* 18 *The children of Jesse.* 18 *The posterity of Caleb the son of Hezron.* 21 *Hezron's posterity by the daughter of Machir.* 25 *Jerahmeel's posterity.* 34 *Sheshan's posterity.* 42 *Another branch of Caleb's posterity.* 50 *The posterity of Caleb the son of Hur.*

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THESE *are* the sons of [5] Ĭṣ'rą-el; [a] Reų'ben, Sĭm'ę-on, Lē'vĭ, and Jū'dah, Ĭs'są-char, and Zĕb'u-lun,

2 Dăn, Jō'ṣeph, and Bĕn'ją-min, Năph'tą-lĭ, Găd, and Ăsh'ĕr.

3 ¶ The sons of [b] Jū'dah; Ēr, and Ō'nan, and Shē'lah: *which* three were born unto him of the daughter of [c] Shų'à the Cā'năan-ĭt-ess. And [d] Ēr, the firstborn of Jū'dah, was evil in the sight of the LORD; and he slew him.

4 And [e] Tā'mar his daughter in law bare him Phā'rĕz and Zē'rah. All the sons of Jū'dah *were* five.

5 The sons of [f] Phā'rĕz; Hĕz'rŏn, and Hā'mŭl.

6 And the sons of Zē'rah; [6] Zĭm'rĭ, [g] and Ē'than, and Hē'man, and Căl'cŏl, and [7] Dā'rà: five of them in all.

7 And the sons of [h] Cär'mĭ; [8] Ā'char, the troubler of Ĭṣ'rą-el, who transgressed in the thing [i] accursed.

8 And the sons of Ē'than; Ăz-ą-rī'ah.

x Gen. 36. 31, &c.

y Gen. 36. 37.

2 Or, *Hadar*, Gen. 36. 39.

3 Or, *Pau*, Gen. 36. 39.

cir. 1496.

z Gen. 36. 40.

4 Or, *Alvah*.

1752, &c.

5 Or, *Jacob*.

a Gen. 29. 32. & 30. 5, &c. & 35. 18, 22. & 46. 8, &c.

b Gen. 38. 3. & 46. 12. Num. 26. 19.

c Gen. 38. 2.

d Gen. 38. 7.

e Gen. 38. 29, 30. Matt. 1. 3.

f Gen. 46. 12. Ruth 4. 18.

6 Or, *Zabdi*, Josh. 7. 1.

g 1 Kings 4. 31.

7 Or, *Darda*.

h See ch. 4. 1.

8 Or, *Achan*.

i Josh. 6. 18. & 7. 1.

2 Or, *Mash*, Gen. 10. 23.

3 That is, *Division*, Gen. 10. 25.

h Gen. 10. 26.

i Gen. 11. 10, &c. Luke 3. 34, &c.

k Gen. 11. 15.

l Gen. 17. 5.

m Gen. 21. 2, 3.

n Gen. 16. 11, 15.

o Gen. 25. 13–16.

4 Or, *Hadar*, Gen. 25. 15.

cir. 1853.

p Gen. 25. 1, 2.

q Gen. 21. 2, 3.

r Gen. 25. 25, 26.

s Gen. 36. 9, 10.

5 Or, *Zepho*; Gen. 36. 11.

t Gen. 36. 20.

6 Or, *Heman*, Gen. 36. 22.

7 Or, *Alvan*, Gen. 36. 23.

8 Or, *Shepho*, Gen. 36. 23.

u Gen. 36. 25.

9 Or, *Hemdan*, Gen. 36. 26.

2 Or, *Akan*, Gen. 36. 27.

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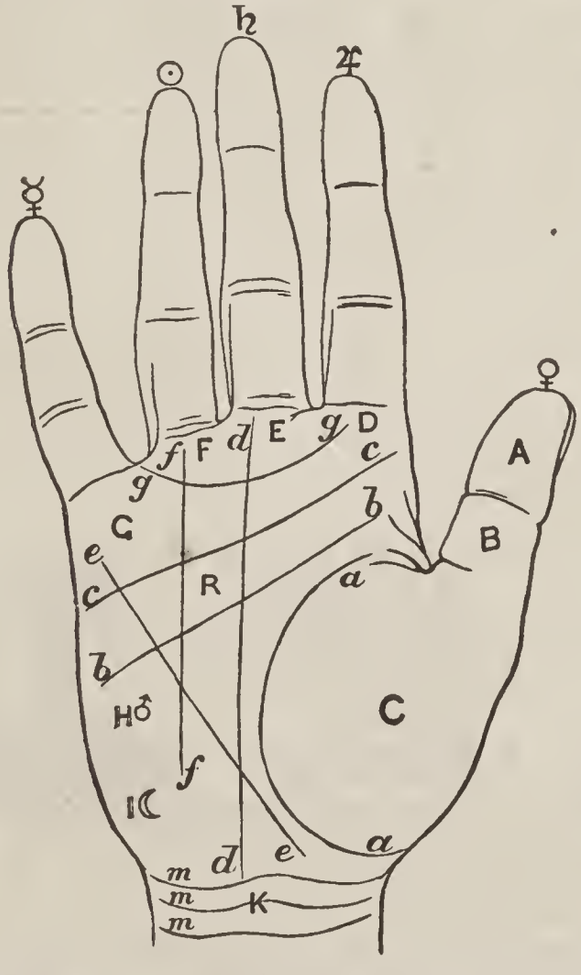

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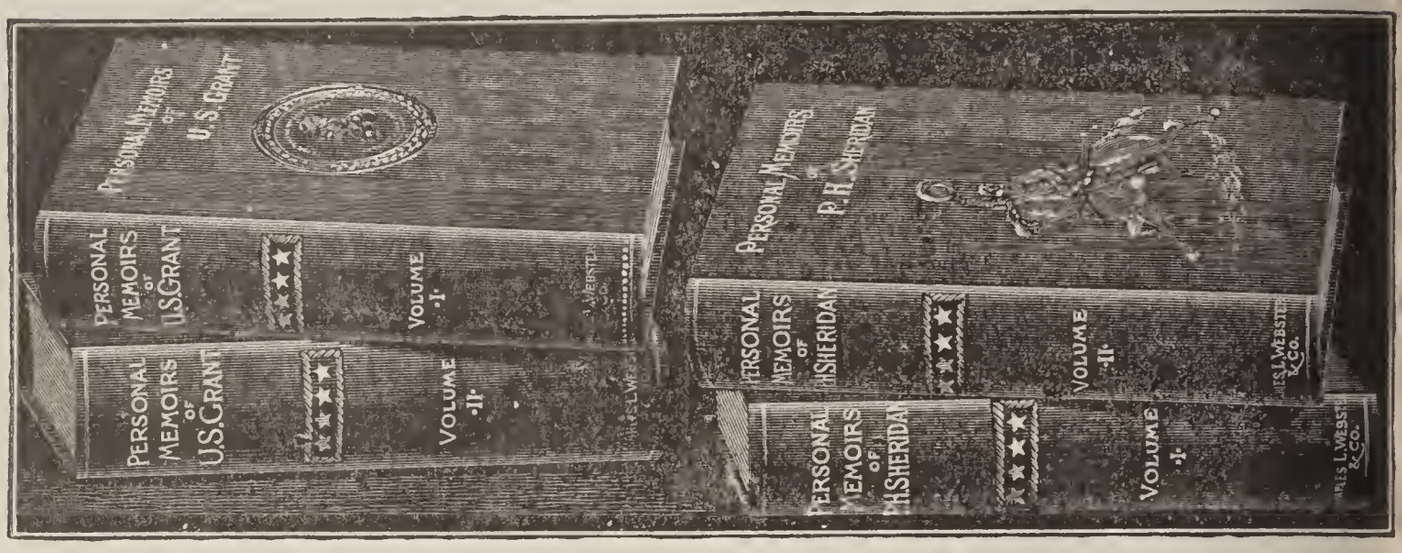

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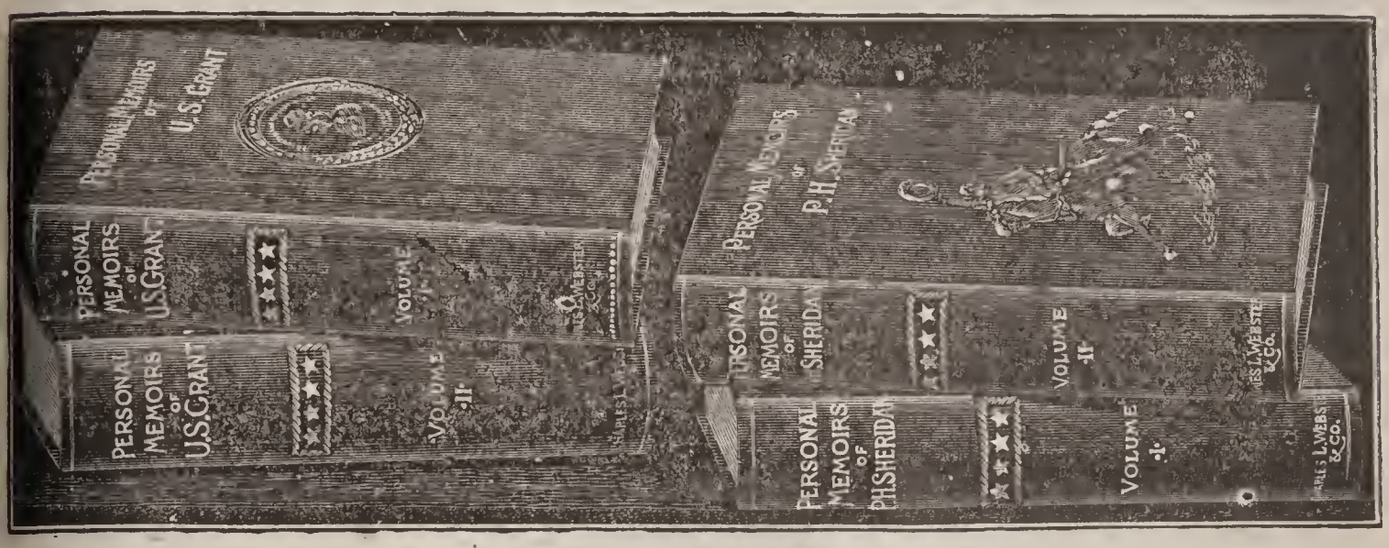

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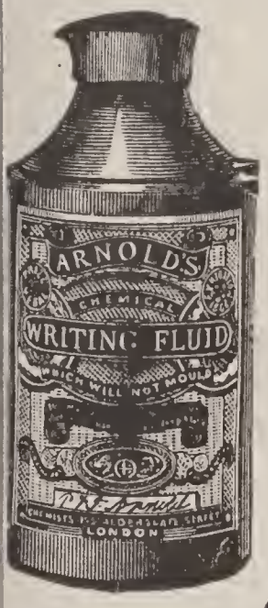

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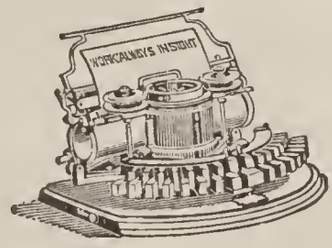

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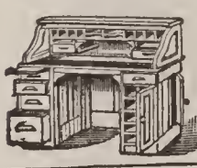

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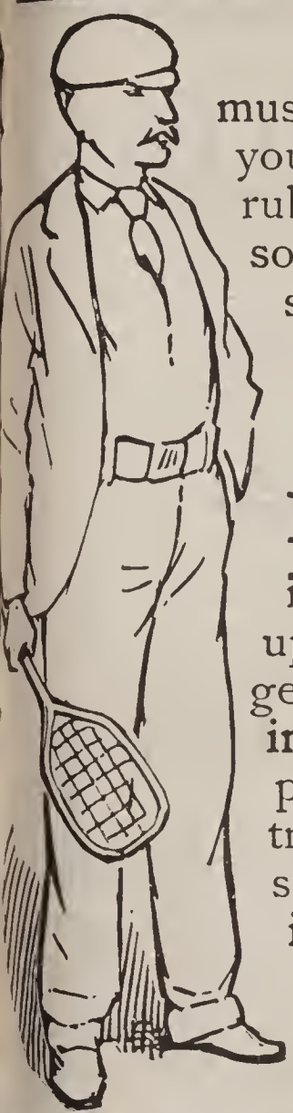

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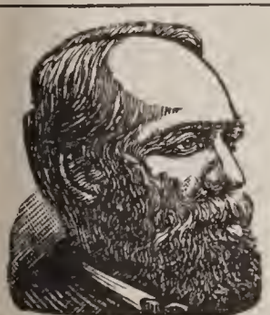

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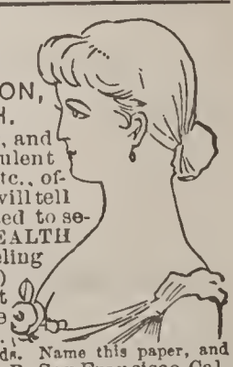

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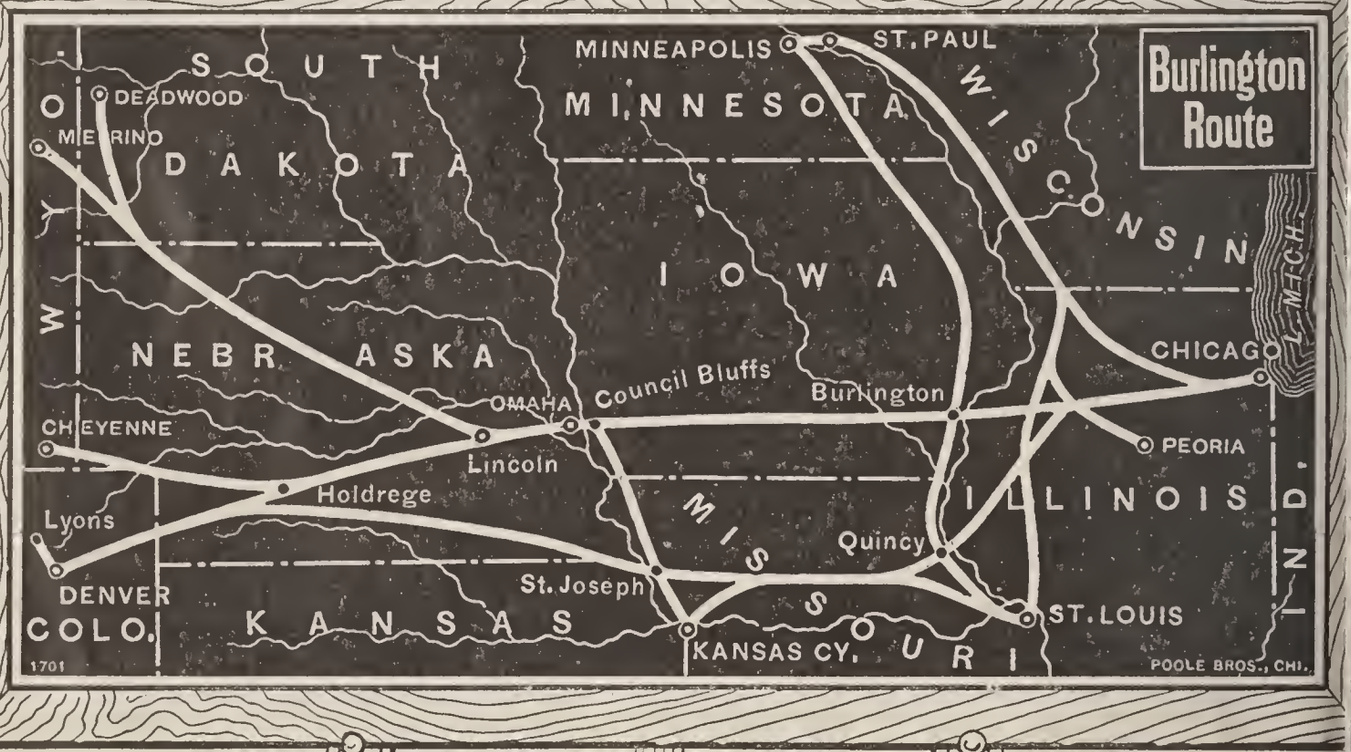

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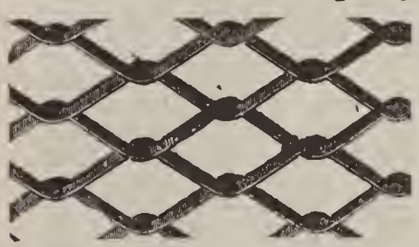

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HAVE you ever stopped to think how many postage stamps are wasted every day, and how much the Government must be ahead from the sale of stamps which are never used? Almost every one, especially those who travel, would like to carry a few stamps in the pocket, but cannot because they have such a way of sticking together. We have a little device which overcomes all difficulties. Send for one, and if you have no use for it yourself, doubtless you have some friend who will be glad to use it.

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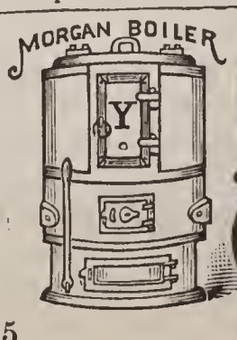

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"THERE'S much," she said, "in politics
To rouse my curiosity:
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What is 'protection,' tell me, and
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Just then his arm slipped round her waist
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"That is protection, dear, and this"
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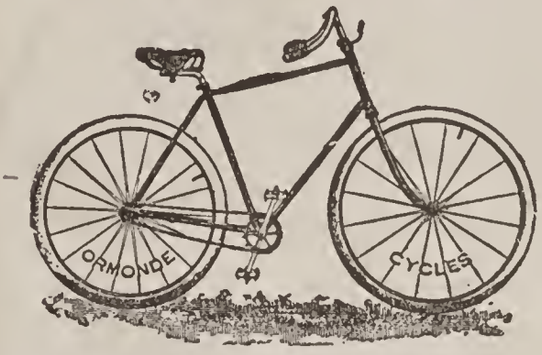

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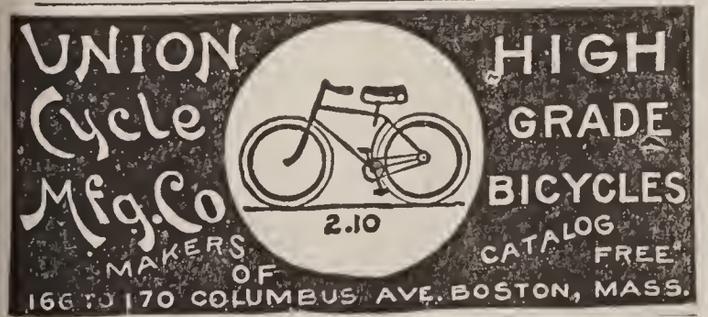

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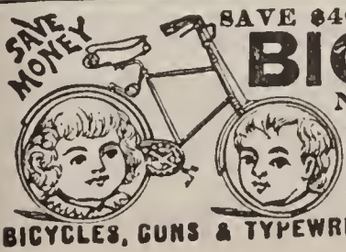

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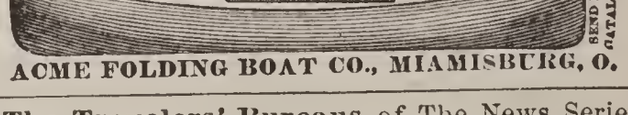

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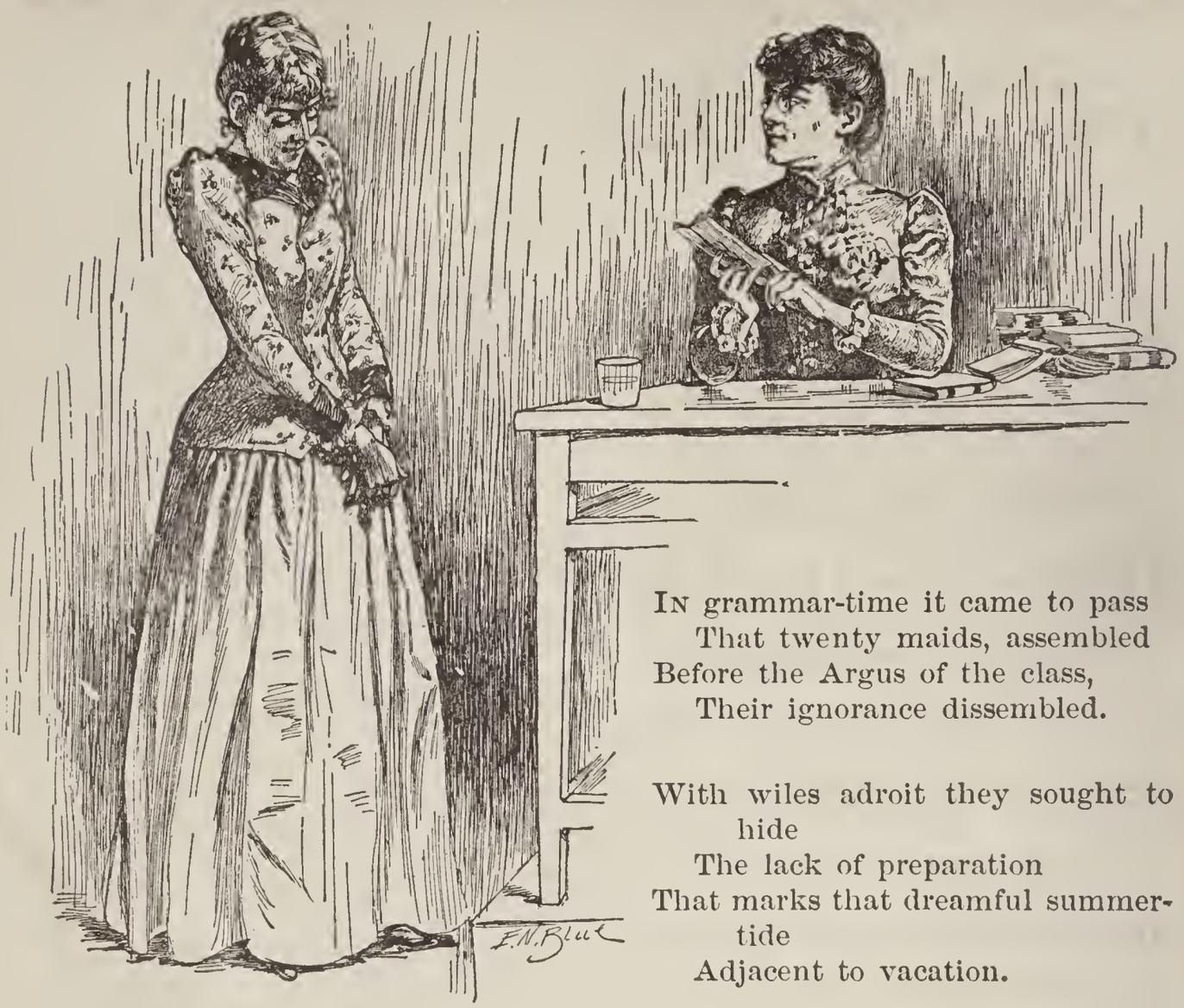

In grammar-time it came to pass
That twenty maids, assembled
Before the Argus of the class,
Their ignorance dissembled.

With wiles adroit they sought to hide
The lack of preparation
That marks that dreamful summer-tide
Adjacent to vacation.

The teacher, too, seemed half distraught,
'Twixt pensiveness and duty,
And had the sweet infection caught
Of singing summer's beauty.

And so, when torpor's odors masked
Came with their sweet suggestions,
She yielded to the spell, and asked
The very simplest questions.

And to a maiden standing near
She said, with smiling traces,
"Can you decline 'a man,' my dear,
And give me all the cases?"

When questions come with aim direct,
It takes the subtlest ruses
Of labor-shirking intellect
To frame the right excuses.

Still said the maid, as she began
To turn the hue of roses,
"Pray, how can I decline 'a man'
Until the man proposes?"

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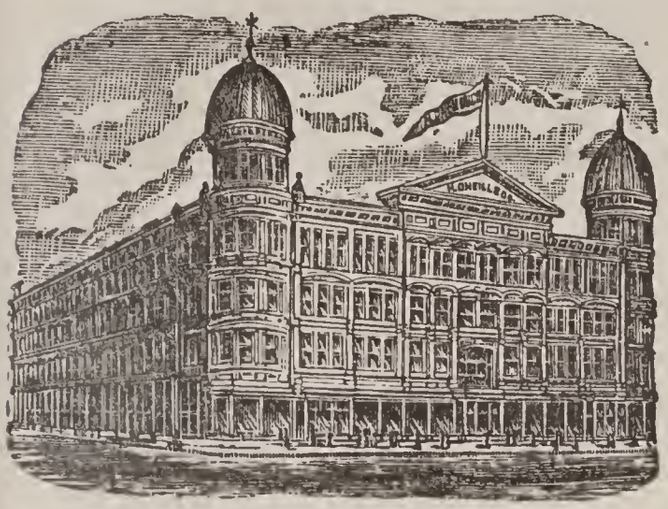

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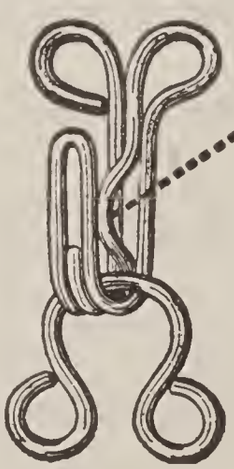

isn't it, when your dress flies open. It can't, if you use the De Long Hook and Eye. See that

hump?

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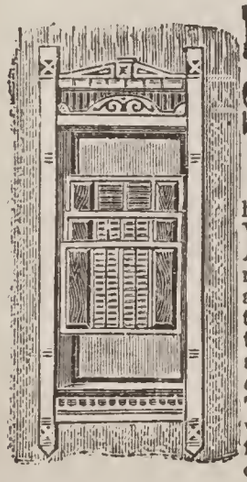

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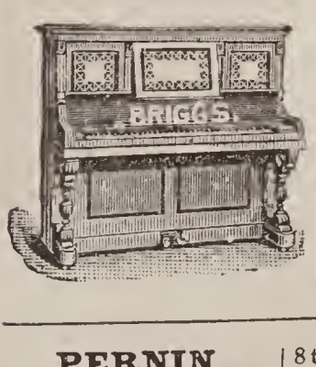

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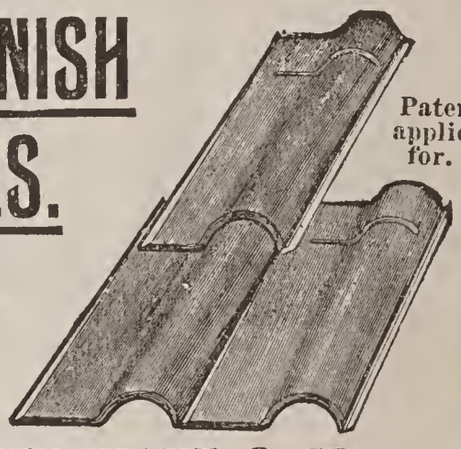

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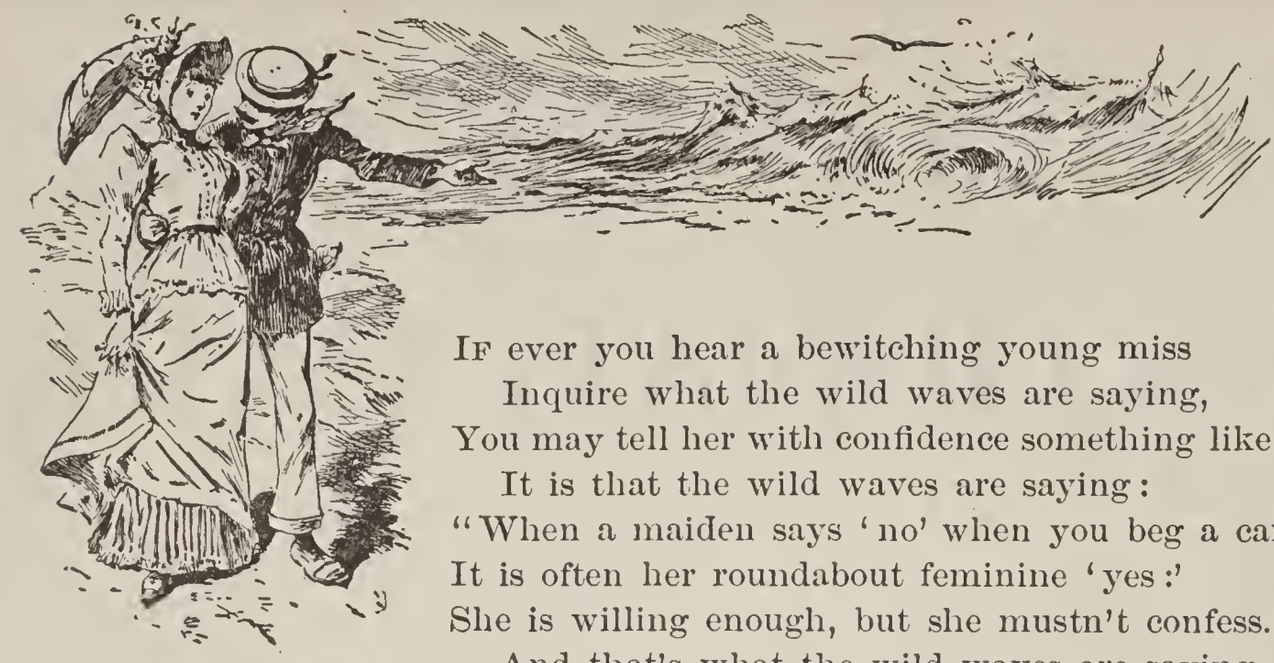
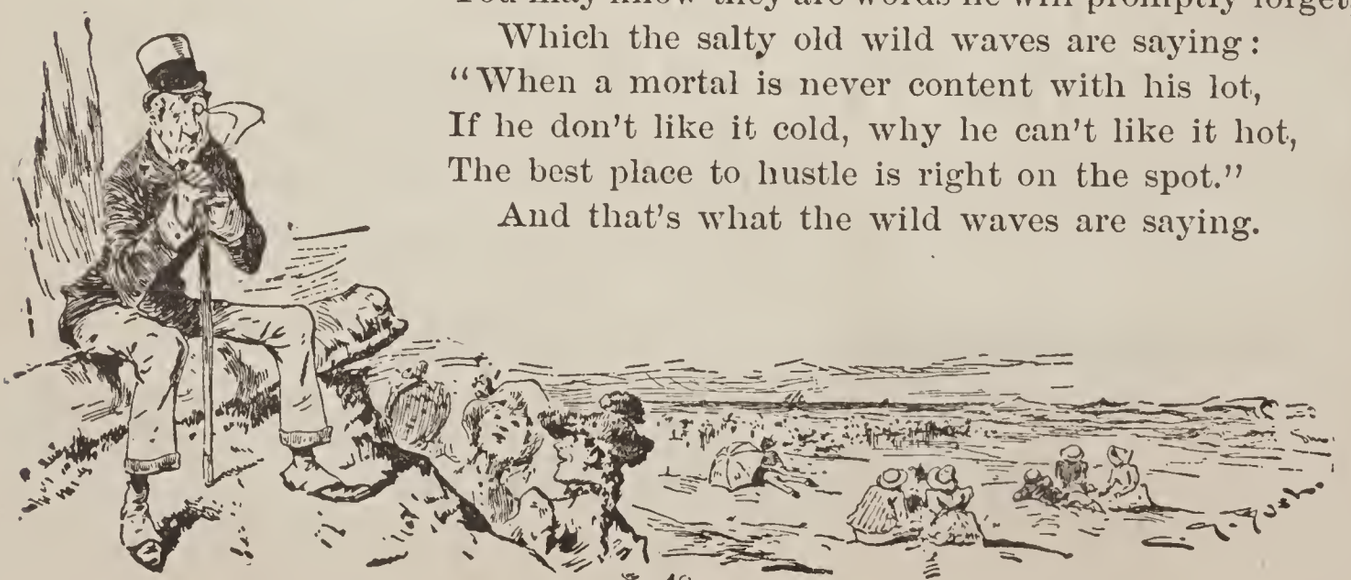


If ever you hear a bewitching young miss
Inquire what the wild waves are saying,
You may tell her with confidence something like this
It is that the wild waves are saying:
"When a maiden says 'no' when you beg a caress,
It is often her roundabout feminine 'yes:'
She is willing enough, but she mustn't confess."
And that's what the wild waves are saying.

Whenever a mild impecunious man
Inquires what the wild waves are saying,
If you care to be frank, then you easily can
Explain what the wild waves are saying:
"When old Needy comes up with a lubricant smile
And suggests by his looks how he dotes on your style,
Then look out for the loan he'll ask after a while."
And that's what the wild waves are saying.

Whenever a man with a business to sell
Inquires what the wild waves are saying,
With the good will and fixtures, it's easy to tell
What the solemn old wild waves are saying:
"Then it's time to inquire of this curious elf,
If his business secures such abundance of pelf,
Then why in the world don't he keep it himself?"
And that's what the wild waves are saying.

Whenever you hear the unhappy young Fret
Inquire what the wild waves are saying,
You may know they are words he will promptly forget,
Which the salty old wild waves are saying:
"When a mortal is never content with his lot,
If he don't like it cold, why he can't like it hot,
The best place to hustle is right on the spot."
And that's what the wild waves are saying.



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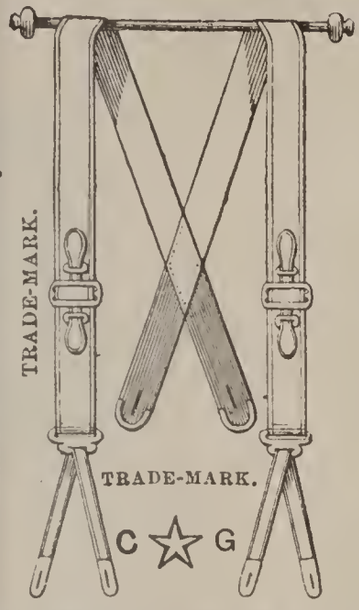

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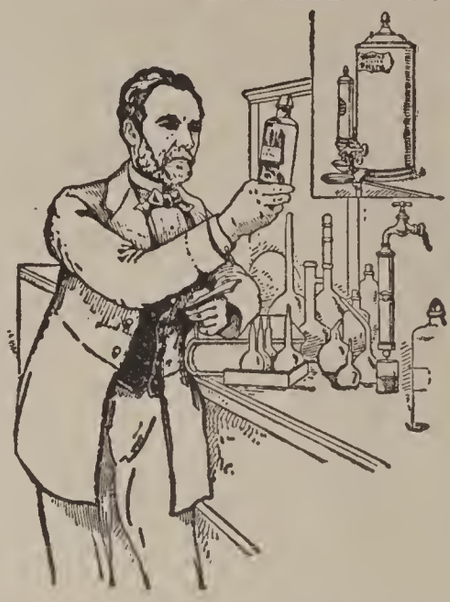

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